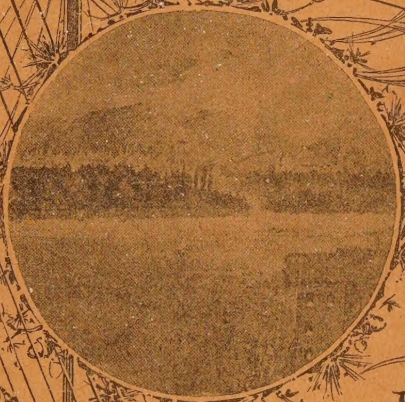
Songs of the Golden



BY
ASA HULL

FOR

SUNDAY SCHOOLS

AND

YOUNG PEOPLE'S MEETINGS

35 Cents Each.

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SONGS OF THE GOLDEN.

A COLLECTION OF

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED SONGS

FOR THE

Sunday School and Young People's Meetings.

EDITED BY

ASA HULL,

AUTHOR AND PUBLISHER OF SUNDAY SCHOOL MUSIC BOOKS, PROGRAMMES FOR CHRISTMAS, EASTER, CHILDREN'S DAY, HARVEST HOME, THANKSGIVING, ETC.

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PREFACE.

SONGS OF THE GOLDEN was suggested as the title of this book by the many references in the hymns to "Gold" and the "Golden," such as the "Golden Shore," "Gates of Gold," "Streets of Gold," "Golden Harps," "Golden Bells," "Golden Doors," "Streets all Golden," "Jerusalem the Golden," etc. Most of these being titles of songs, gives it significance as a general title.

In selecting the songs for this book, the needs of Sunday Schools have been kept in mind, and we are confident that something appropriate for each lesson during the year can herein be found. Many of the songs are arranged as Solo and Chorus, but the intention is to have the solo sung by the whole school in unison, or as semi-chorus by a part of the school, when it is inconvenient to have it sung as a solo. Some of the songs have small notes which can be sung by the alto, making soprano and alto a duet, but when not thus used they are to be played by the instrument to make full harmony. Most of the songs have Choruses, either in plain or broken time. While Choruses with broken time, naturally and easily arranged, are always popular, yet we cannot resist the impression that plain Choruses where all parts move together are the most effective.

The music is bright and cheerful, and should, as a rule, move off briskly and in strict time, but not too fast. The best effects are often lost by singing a hymn faster than the words can be effectively articulated. Both extremes should be avoided.

The "Orders of Exercises" herein introduced, if persistently used, will give dignity and uniformity to the sessions of the school. The selections of music should be made to suit the lesson for the day, and the index of subjects will be helpful in finding the right hymns. The responses after prayer can be varied, or the same one can be used uniformly in each exercise.

With these suggestions "*Songs of the Golden*" is cordially submitted to our friends of the Sunday School throughout the land.

THE AUTHOR.

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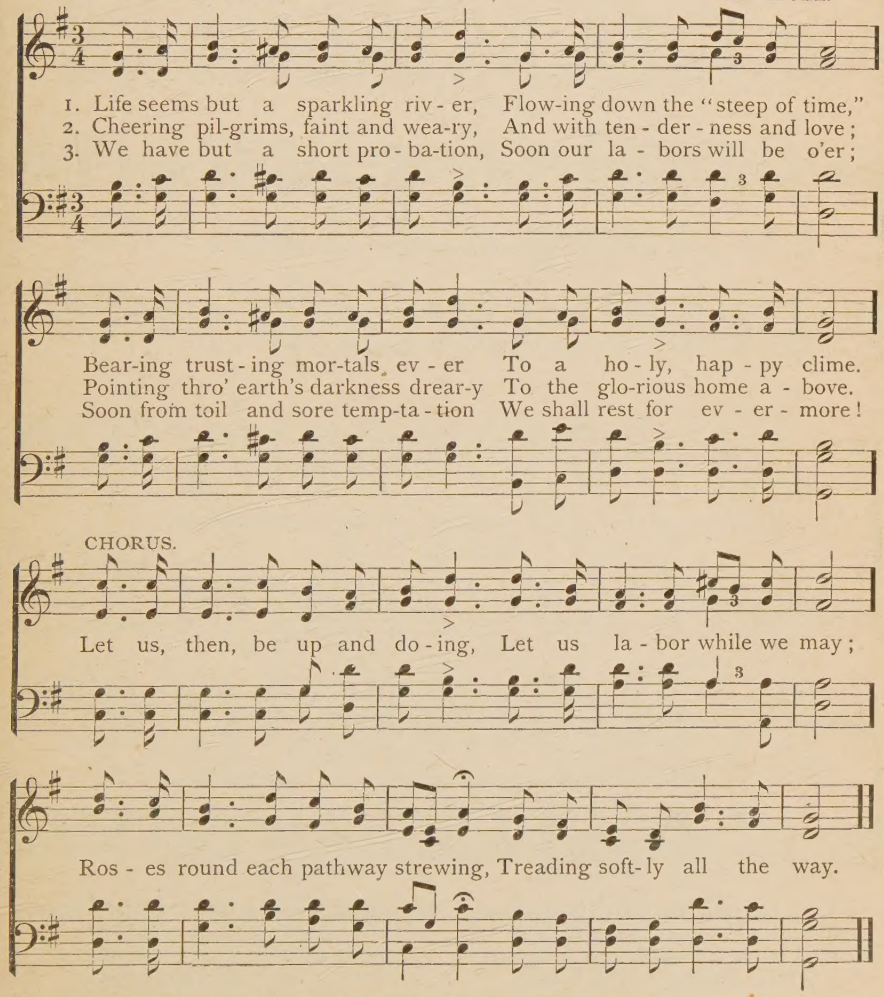
ASA HULL'S MUSIC TYPOGRAPHY.

SONGS OF THE GOLDEN.

LIKE A SPARKLING RIVER.

MELIA Z. HAFFNER. ASA HULL.


1. Life seems but a sparkling riv - er, Flow-ing down the "steep of time,"
2. Cheering pil-grims, faint and wea-ry, And with ten - der - ness and love;
3. We have but a short pro - ba-tion, Soon our la - bors will be o'er;
Bear-ing trust - ing mor-tals ev - er To a ho - ly, hap - py clime.
Pointing thro' earth's darkness drear-y To the glo-rious home a - bove.
Soon from toil and sore temp-ta - tion We shall rest for ev - er - more!
CHORUS.
Let us, then, be up and do - ing, Let us la - bor while we may;
Ros - es round each pathway strewing, Treading soft - ly all the way.

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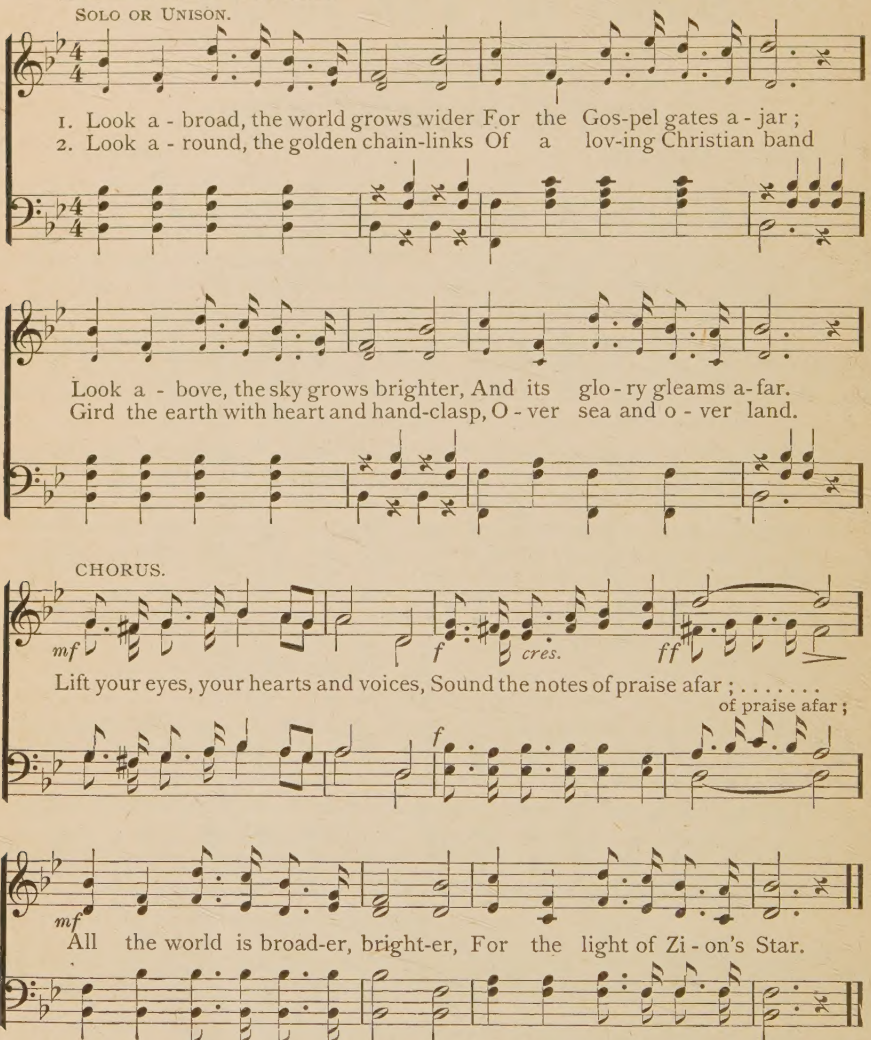
THE GOSPEL'S TRIUMPH.

MRS. L. M. BEAL BATEMAN. ASA HULL.

SOLO OR UNISON.


1. Look a - broad, the world grows wider For the Gos-pel gates a - jar ;
2. Look a - round, the golden chain-links Of a lov-ing Christian band
Look a - bove, the sky grows brighter, And its glo - ry gleams a-far.
Gird the earth with heart and hand-clasp, O - ver sea and o - ver land.
CHORUS.
mf
f
cres.
ff
Lift your eyes, your hearts and voices, Sound the notes of praise afar ; . . . . . .
of praise afar ;
f
mf
All the world is broad-er, bright-er, For the light of Zi - on's Star.

3 Look beneath, the earth is quaking
With the power of the Lord ;
And the sleeping nations waking
At the thunder of His word.

4 Look and live, a Christ triumphant,
Over death and sin to reign ;
Died to save, a King victorious,
Hallelujah, praise His name !

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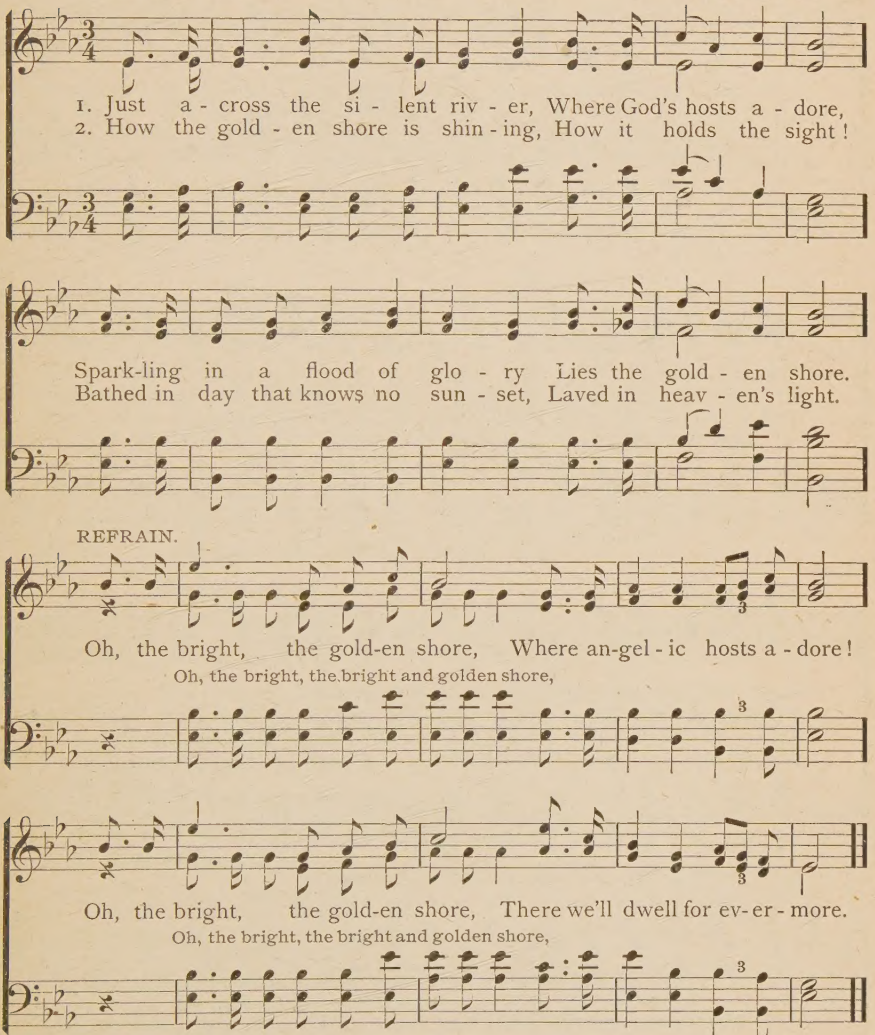
THE GOLDEN SHORE.

MARIAN FROELICH. G. FROELICH.


1. Just a - cross the si - lent riv - er, Where God's hosts a - dore,
2. How the gold - en shore is shin - ing, How it holds the sight!
Spark-ling in a flood of glo - ry Lies the gold - en shore.
Bathed in day that knows no sun - set, Laved in heav - en's light.
REFRAIN.
Oh, the bright, the gold-en shore, Where an-gel - ic hosts a - dore!
Oh, the bright, the bright and golden shore,
Oh, the bright, the gold-en shore, There we'll dwell for ev-er - more.
Oh, the bright, the bright and golden shore,

3 On its banks the songs ne'er languish,
Endlessly they pour
To the Lamb their adoration
On the golden shore.

4 On the golden shore doth beckon
Till by faith we soar,
To the flow'r-clad banks of beauty
On the golden shore.

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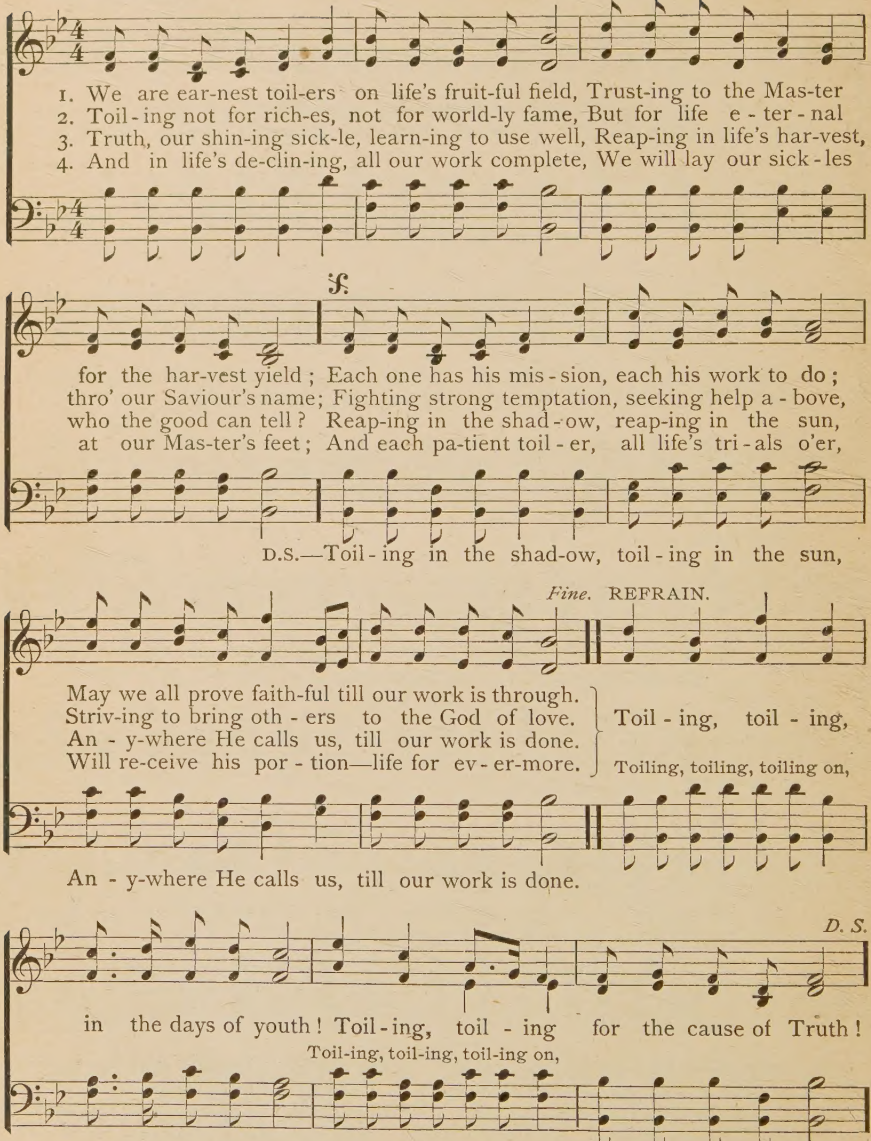
EARNEST TOILERS.

WM. EDW. PENNEY. ASA HULL.


1. We are ear-nest toil-ers on life's fruit-ful field, Trust-ing to the Mas-ter
2. Toil-ing not for rich-es, not for world-ly fame, But for life e-ter-nal
3. Truth, our shin-ing sick-le, learn-ing to use well, Reap-ing in life's har-vest,
4. And in life's de-clin-ing, all our work complete, We will lay our sick-les
for the har-vest yield; Each one has his mis-sion, each his work to do;
thro' our Saviour's name; Fighting strong temptation, seeking help a-bove,
who the good can tell? Reap-ing in the shad-ow, reap-ing in the sun,
at our Mas-ter's feet; And each pa-tient toil-er, all life's tri-als o'er,
D.S.—Toil-ing in the shad-ow, toil-ing in the sun,
Fine. REFRAIN.
May we all prove faith-ful till our work is through.
Striv-ing to bring oth-ers to the God of love.
An-y-where He calls us, till our work is done.
Will re-ceive his por-tion—life for ev-er-more.
Toil-ing, toil-ing,
Toiling, toiling, toiling on,
An-y-where He calls us, till our work is done.
D. S.
in the days of youth! Toil-ing, toil-ing for the cause of Truth!
Toil-ing, toil-ing, toil-ing on,

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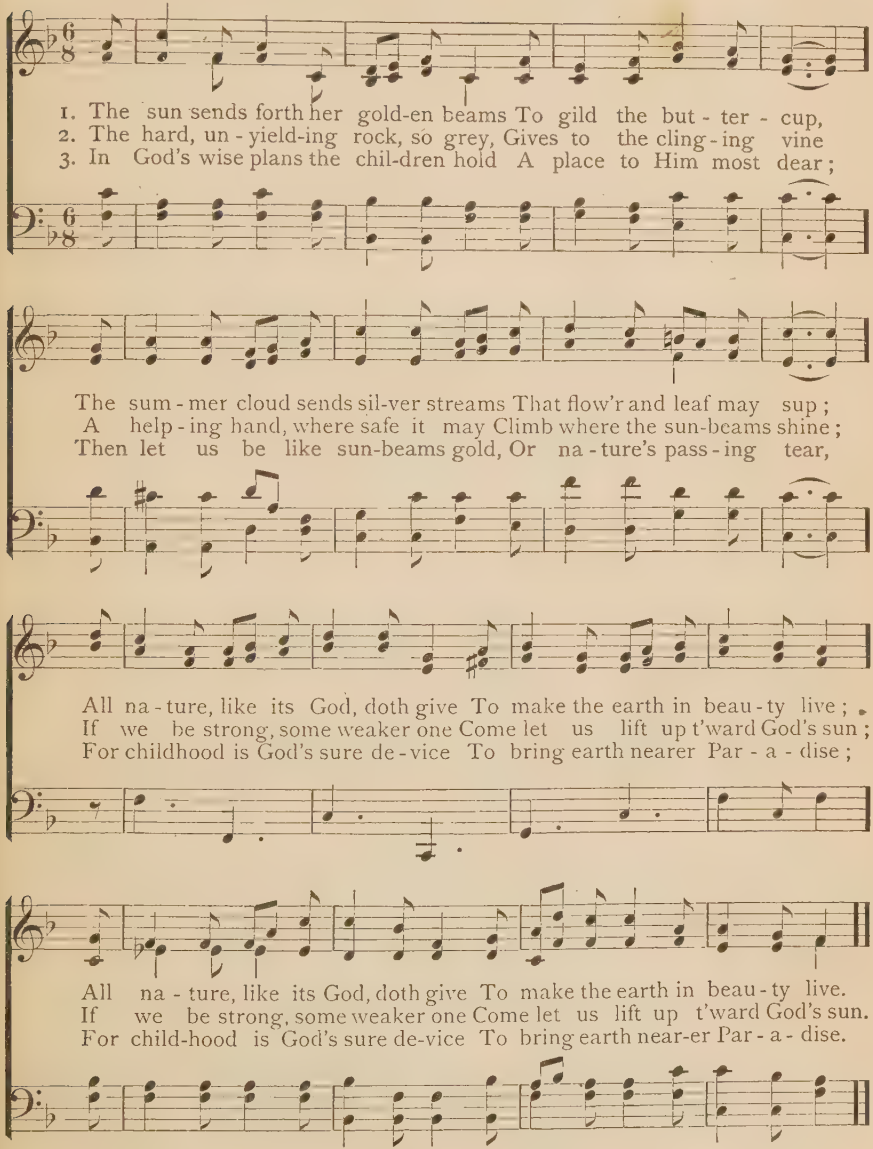
MARIAN FROELICH. G. FROELICH.


1. The sun sends forth her gold-en beams To gild the but - ter - cup,
2. The hard, un - yield-ing rock, so grey, Gives to the cling - ing vine
3. In God's wise plans the chil-dren hold A place to Him most dear;
The sum - mer cloud sends sil-ver streams That flow'r and leaf may sup;
A help - ing hand, where safe it may Climb where the sun-beams shine;
Then let us be like sun-beams gold, Or na - ture's pass - ing tear,
All na - ture, like its God, doth give To make the earth in beau - ty live;
If we be strong, some weaker one Come let us lift up t'ward God's sun;
For childhood is God's sure de - vice To bring earth nearer Par - a - dise;
All na - ture, like its God, doth give To make the earth in beau - ty live.
If we be strong, some weaker one Come let us lift up t'ward God's sun.
For child-hood is God's sure de-vice To bring earth near-er Par - a - dise.

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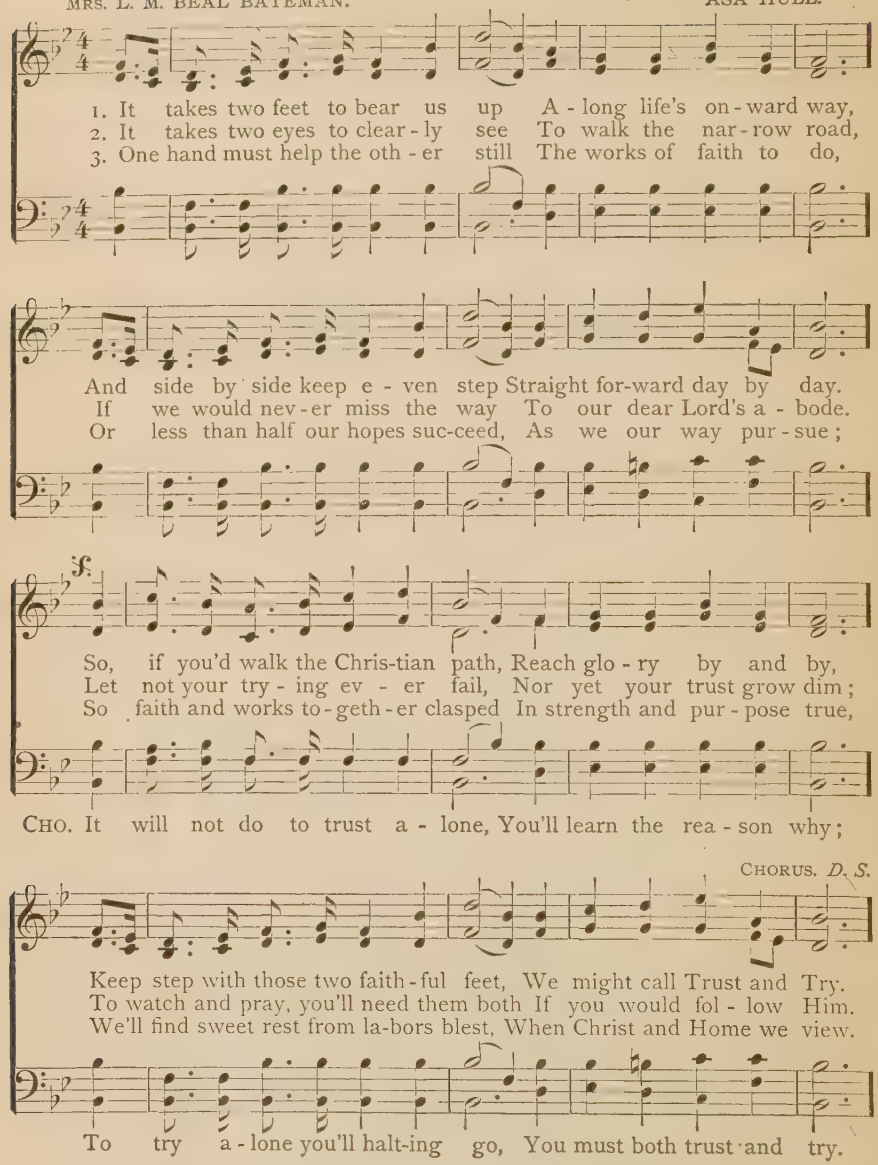
TRUST AND TRY.

MRS. L. M. BEAL BATEMAN. ASA HULL.

1. It takes two feet to bear us up A - long life's on - ward way,
2. It takes two eyes to clear - ly see To walk the nar - row road,
3. One hand must help the oth - er still The works of faith to do,
And side by side keep e - ven step Straight for-ward day by day.
If we would nev - er miss the way To our dear Lord's a - bode.
Or less than half our hopes suc-ceed, As we our way pur - sue;
So, if you'd walk the Chris-tian path, Reach glo - ry by and by,
Let not your try - ing ev - er fail, Nor yet your trust grow dim;
So faith and works to - geth - er clasped In strength and pur - pose true,
CHO. It will not do to trust a - lone, You'll learn the rea - son why;
CHORUS. D. S.
Keep step with those two faith - ful feet, We might call Trust and Try.
To watch and pray, you'll need them both If you would fol - low Him.
We'll find sweet rest from la-bors blest, When Christ and Home we view.
To try a - lone you'll halt-ing go, You must both trust and try.

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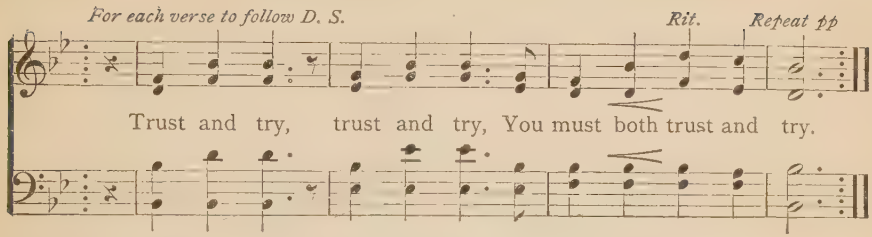
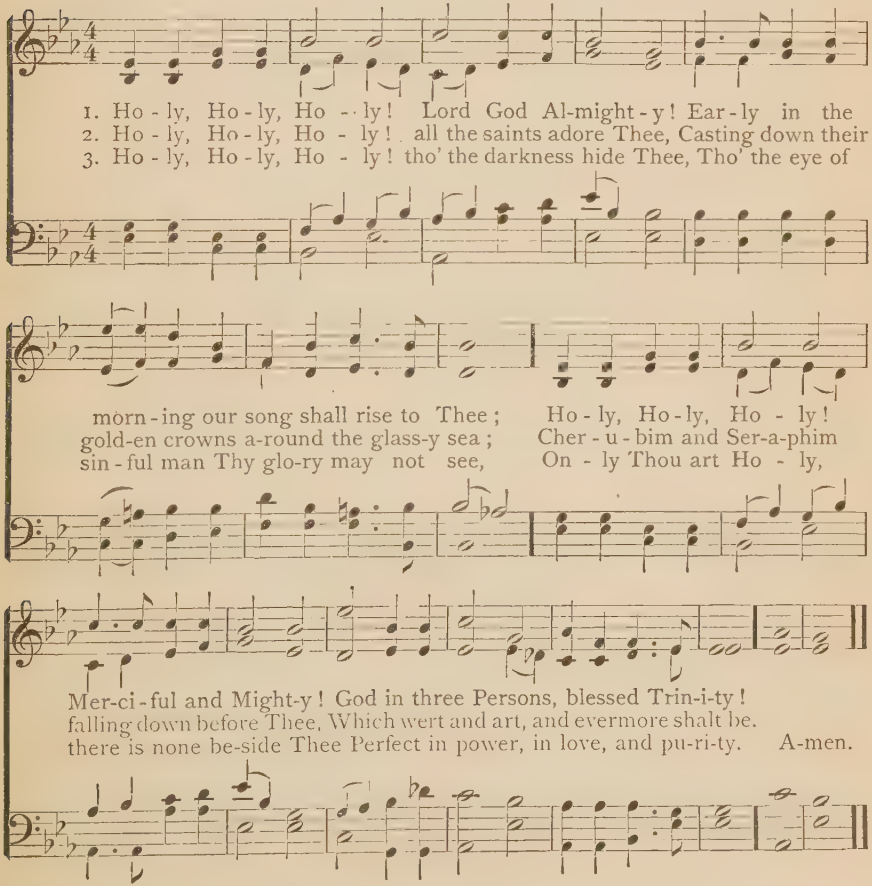
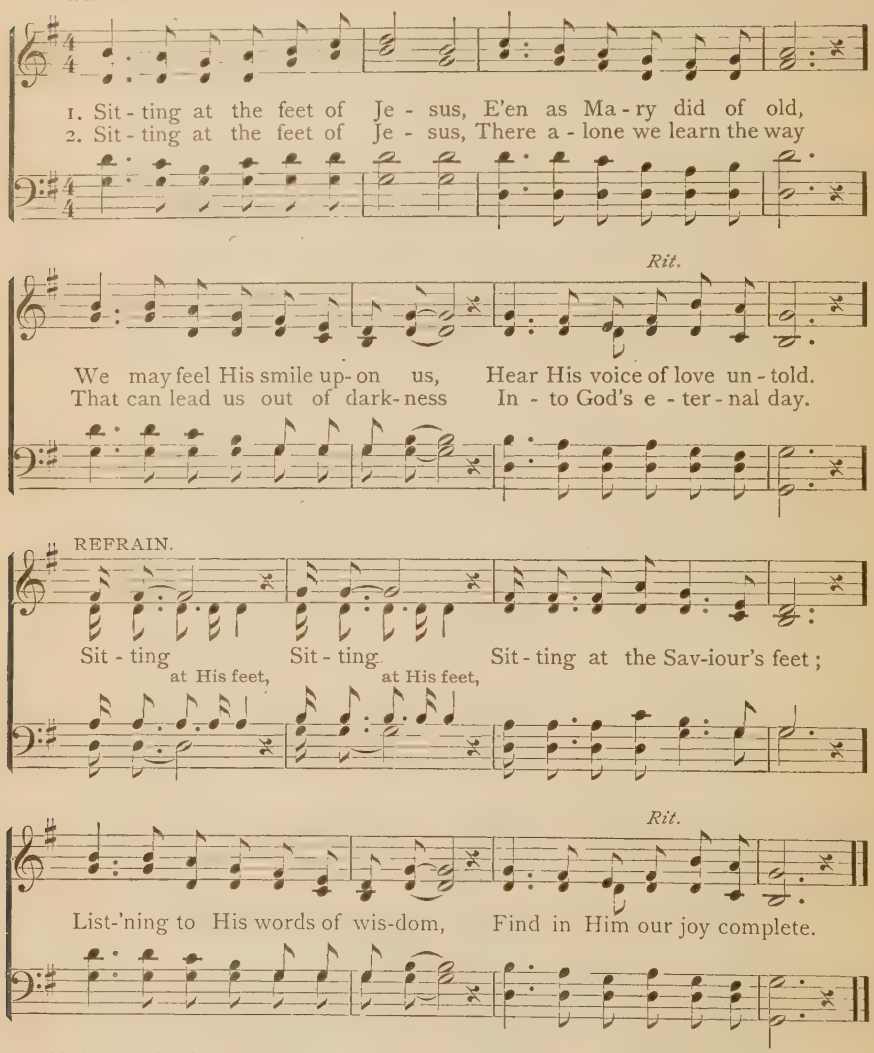


HOLY, LORD GOD ALMIGHTY.

REGINALD HEBER, D.D. REV. JOHN H. DYKES.

1. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! Lord God Al-might-y! Ear-ly in the
2. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! all the saints adore Thee, Casting down their
3. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! tho' the darkness hide Thee, Tho' the eye of
morn-ing our song shall rise to Thee; Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Ho - ly!
gold-en crowns a-round the glass-y sea; Cher - u - bim and Ser-a-phim
sin-ful man Thy glo-ry may not see, On - ly Thou art Ho - ly,
Mer-ci-ful and Might-y! God in three Persons, blessed Trin-i-ty!
falling down before Thee, Which wert and art, and evermore shalt be.
there is none be-side Thee Perfect in power, in love, and pu-ri-ty. A-men.

SITTING AT HIS FEET.

WM. EDW. PENNEY. ASA HULL.


1. Sit - ting at the feet of Je - sus, E'en as Ma - ry did of old,
2. Sit - ting at the feet of Je - sus, There a - lone we learn the way
Rit.
We may feel His smile up - on us, Hear His voice of love un - told.
That can lead us out of dark - ness In - to God's e - ter - nal day.
REFRAIN.
Sit - ting at His feet, Sit - ting at His feet, Sit - ting at the Sav-iour's feet;
Rit.
List-'ning to His words of wis-dom, Find in Him our joy complete.

3 Sitting at the feet of Jesus,
Gladly all His words to hear,
We may drink at wisdom's fountain,
And our thirsty spirits cheer.

4 Sitting at the feet of Jesus
Bringeth heaven very nigh,
Fills us with the joy that waiteth
In His presence, by-and-by.

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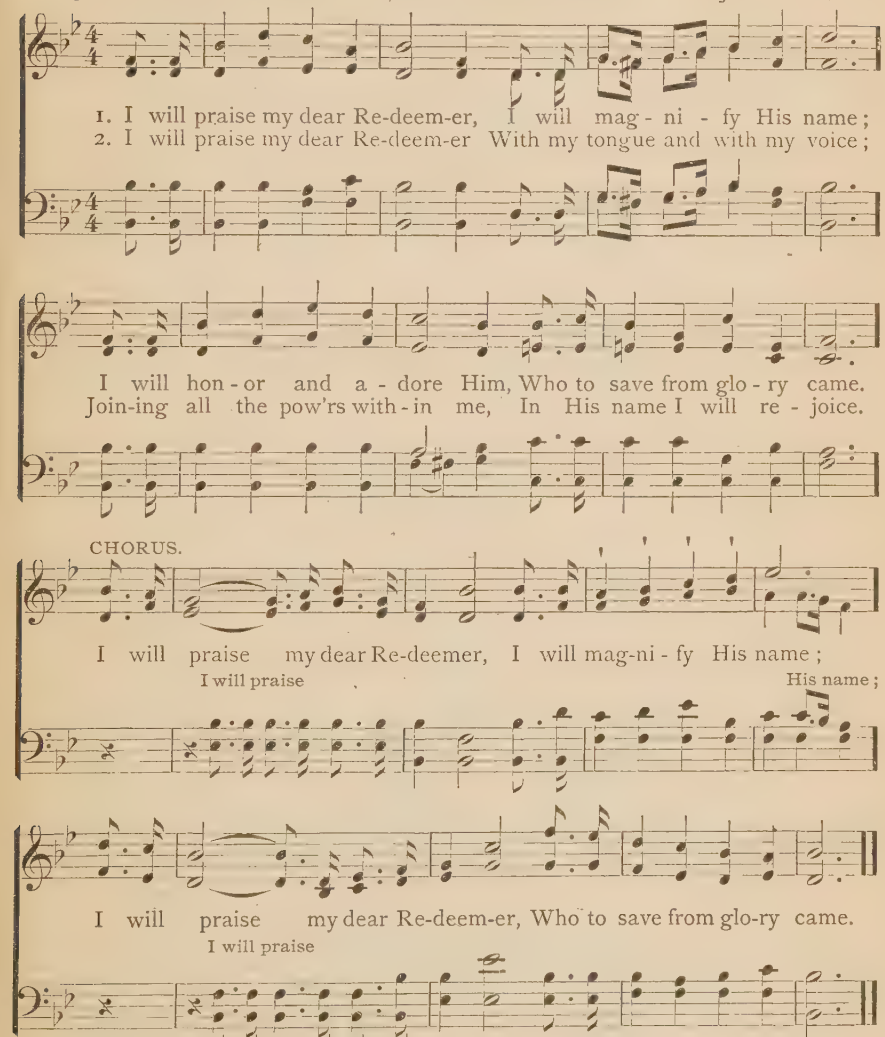
J. E. HALL. J. E. HALL.

1. I will praise my dear Re-deem-er, I will mag - ni - fy His name;
2. I will praise my dear Re-deem-er With my tongue and with my voice;
I will hon - or and a - dore Him, Who to save from glo - ry came.
Join-ing all the pow'rs with - in me, In His name I will re - joice.
CHORUS.
I will praise my dear Re-deemer, I will mag-ni - fy His name;
I will praise
His name;
I will praise my dear Re-deem-er, Who to save from glo-ry came.
I will praise

3 I will praise my dear Redeemer,
Great His thought, how kind His care;
O'er my footsteps close He watcheth,
Loading me with blessings rare.

4 I will praise my dear Redeemer,
While I tread this earthly soil;
Praise Him on, and ending never,
When shall cease this mortal toil.

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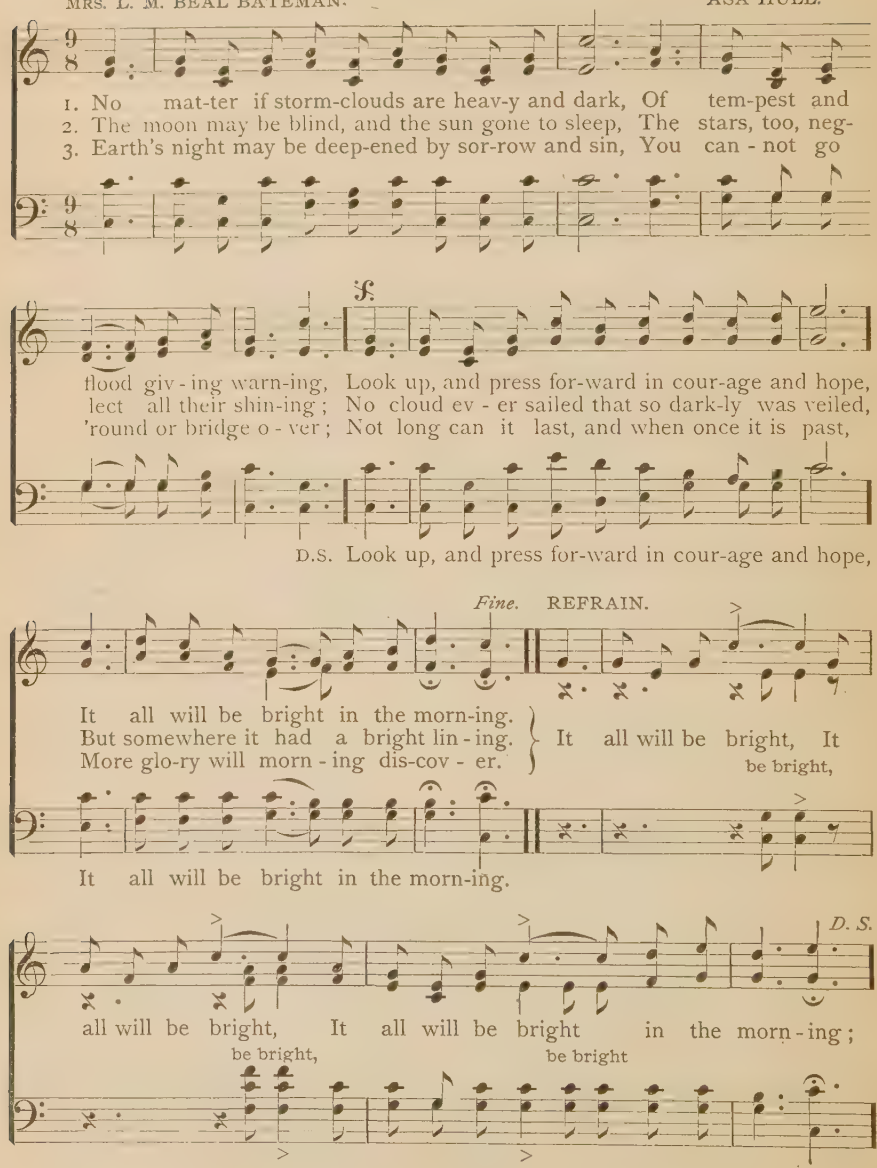
IT ALL WILL BE BRIGHT.

MRS. L. M. BEAL BATEMAN. ASA HULL.


1. No mat-ter if storm-clouds are heav-y and dark, Of tem-pest and
2. The moon may be blind, and the sun gone to sleep, The stars, too, neg-
3. Earth's night may be deep-ened by sor-row and sin, You can - not go
flood giv - ing warn-ing, Look up, and press for-ward in cour-age and hope,
lect all their shin-ing; No cloud ev - er sailed that so dark-ly was veiled,
'round or bridge o - ver; Not long can it last, and when once it is past,
D.S. Look up, and press for-ward in cour-age and hope,
Fine. REFRAIN.
It all will be bright in the morn-ing.
But somewhere it had a bright lin - ing.
More glo-ry will morn - ing dis-cov - er.
It all will be bright, It be bright,
It all will be bright in the morn-ing.
D. S.
all will be bright, It all will be bright in the morn - ing;
be bright, be bright

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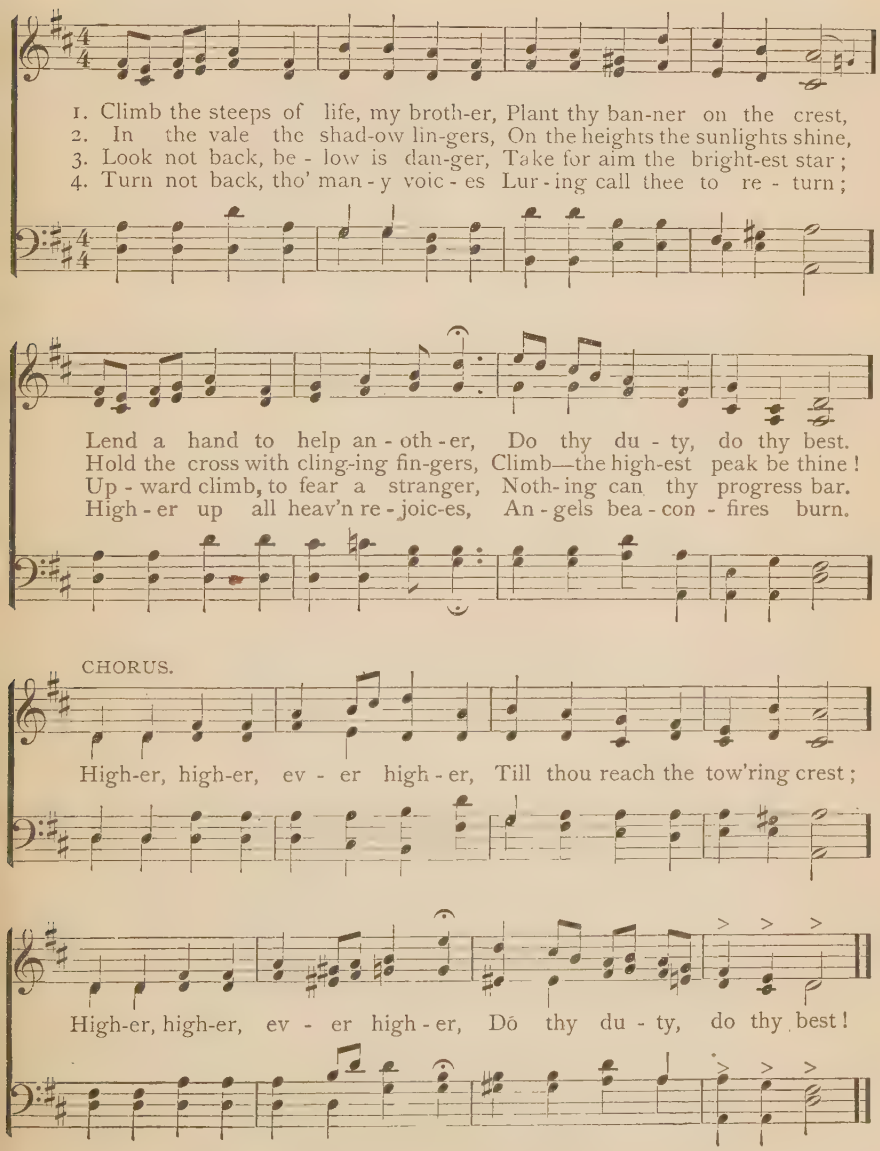
HIGHER, EVER HIGHER.

MARIAN FROELICH. G. FROELICH.


1. Climb the steeps of life, my broth-er, Plant thy ban-ner on the crest,
2. In the vale the shad-ow lin-gers, On the heights the sunlights shine,
3. Look not back, be - low is dan-ger, Take for aim the bright-est star;
4. Turn not back, tho' man - y voic - es Lur - ing call thee to re - turn;
Lend a hand to help an - oth - er, Do thy du - ty, do thy best.
Hold the cross with cling-ing fin-gers, Climb—the high-est peak be thine!
Up - ward climb, to fear a stranger, Noth - ing can thy progress bar.
High - er up all heav'n re - joic-es, An - gels bea - con - fires burn.
CHORUS.
High-er, high-er, ev - er high - er, Till thou reach the tow'ring crest;
High-er, high-er, ev - er high - er, Dō thy du - ty, do thy best!

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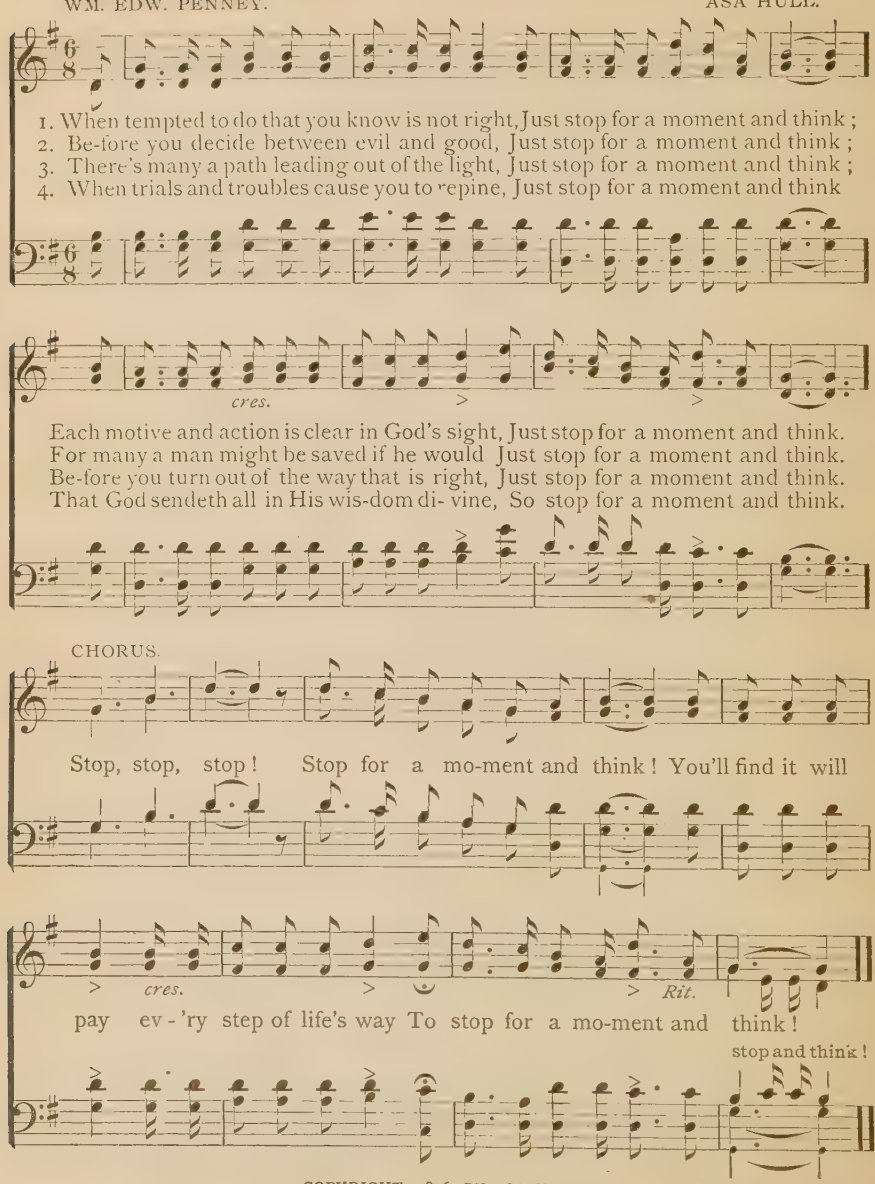
STOP A MOMENT AND THINK.

WM. EDW. PENNEY. ASA HULL.


1. When tempted to do that you know is not right, Just stop for a moment and think ;
2. Be-fore you decide between evil and good, Just stop for a moment and think ;
3. There's many a path leading out of the light, Just stop for a moment and think ;
4. When trials and troubles cause you to repine, Just stop for a moment and think
cres.
Each motive and action is clear in God's sight, Just stop for a moment and think.
For many a man might be saved if he would Just stop for a moment and think.
Be-fore you turn out of the way that is right, Just stop for a moment and think.
That God sendeth all in His wis-dom di- vine, So stop for a moment and think.
CHORUS.
Stop, stop, stop ! Stop for a mo-ment and think ! You'll find it will
cres.
Rit.
pay ev - 'ry step of life's way To stop for a mo-ment and think !
stop and think !

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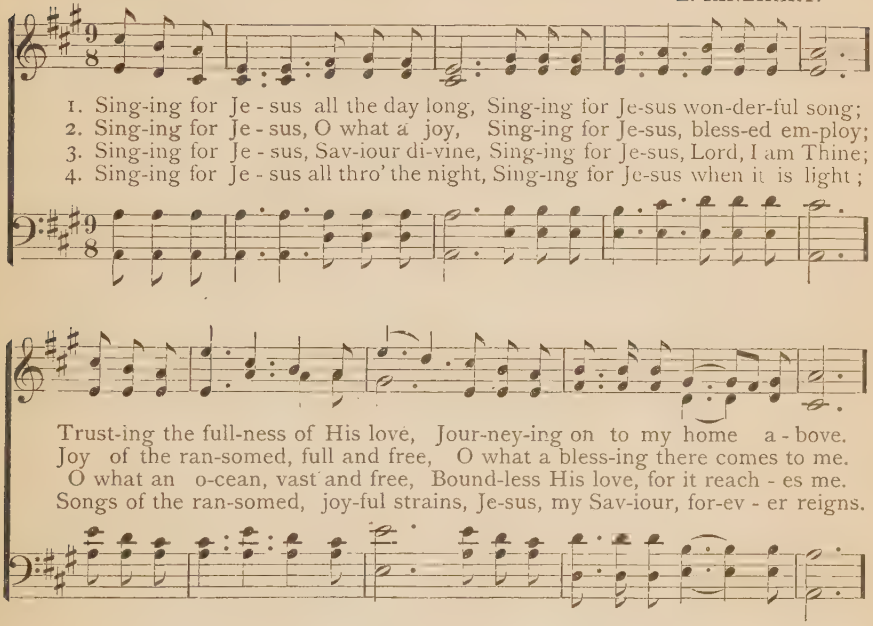
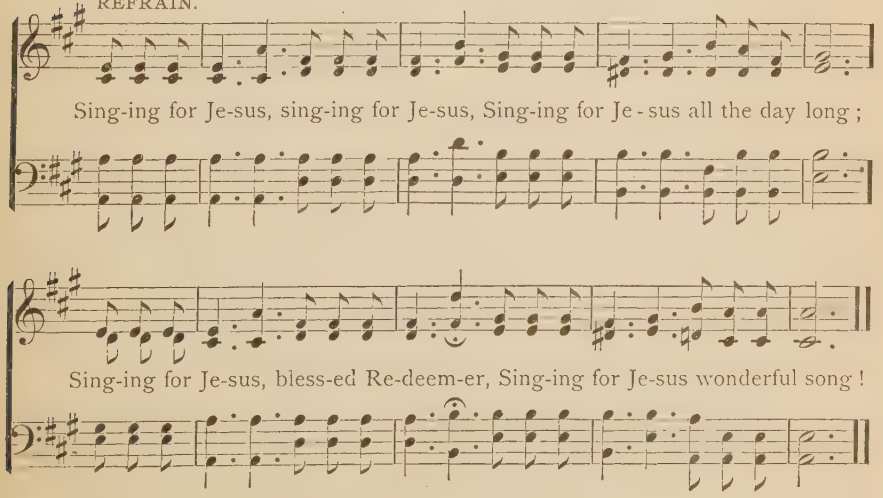
E. RINEHART. E. RINEHART.


1. Sing-ing for Je - sus all the day long, Sing-ing for Je-sus won-der-ful song;
2. Sing-ing for Je - sus, O what a joy, Sing-ing for Je-sus, bless-ed em-ploy;
3. Sing-ing for Je - sus, Sav-iour di-vine, Sing-ing for Je-sus, Lord, I am Thine;
4. Sing-ing for Je - sus all thro' the night, Sing-ing for Je-sus when it is light;
Trust-ing the full-ness of His love, Jour-ney-ing on to my home a - bove.
Joy of the ran-somed, full and free, O what a bless-ing there comes to me.
O what an o-cean, vast and free, Bound-less His love, for it reach - es me.
Songs of the ran-somed, joy-ful strains, Je-sus, my Sav-iour, for-ev - er reigns.

REFRAIN.

Sing-ing for Je-sus, sing-ing for Je-sus, Sing-ing for Je - sus all the day long;
Sing-ing for Je-sus, bless-ed Re-deem-er, Sing-ing for Je-sus wonderful song!

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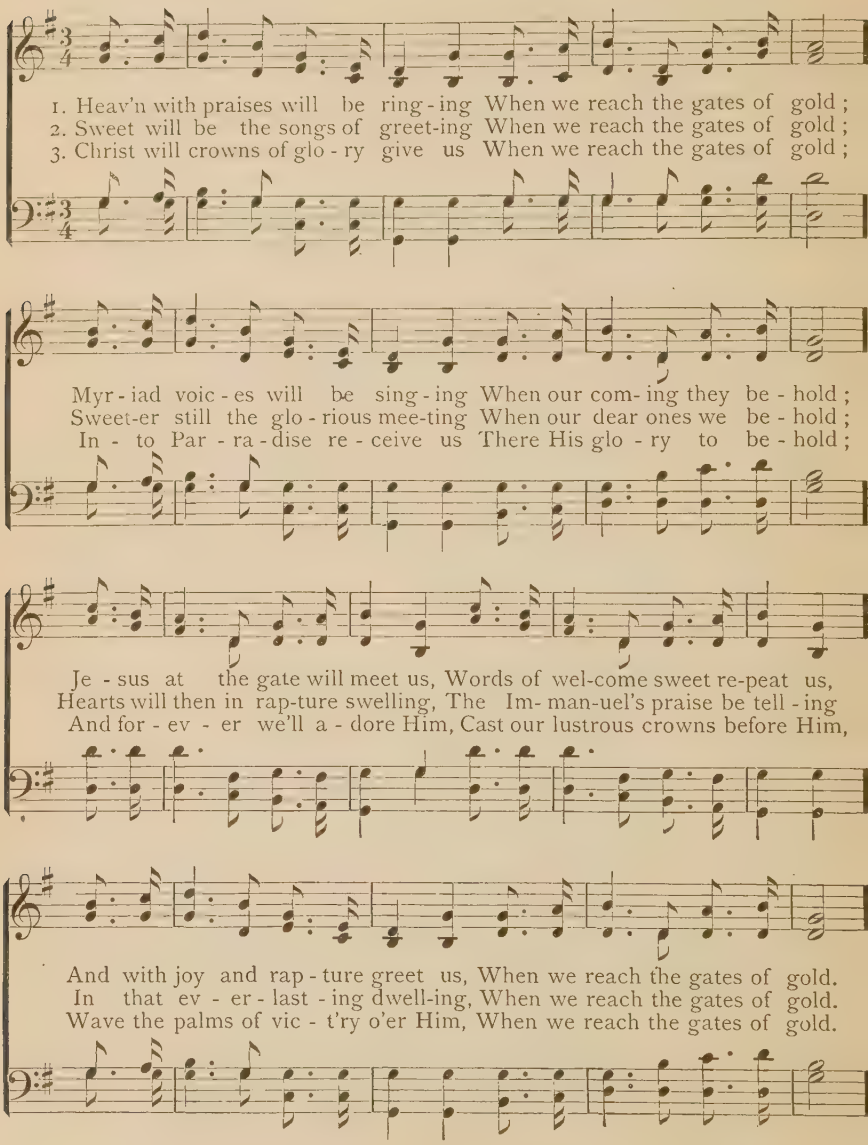
WHEN WE REACH THE GATES OF GOLD.

REV. E. A. HOFFMAN. JNO. R. BRYANT.


1. Heav'n with praises will be ring-ing When we reach the gates of gold;
2. Sweet will be the songs of greet-ing When we reach the gates of gold;
3. Christ will crowns of glo-ry give us When we reach the gates of gold;
Myr-iad voic-es will be sing-ing When our com-ing they be-hold;
Sweet-er still the glo-rious mee-ting When our dear ones we be-hold;
In-to Par-ra-dise re-ceive us There His glo-ry to be-hold;
Je-sus at the gate will meet us, Words of wel-come sweet re-peat us,
Hearts will then in rap-ture swelling, The Im-man-uel's praise be tell-ing
And for-ev-er we'll a-dore Him, Cast our lustrous crowns before Him,
And with joy and rap-ture greet us, When we reach the gates of gold.
In that ev-er-last-ing dwell-ing, When we reach the gates of gold.
Wave the palms of vic-t'ry o'er Him, When we reach the gates of gold.

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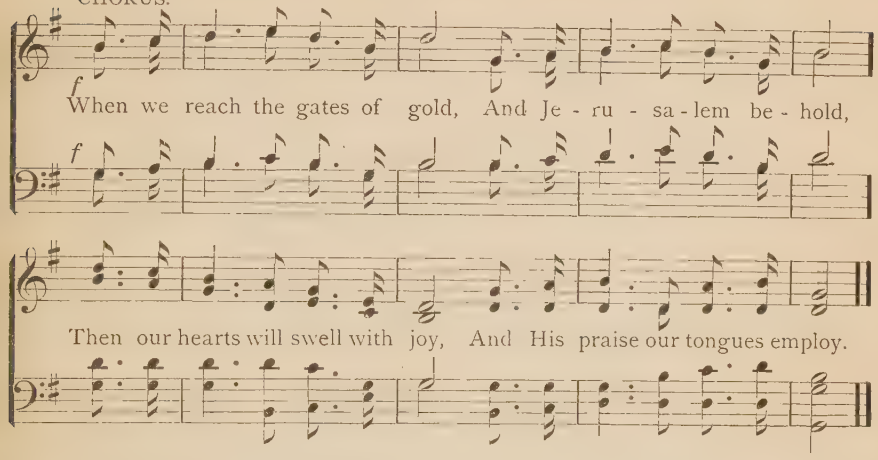
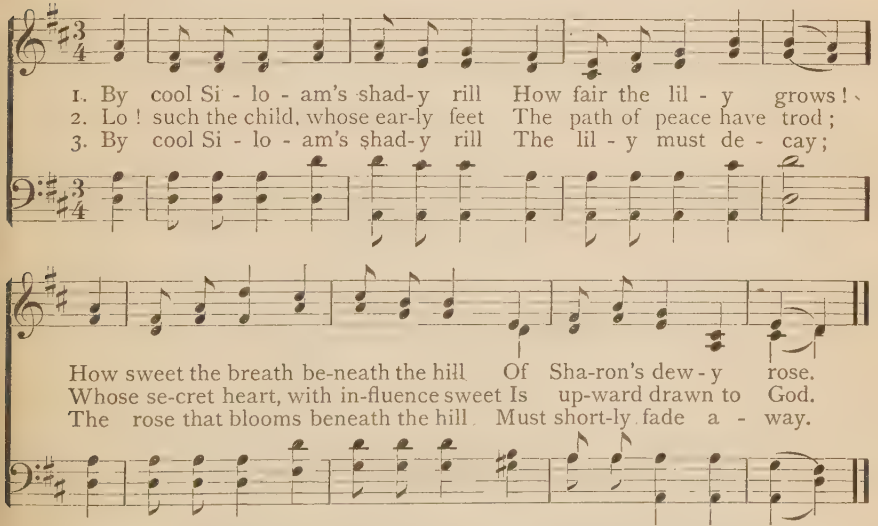
CHORUS.


When we reach the gates of gold, And Je - ru - sa - lem be - hold,
Then our hearts will swell with joy, And His praise our tongues employ.

BY COOL SILOAM'S SHADY RILL.

R. HEBER. ASA HULL.


1. By cool Si - lo - am's shad-y rill How fair the lil - y grows!
2. Lo! such the child, whose ear-ly feet The path of peace have trod;
3. By cool Si - lo - am's shad-y rill The lil - y must de - cay;
How sweet the breath be-neath the hill Of Sha-ron's dew-y rose.
Whose se-cret heart, with in-fluence sweet Is up-ward drawn to God.
The rose that blooms beneath the hill Must short-ly fade a - way.

4 And soon, too soon, the wintry hour,
Of man's maturer age
Will shake the soul with sorrow's power,
And stormy passion's rage.

5 Dependent on Thy bounteous breath,
We seek Thy grace alone,
In childhood, manhood, age, and death,
To keep us still Thine own.

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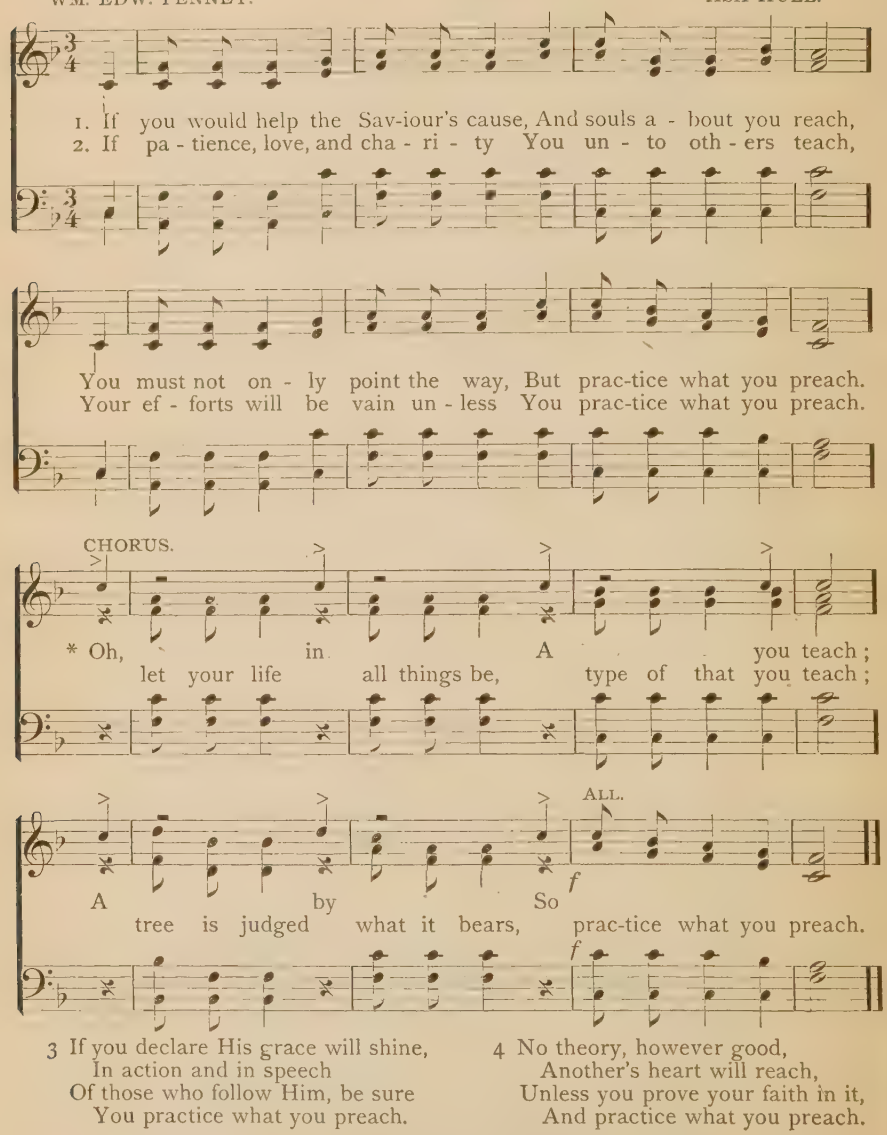
PRACTICE WHAT YOU PREACH.

WM. EDW. PENNEY. ASA HULL.

1. If you would help the Sav-iour's cause, And souls a - bout you reach,
2. If pa - tience, love, and cha - ri - ty You un - to oth - ers teach,
You must not on - ly point the way, But prac-tice what you preach.
Your ef - forts will be vain un - less You prac-tice what you preach.
CHORUS.
* Oh, let your life in all things be, A type of that you teach;
let your life in all things be, A type of that you teach;
ALL.
f
A tree is judged by what it bears, So prac-tice what you preach.
f

3 If you declare His grace will shine,
In action and in speech
Of those who follow Him, be sure
You practice what you preach.

4 No theory, however good,
Another's heart will reach,
Unless you prove your faith in it,
And practice what you preach.

* Intended for single Soprano voice, but can be sung by All, if prefered.

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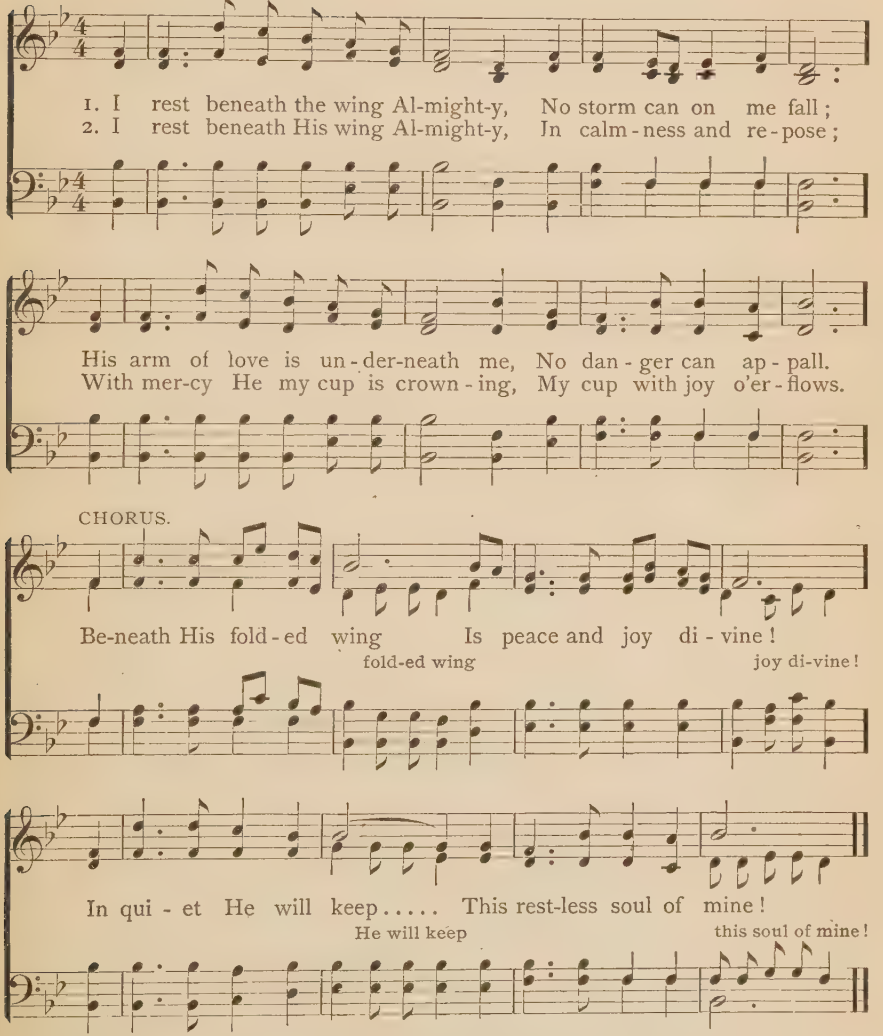
HIS FOLDED WING.

MRS. E. W. CHAPMAN. JNO. R. BRYANT.

1. I rest beneath the wing Al-might-y, No storm can on me fall;
2. I rest beneath His wing Al-might-y, In calm-ness and re-pose;
His arm of love is un-der-neath me, No dan-ger can ap-pall.
With mer-cy He my cup is crown-ing, My cup with joy o'er-flows.
CHORUS.
Be-neath His fold-ed wing Is peace and joy di-vine!
fold-ed wing
joy di-vine!
In qui-et He will keep..... This rest-less soul of mine!
He will keep
this soul of mine!

3 I rest beneath the wing Almighty,
It is a covert grand;
Was ever bliss so sweet, enduring,
With love on ev'ry hand?

4 I rest beneath the wing Almighty,
And in its shadow hide;
Beyond the reach of sin's dominion
Securely I abide.

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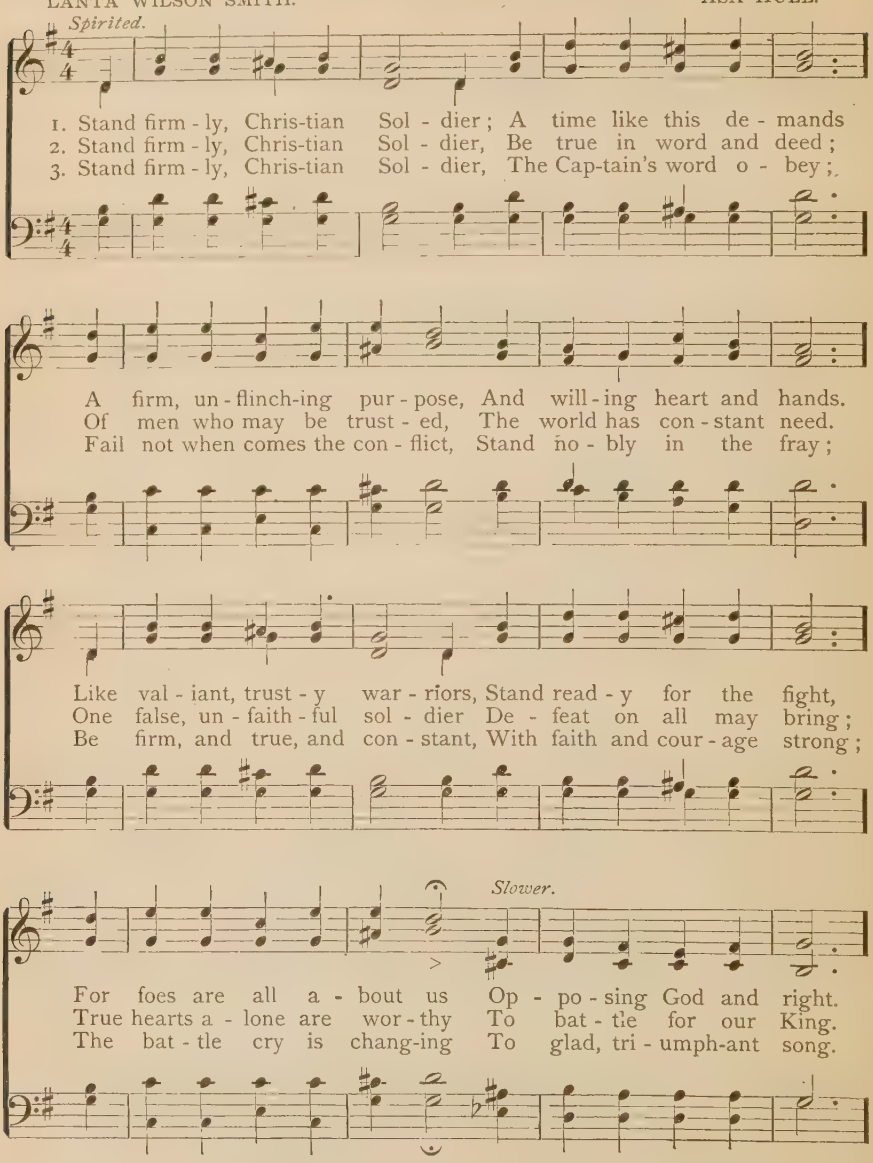
THE CHRISTIAN SOLDIER.

LANTA WILSON SMITH. ASA HULL.


Spirited.
1. Stand firm - ly, Chris-tian Sol - dier; A time like this de - mands
2. Stand firm - ly, Chris-tian Sol - dier, Be true in word and deed;
3. Stand firm - ly, Chris-tian Sol - dier, The Cap-tain's word o - bey;
A firm, un - flinch-ing pur - pose, And will - ing heart and hands.
Of men who may be trust - ed, The world has con - stant need.
Fail not when comes the con - flict, Stand no - bly in the fray;
Like val - iant, trust - y war - riors, Stand read - y for the fight,
One false, un - faith - ful sol - dier De - feat on all may bring;
Be firm, and true, and con - stant, With faith and cour - age strong;
Slower.
For foes are all a - bout us Op - po - sing God and right.
True hearts a - lone are wor - thy To bat - tle for our King.
The bat - tle cry is chang-ing To glad, tri - umph-ant song.

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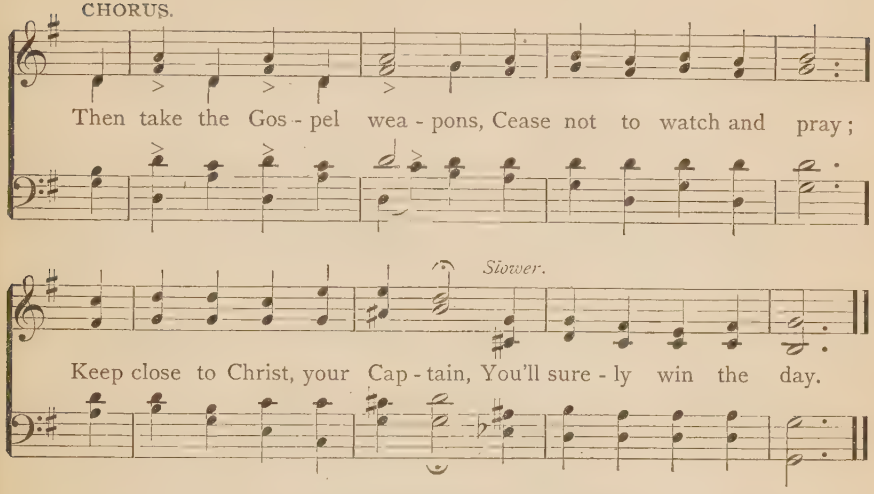
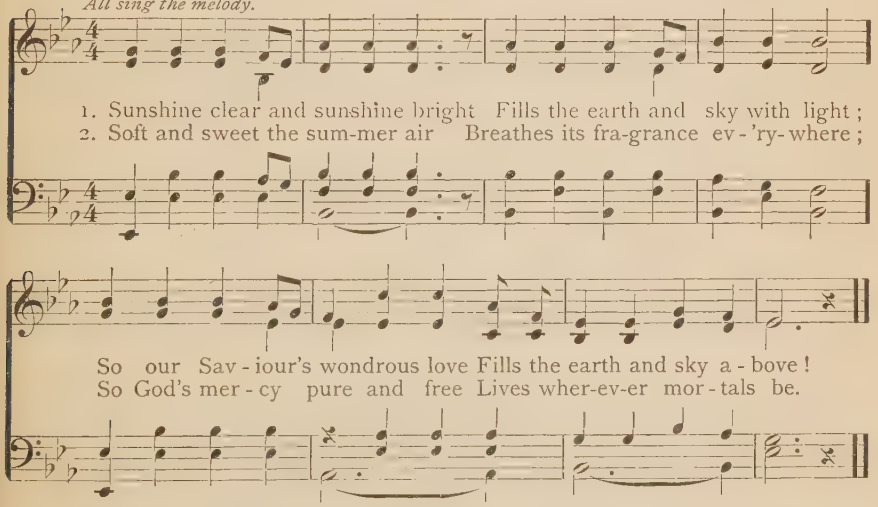
CHORUS.


Then take the Gos - pel wea - pons, Cease not to watch and pray;
Slower.
Keep close to Christ, your Cap - tain, You'll sure - ly win the day.

GOD'S WONDROUS LOVE.

MRS. L. M. B. BATEMAN. ASA HULL.

All sing the melody.


1. Sunshine clear and sunshine bright Fills the earth and sky with light;
2. Soft and sweet the sum-mer air Breathes its fra-grance ev-'ry-where;
So our Sav-iour's wondrous love Fills the earth and sky a-bove!
So God's mer-cy pure and free Lives wher-ev-er mor-tals be.

3 Raindrops fall and falls the dew,
Ever bounteous, ever new;
As the river seeks the sea
God's great kindness floweth free!

4 Notes of gladness, words of praise,
Let our hearts and voices raise;
May our love and service be
His through all eternity.

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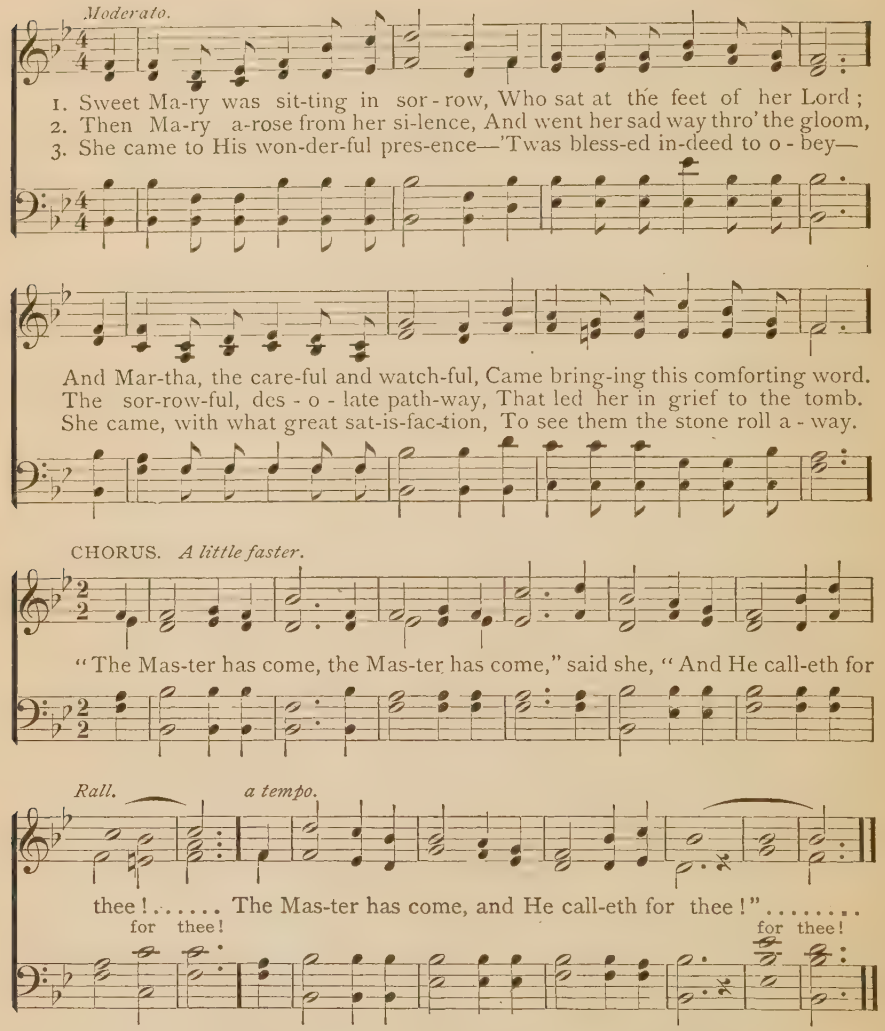
HE CALLETH FOR THEE.

MRS. L. M. BEAL BATEMAN. ASA HULL.


Moderato.
1. Sweet Ma-ry was sit-ting in sor-row, Who sat at the feet of her Lord;
2. Then Ma-ry a-rose from her si-lence, And went her sad way thro' the gloom,
3. She came to His won-der-ful pres-ence—'Twas bless-ed in-deed to o-bey—
And Mar-tha, the care-ful and watch-ful, Came bring-ing this comforting word.
The sor-row-ful, des-o-late path-way, That led her in grief to the tomb.
She came, with what great sat-is-fac-tion, To see them the stone roll a-way.
CHORUS. A little faster.
"The Mas-ter has come, the Mas-ter has come," said she, "And He call-eth for
Rall. a tempo.
thee!..... The Mas-ter has come, and He call-eth for thee!".....
for thee!
for thee!

4 Then out of the silence and darkness,
Her brother came forth at His word;
Not waiting, but swiftly obeying,
Those wonderful words of their Lord.

5 O sinner, in sorrow and silence,
In dark disappointment and gloom,
The Master is come, and is calling
To triumph o'er death and the tomb.

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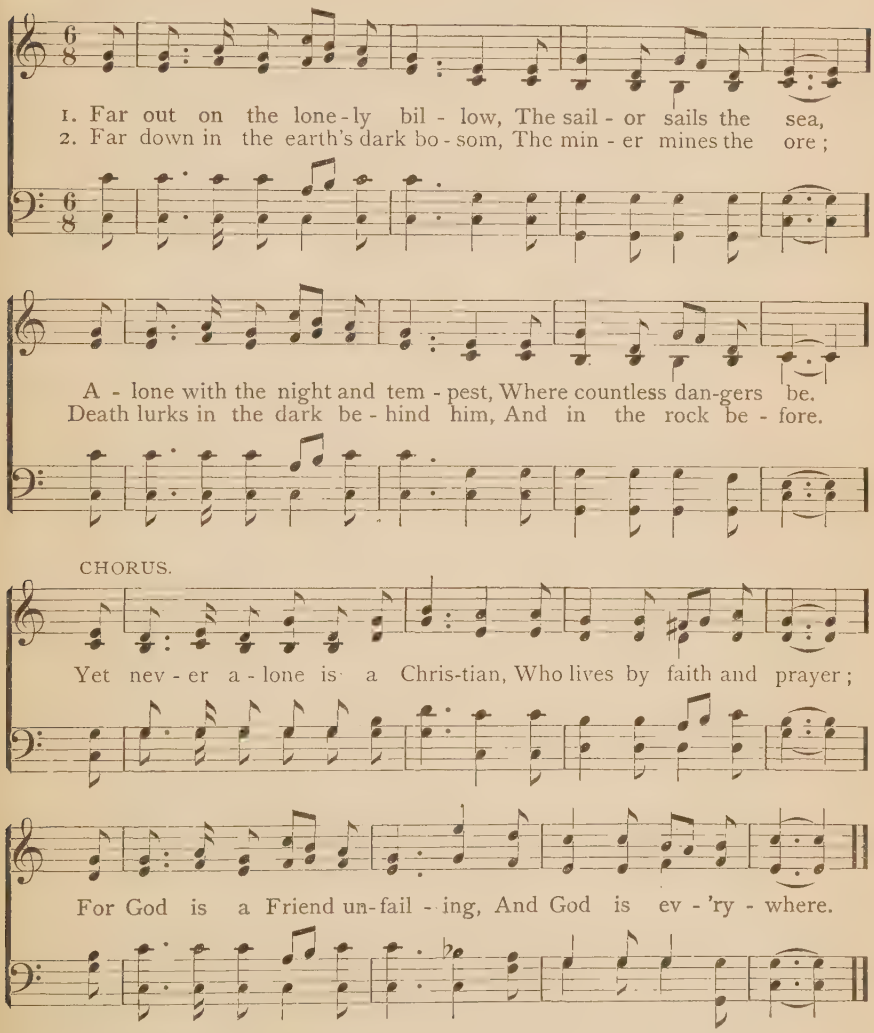
FAR OUT ON THE LONELY BILLOW.

ROSSITER W. RAYMOND. FERD. SILCHER. ARR.


1. Far out on the lone-ly bil - low, The sail - or sails the sea,
2. Far down in the earth's dark bo - som, The min - er mines the ore;
A - lone with the night and tem - pest, Where countless dan-gers be.
Death lurks in the dark be - hind him, And in the rock be - fore.
CHORUS.
Yet nev - er a - lone is a Chris-tian, Who lives by faith and prayer;
For God is a Friend un-fail - ing, And God is ev - 'ry - where.

3 Forth into the dreadful battle
The steadfast soldier goes;
No friend at his hand when dying,
His eyes to kiss and close.

4 Lord, grant as we sail life's ocean,
Or delve in mines of woe,
Or fight in the dreadful conflict,
This comfort all to know.

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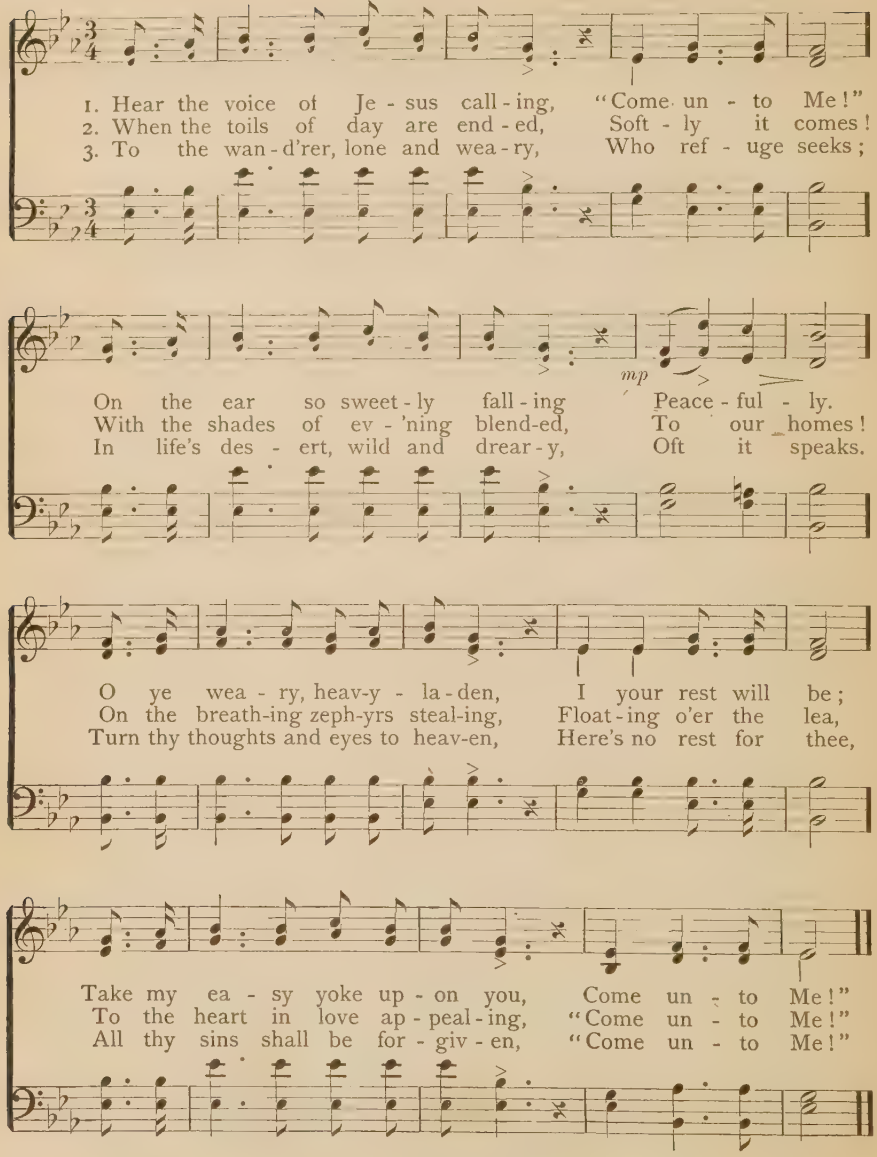
COME UNTO ME!

W. BENNETT. HARRY SANDERS.

1. Hear the voice of Je - sus call - ing, "Come un - to Me!"
2. When the toils of day are end - ed, Soft - ly it comes!
3. To the wan - d'rer, lone and wea - ry, Who ref - uge seeks;
mp
On the ear so sweet - ly fall - ing Peace - ful - ly.
With the shades of ev - 'ning blend - ed, To our homes!
In life's des - ert, wild and drear - y, Oft it speaks.
O ye wea - ry, heav - y - la - den, I your rest will be;
On the breath - ing zeph - yrs steal - ing, Float - ing o'er the lea,
Turn thy thoughts and eyes to heav - en, Here's no rest for thee,
Take my ea - sy yoke up - on you, Come un - to Me!"
To the heart in love ap - peal - ing, "Come un - to Me!"
All thy sins shall be for - giv - en, "Come un - to Me!"

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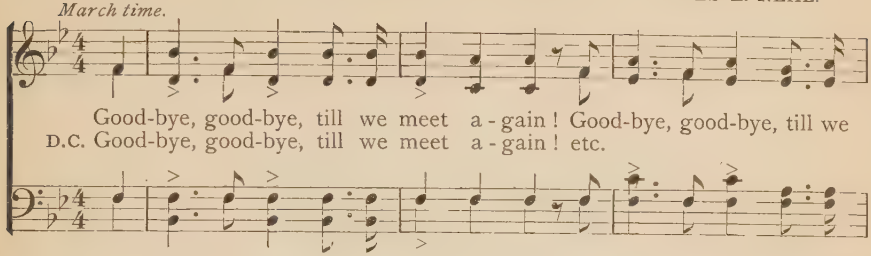
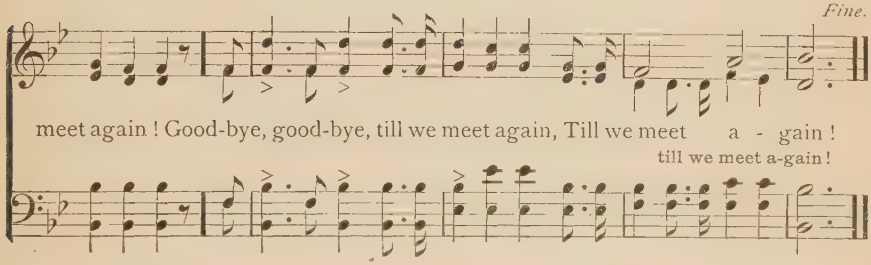
CHARLES E. NEAL.

CHARLES E. NEAL.

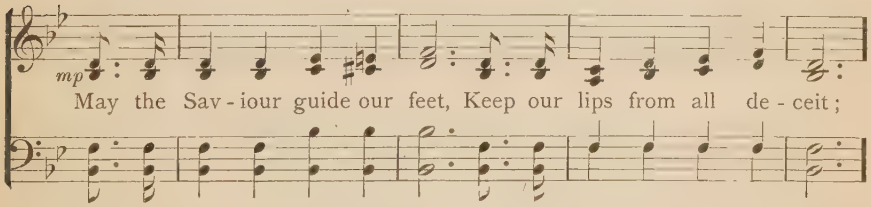
March time.



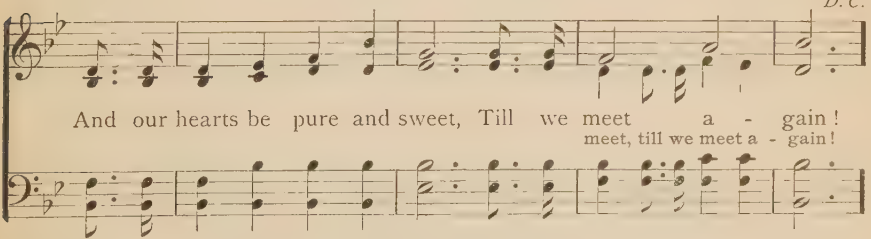
Fine.



PRAYER. *Slower.*



D. C.



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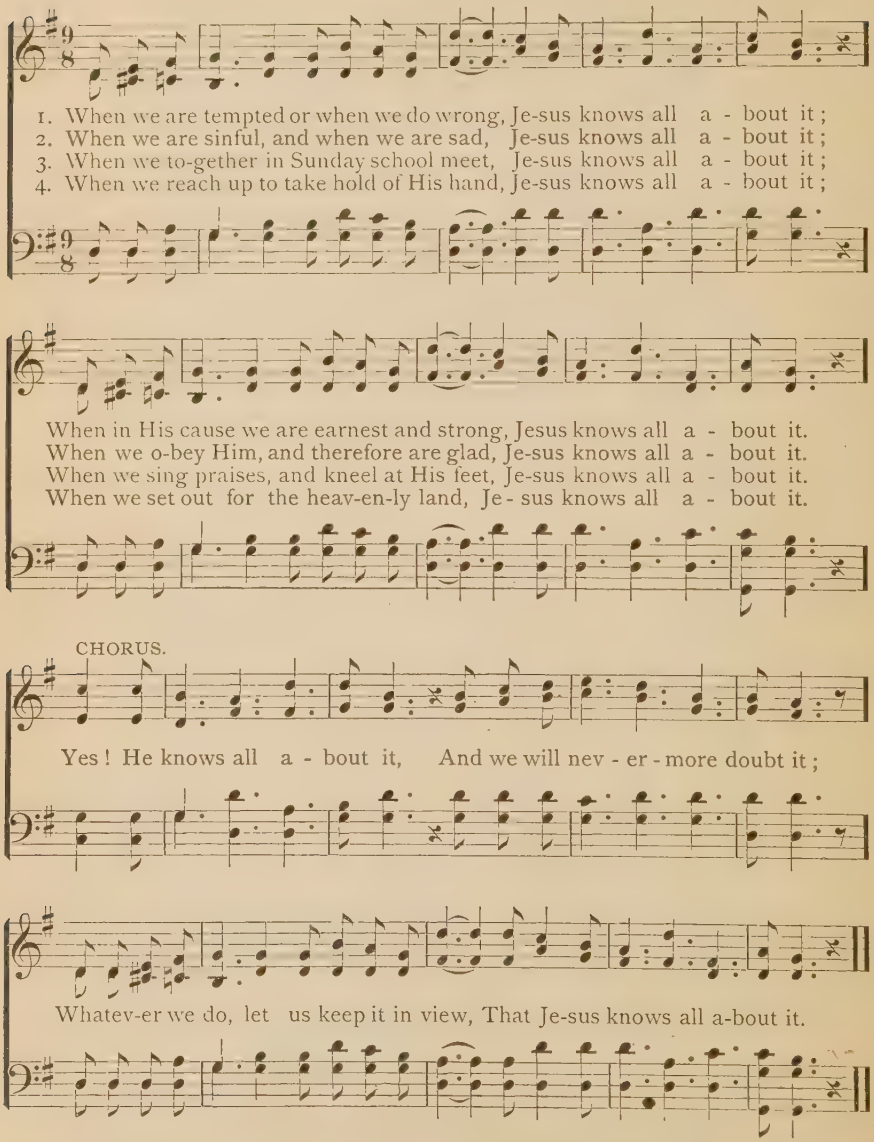
COME UNTO ME—Concluded.

4 Hear, O hear the gracious warning
Speaking to all!
Comes at evening, noon and morning,
Hear the call!
Time is flying, swiftly flying,
Soon no more 'twill be;
O prepare, prepare for dying,
"Come unto me!"

JESUS KNOWS ALL ABOUT IT.

WM. EDW. PENNEY. ASA HULL.


1. When we are tempted or when we do wrong, Je-sus knows all a - bout it;
2. When we are sinful, and when we are sad, Je-sus knows all a - bout it;
3. When we to-gether in Sunday school meet, Je-sus knows all a - bout it;
4. When we reach up to take hold of His hand, Je-sus knows all a - bout it;
When in His cause we are earnest and strong, Jesus knows all a - bout it.
When we o-bey Him, and therefore are glad, Je-sus knows all a - bout it.
When we sing praises, and kneel at His feet, Je-sus knows all a - bout it.
When we set out for the heav-en-ly land, Je - sus knows all a - bout it.
CHORUS.
Yes! He knows all a - bout it, And we will nev - er - more doubt it;
Whatev-er we do, let us keep it in view, That Je-sus knows all a-bout it.

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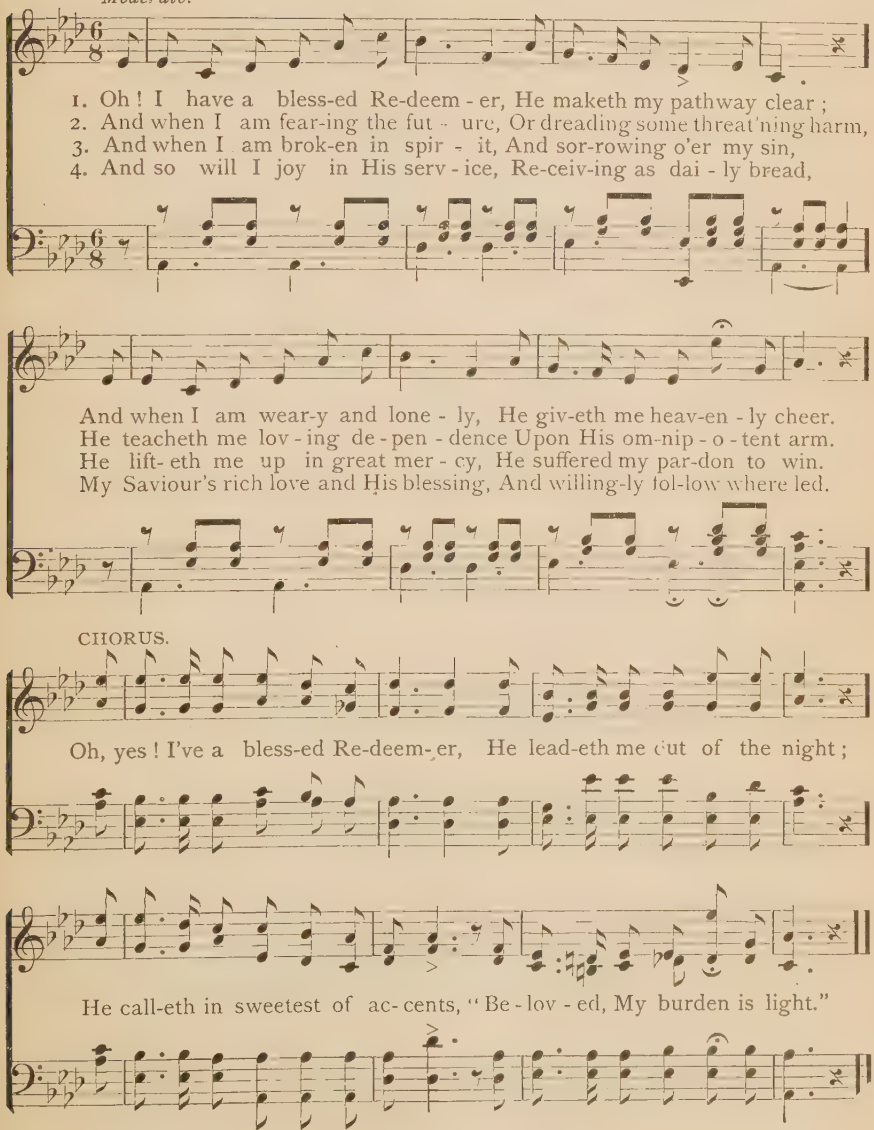
E. C. R.

ELLA CLEMENTINE RODGERS.

Moderato.


1. Oh! I have a bless-ed Re-deem - er, He maketh my pathway clear;
2. And when I am fear-ing the fut - ure, Or dreading some threat'ning harm,
3. And when I am brok-en in spir - it, And sor-rowing o'er my sin,
4. And so will I joy in His serv - ice, Re-ceiv-ing as dai - ly bread,
And when I am wear-y and lone - ly, He giv-eth me heav-en - ly cheer.
He teacheth me lov - ing de - pen - dence Upon His om-nip - o - tent arm.
He lift- eth me up in great mer - cy, He suffered my par-don to win.
My Saviour's rich love and His blessing, And willing-ly fol-low where led.
CHORUS.
Oh, yes! I've a bless-ed Re-deem-er, He lead-eth me out of the night;
He call-eth in sweetest of ac- cents, "Be - lov - ed, My burden is light."

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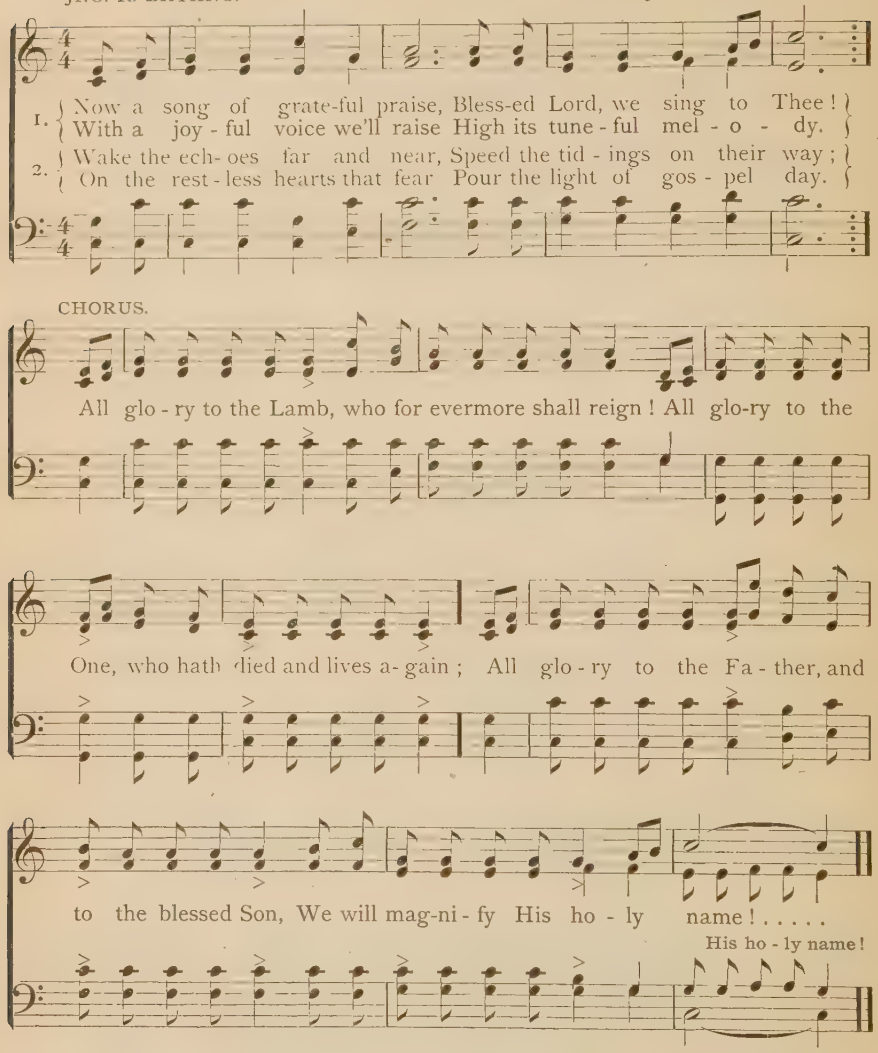
ALL GLORY TO THE LAMB.

JNO. R. BRYANT. JNO. R. BRYANT.


1. Now a song of grate-ful praise, Bless-ed Lord, we sing to Thee!
With a joy-ful voice we'll raise High its tune-ful mel-o-dy.
2. Wake the ech-oes far and near, Speed the tid-ings on their way;
On the rest-less hearts that fear Pour the light of gos-pel day.
CHORUS.
All glo-ry to the Lamb, who for evermore shall reign! All glo-ry to the
One, who hath died and lives a-gain; All glo-ry to the Fa-ther, and
to the blessed Son, We will mag-ni-fy His ho-ly name!.....
His ho-ly name!

3 Far and wide o'er land and sea
Now the notes of praise prolong;
Let the joyous melody
Dwell on every human tongue.

4 Loud, ye harps of heaven, ring
To the song the ransomed raise!
Let the notes of every string
Tell of boundless love and grace.

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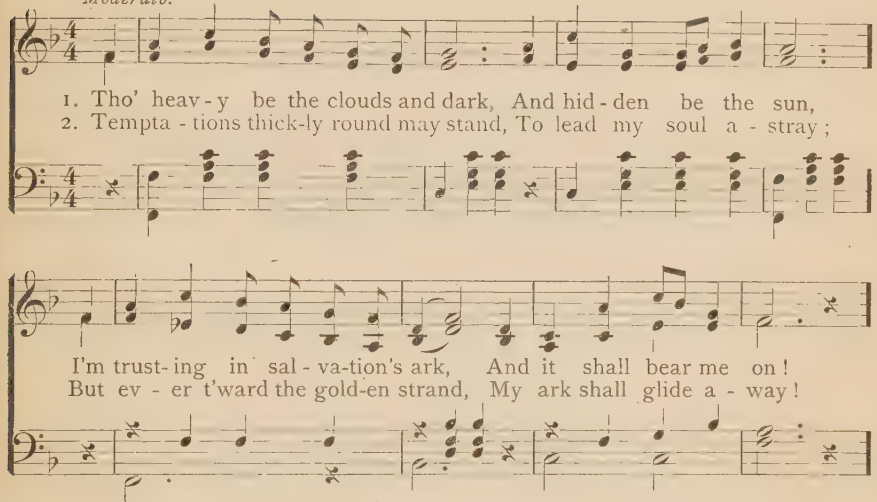
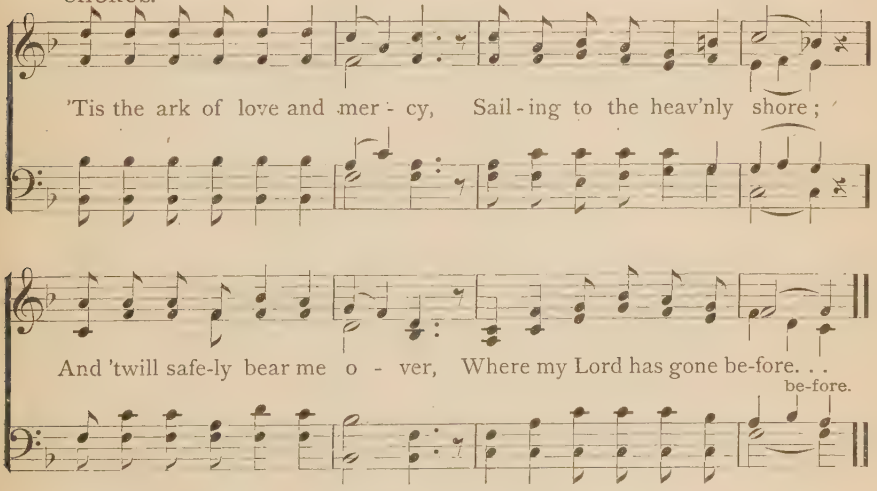
TRUSTING IN THE ARK.

E. R. LATTA. CHAS. K. LANGLEY.

Moderato.


1. Tho' heav - y be the clouds and dark, And hid - den be the sun,
2. Tempta - tions thick-ly round may stand, To lead my soul a - stray;
I'm trust - ing in sal - va-tion's ark, And it shall bear me on!
But ev - er t'ward the gold-en strand, My ark shall glide a - way!

CHORUS.


'Tis the ark of love and mer - cy, Sail - ing to the heav'nly shore;
And 'twill safe-ly bear me o - ver, Where my Lord has gone be-fore. . .
be-fore.

3 Tho' tempests lash the waves to foam,
No storm shall overwhelm;
But I shall safely reach my home,
With Jesus at the helm.

4 My spirit need not feel alarm,
At all the hosts of sin;
My ark will shield my soul from harm,
If I but stay within.

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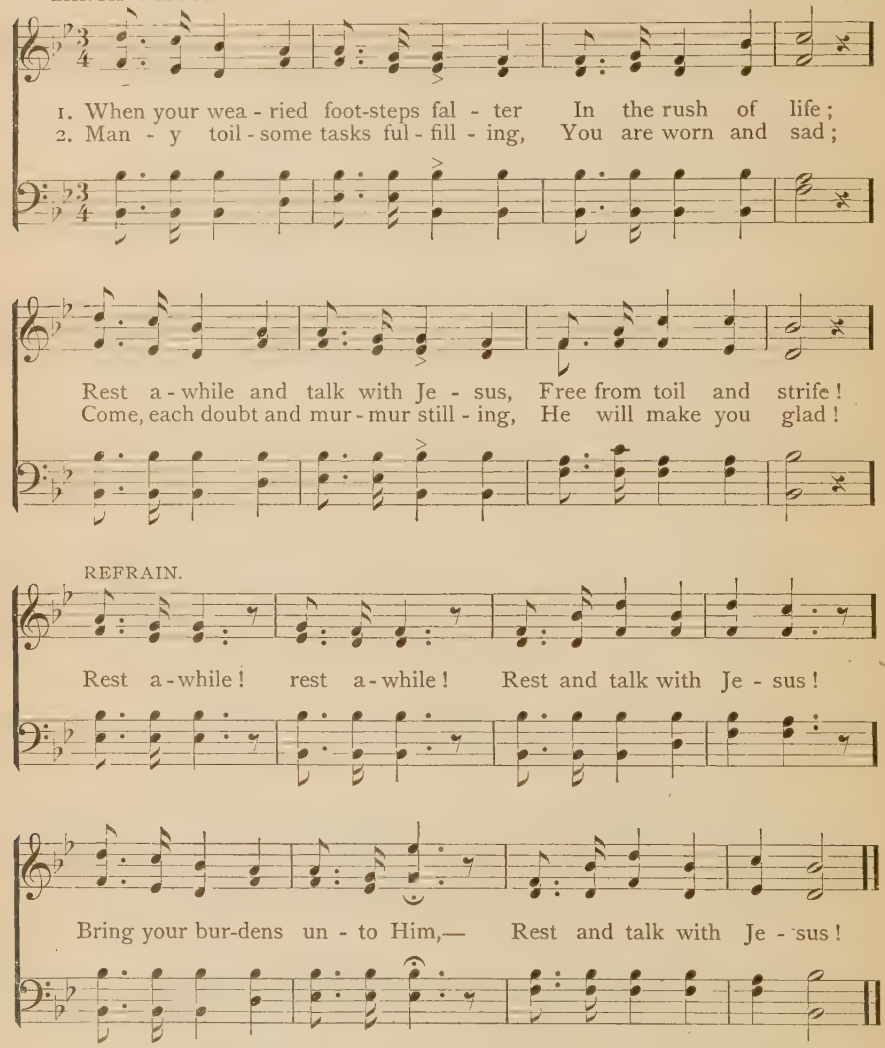
REST AND TALK WITH JESUS.

LANTA WILSON SMITH. ASA HULL.


1. When your wea - ried foot-steps fal - ter In the rush of life;
2. Man - y toil - some tasks ful - fill - ing, You are worn and sad;
Rest a - while and talk with Je - sus, Free from toil and strife!
Come, each doubt and mur - mur still - ing, He will make you glad!
REFRAIN.
Rest a - while! rest a - while! Rest and talk with Je - sus!
Bring your bur-dens un - to Him,— Rest and talk with Je - sus!

3 Sin has brought you tribulation,
Bear it not alone;
In the day of sore temptation,
Christ will save His own.

4 Jesus knows the pain and sorrow,
You have tried to bear;
Let Him gild your dark to-morrow,
With His love and care.

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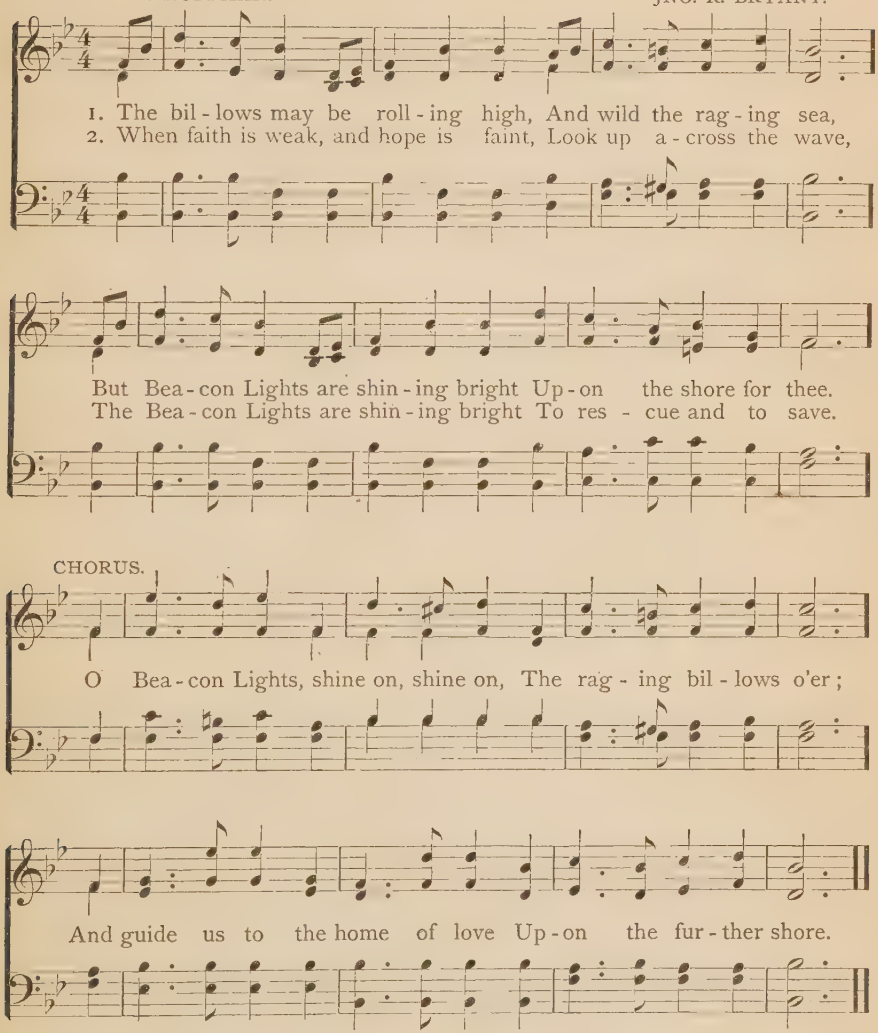
REV. E. A. HOFFMAN. JNO. R. BRYANT.

1. The bil - lows may be roll - ing high, And wild the rag - ing sea,
2. When faith is weak, and hope is faint, Look up a - cross the wave,
But Bea - con Lights are shin - ing bright Up - on the shore for thee.
The Bea - con Lights are shin - ing bright To res - cue and to save.
CHORUS.
O Bea - con Lights, shine on, shine on, The rag - ing bil - lows o'er;
And guide us to the home of love Up - on the fur - ther shore.

3 Look up, O trembling mariner,
Adrift upon the sea,
For Beacon Lights are shining bright,
To-night to rescue thee.

4 Have faith in God, and falter not;
Be trustful and be brave;
The Beacon Lights are shining bright,
And Christ is strong to save.

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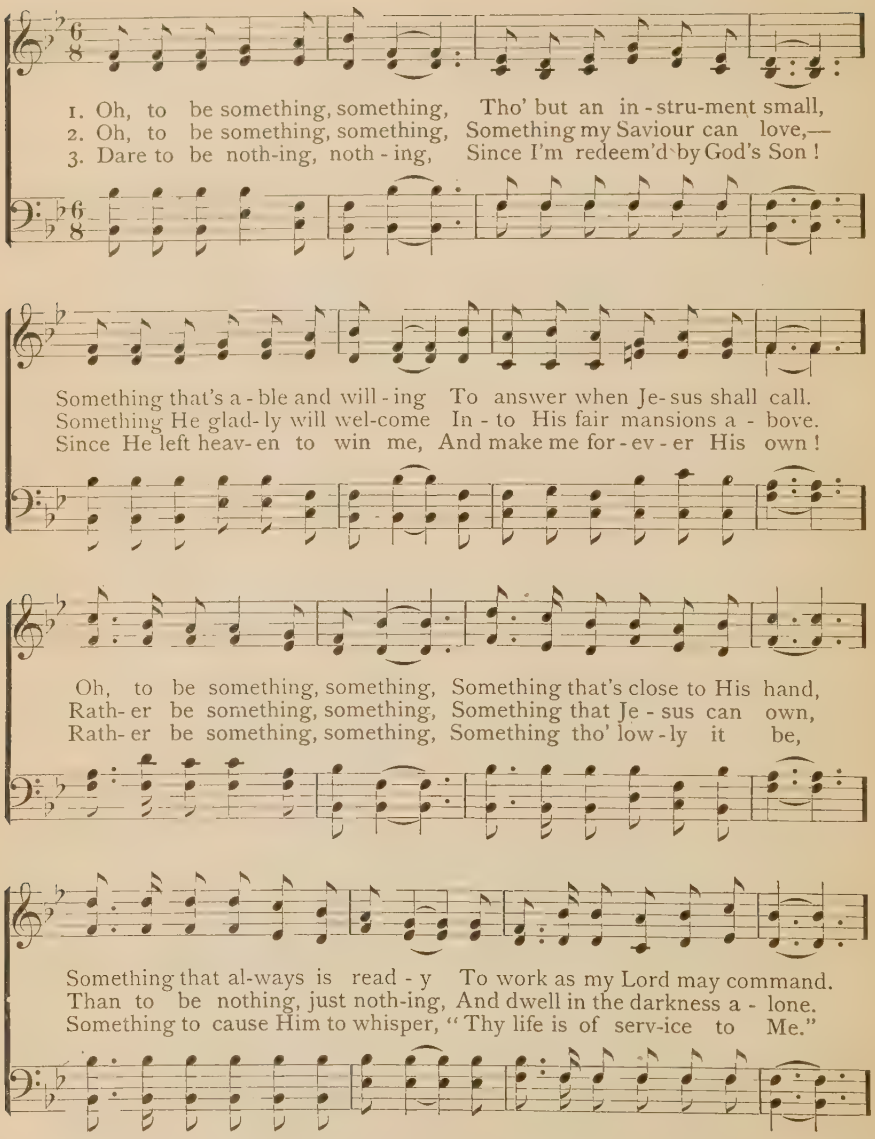
OH, TO BE SOMETHING.

ANNIE D. BRADLEY. FRED. A. FILLMORE.

1. Oh, to be something, something, Tho' but an in-stru-ment small,
2. Oh, to be something, something, Something my Saviour can love,—
3. Dare to be noth-ing, noth-ing, Since I'm redeem'd by God's Son!
Something that's a-ble and will-ing To answer when Je-sus shall call.
Something He glad-ly will wel-come In-to His fair mansions a-bove.
Since He left heav-en to win me, And make me for-ev-er His own!
Oh, to be something, something, Something that's close to His hand,
Rath-er be something, something, Something that Je-sus can own,
Rath-er be something, something, Something tho' low-ly it be,
Something that al-ways is read-y To work as my Lord may command.
Than to be nothing, just noth-ing, And dwell in the darkness a-lone.
Something to cause Him to whisper, "Thy life is of serv-ice to Me."

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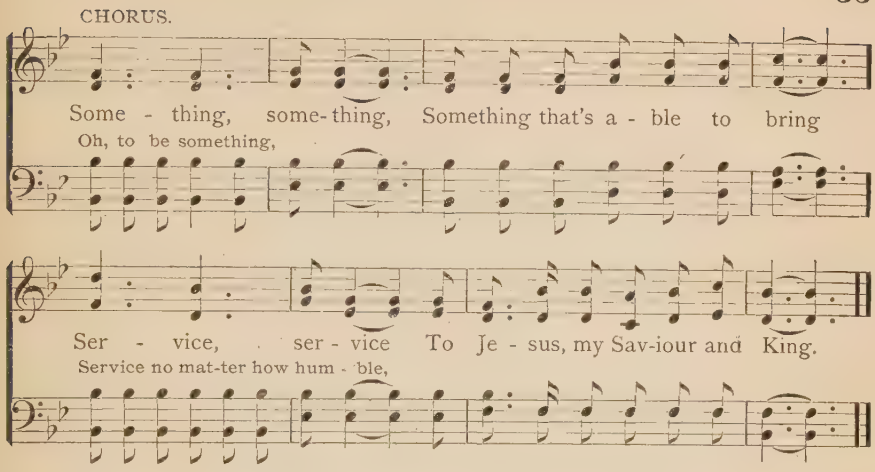
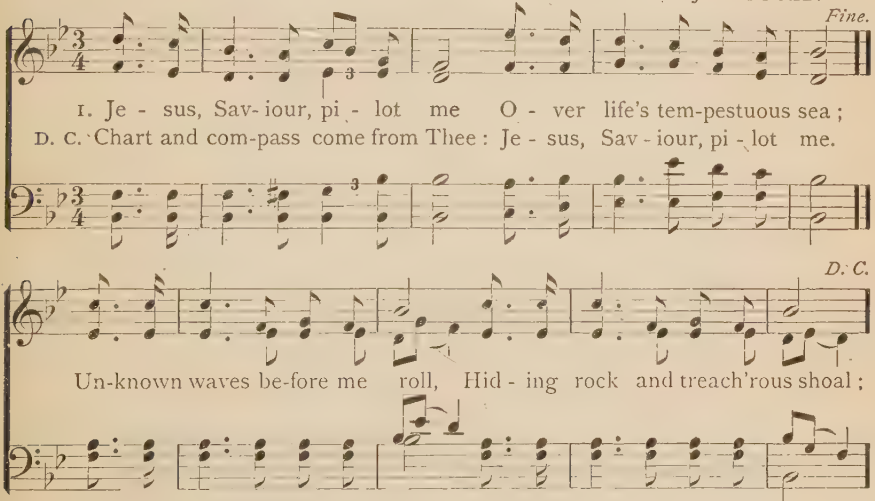

CHORUS.
Some - thing, some-thing, Something that's a - ble to bring
Oh, to be something,
Ser - vice, ser - vice To Je - sus, my Sav-iour and King.
Service no mat-ter how hum - ble,

JESUS, SAVIOUR, PILOT ME.

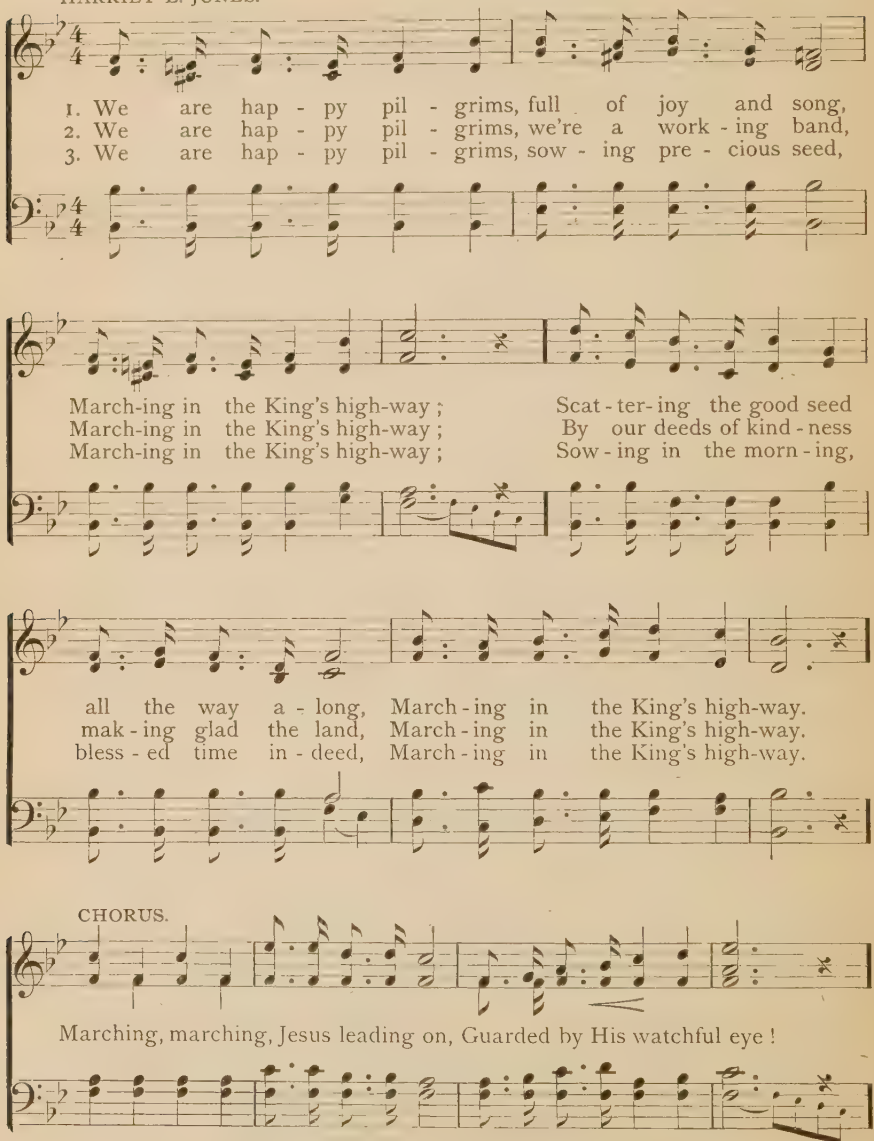
REV. EDW. HOPPER. J. E. GOULD.


Fine.
1. Je - sus, Sav-iour, pi - lot me O - ver life's tem-pestuous sea;
D. C. Chart and com-pass come from Thee: Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me.
D. C.
Un-known waves be-fore me roll, Hid - ing rock and treach'rous shoal;

2 As a mother stills her child,
Thou canst hush the ocean wild;
Boist'rous waves obey Thy will,
When Thou say'st to them "Be still!"
Wondrous Sovereign of the sea,
Jesus, Saviour, pilot me.

3 When at last I near the shore,
And the fearful breakers roar,
'Twixt me and the peaceful rest,
Then, while leaning on Thy breast,
May I hear Thee say to me,
"Fear not, I will pilot thee!"

IN THE KING'S HIGHWAY.

HARRIET E. JONES. ASA HULL.

1. We are hap - py pil - grims, full of joy and song,
2. We are hap - py pil - grims, we're a work - ing band,
3. We are hap - py pil - grims, sow - ing pre - cious seed,
March-ing in the King's high-way ;
March-ing in the King's high-way ;
March-ing in the King's high-way ;
Scat - ter - ing the good seed
By our deeds of kind - ness
Sow - ing in the morn - ing,
all the way a - long, March - ing in the King's high-way.
mak - ing glad the land, March - ing in the King's high-way.
bless - ed time in - deed, March - ing in the King's high-way.
CHORUS.
Marching, marching, Jesus leading on, Guarded by His watchful eye !

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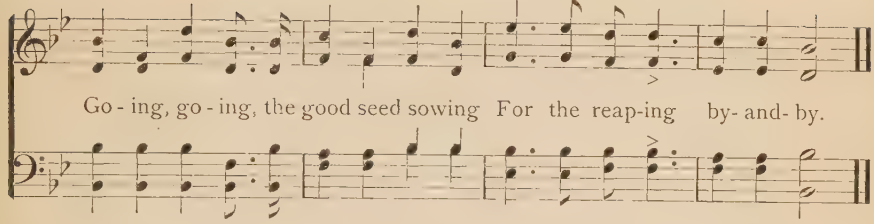
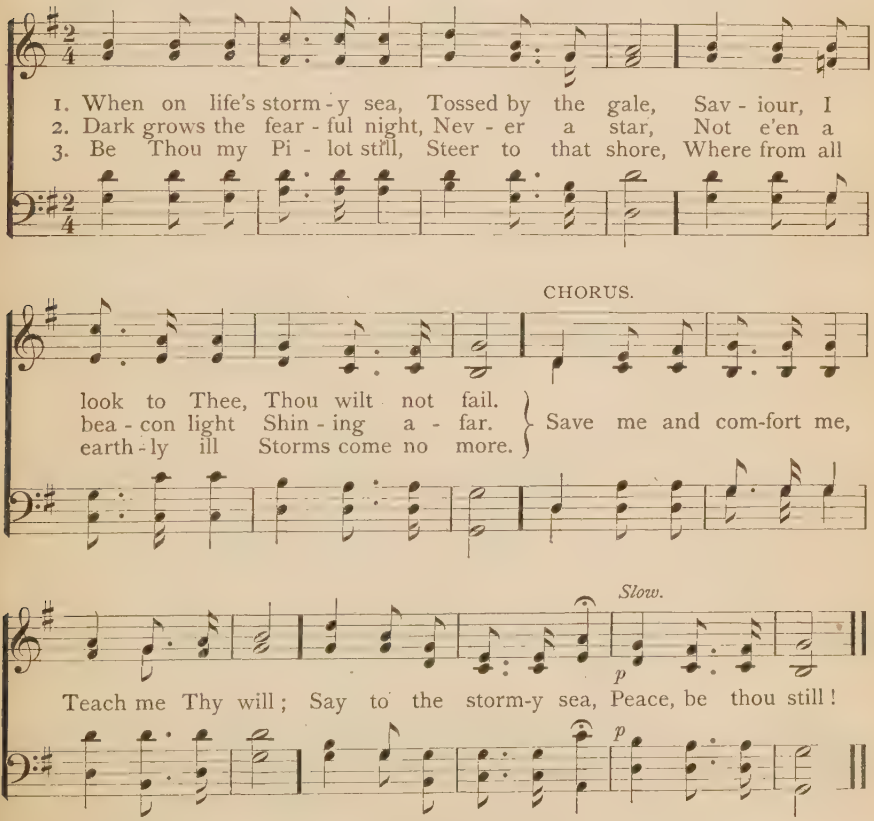


SAVE AND COMFORT ME.

FRANCES V. HUBBARD. FRANK HERMANS.

1. When on life's storm - y sea, Tossed by the gale, Sav - iour, I
2. Dark grows the fear - ful night, Nev - er a star, Not e'en a
3. Be Thou my Pi - lot still, Steer to that shore, Where from all
CHORUS.
look to Thee, Thou wilt not fail.
bea - con light Shin - ing a - far.
earth - ly ill Storms come no more.
Save me and com-fort me,
Slow.
p
Teach me Thy will; Say to the storm-y sea, Peace, be thou still!
p

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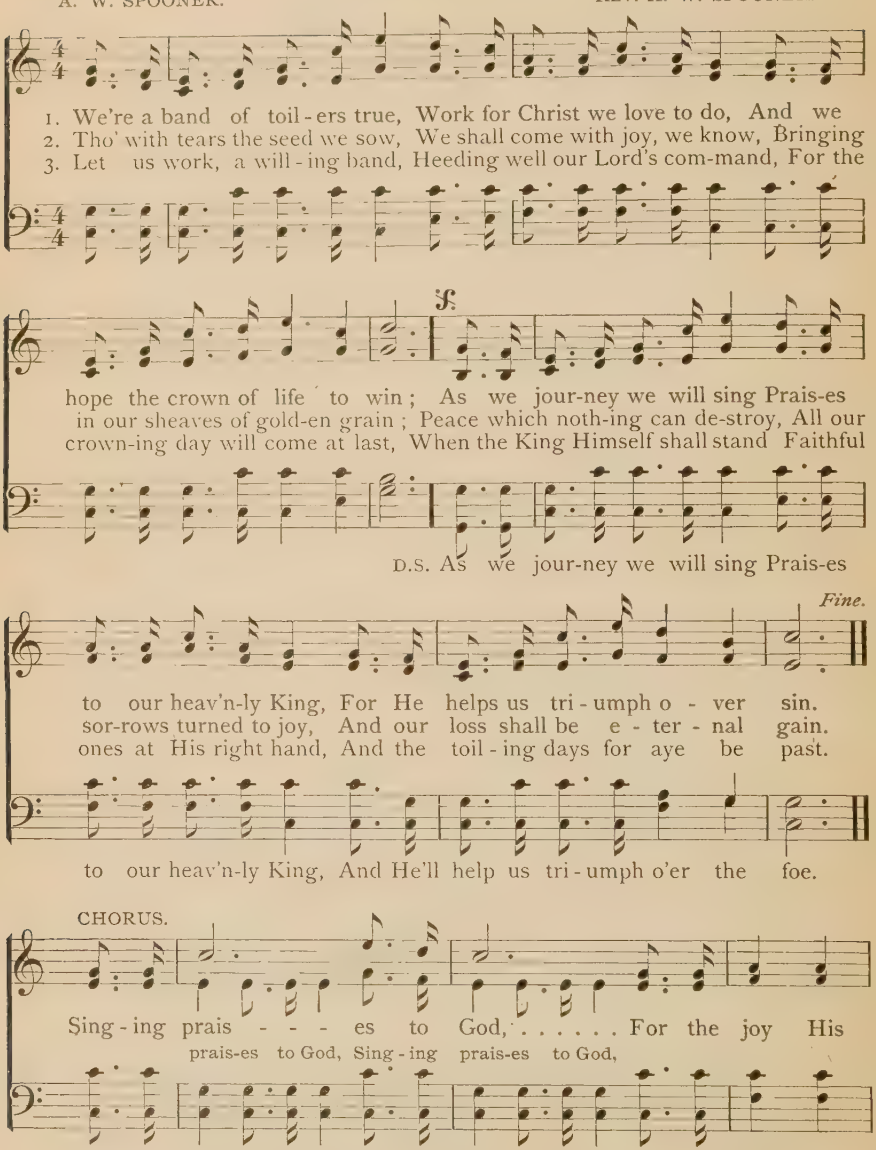
THE TOILERS' SONG.

A. W. SPOONER. REV. A. W. SPOONER.

1. We're a band of toil-ers true, Work for Christ we love to do, And we
2. Tho' with tears the seed we sow, We shall come with joy, we know, Bringing
3. Let us work, a will-ing band, Heeding well our Lord's com-mand, For the
hope the crown of life to win; As we jour-ney we will sing Prais-es
in our sheaves of gold-en grain; Peace which noth-ing can de-stroy, All our
crown-ing day will come at last, When the King Himself shall stand Faithful
D.S. As we jour-ney we will sing Prais-es
Fine.
to our heav'n-ly King, For He helps us tri-umph o-ver sin.
sor-rows turned to joy, And our loss shall be e-ter-nal gain.
ones at His right hand, And the toil-ing days for aye be past.
to our heav'n-ly King, And He'll help us tri-umph o'er the foe.
CHORUS.
Sing-ing prais-es to God, ... For the joy His
prais-es to God, Sing-ing prais-es to God,

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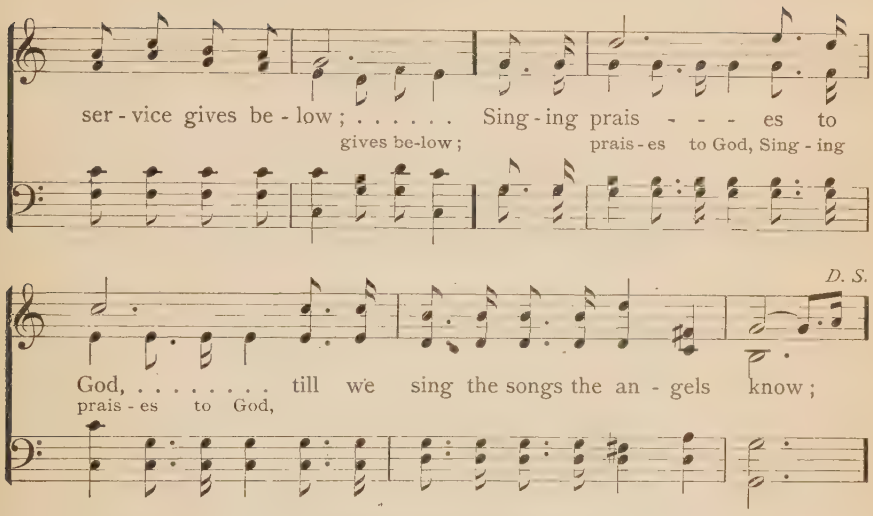
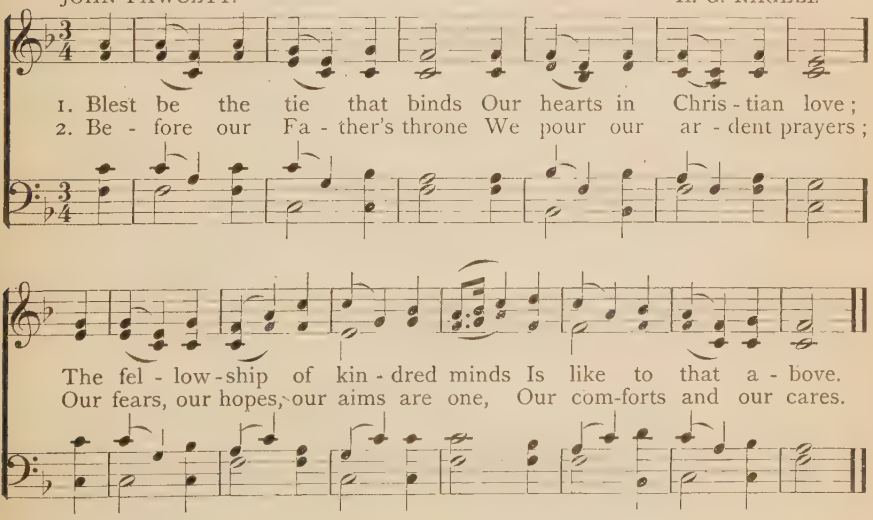

ser - vice gives be - low ; . . . . . Sing - ing prais - - - es to
gives be-low ;
prais - es to God, Sing - ing
D. S.
God, ... till we sing the songs the an - gels know ;
prais - es to God,

BLEST BE THE TIE.

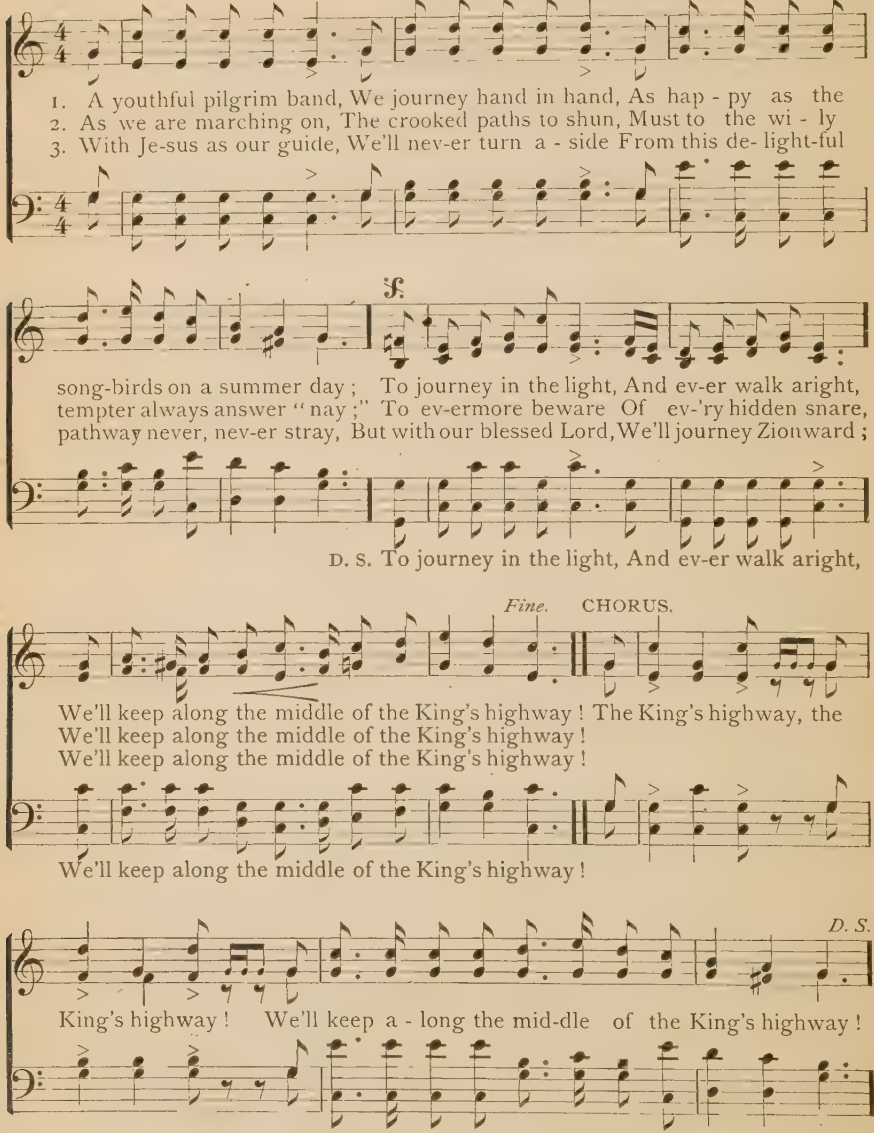
JOHN FAWCETT. H. G. NAGELI.


1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Chris - tian love ;
2. Be - fore our Fa - ther's throne We pour our ar - dent prayers ;
The fel - low - ship of kin - dred minds Is like to that a - bove.
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one, Our com-forts and our cares.

3 We share our mutual woes ;
Our mutual burdens bear ;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain ;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

THE MIDDLE OF THE KING'S HIGHWAY.

HARRIET E. JONES. ASA HULL.

1. A youthful pilgrim band, We journey hand in hand, As hap - py as the
2. As we are marching on, The crooked paths to shun, Must to the wi - ly
3. With Je-sus as our guide, We'll nev-er turn a - side From this de- light-ful
song-birds on a summer day ; To journey in the light, And ev-er walk aright,
tempter always answer "nay ;" To ev-ermore beware Of ev-'ry hidden snare,
pathway never, nev-er stray, But with our blessed Lord, We'll journey Zionward ;
D. S. To journey in the light, And ev-er walk aright,
Fine.
CHORUS.
We'll keep along the middle of the King's highway ! The King's highway, the
We'll keep along the middle of the King's highway !
We'll keep along the middle of the King's highway !
We'll keep along the middle of the King's highway !
D. S.
King's highway ! We'll keep a - long the mid-dle of the King's highway !

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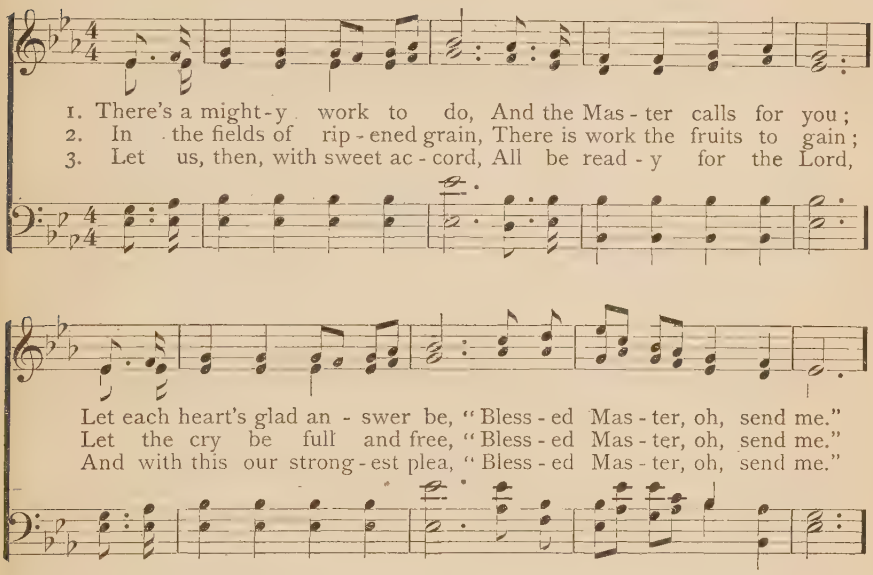
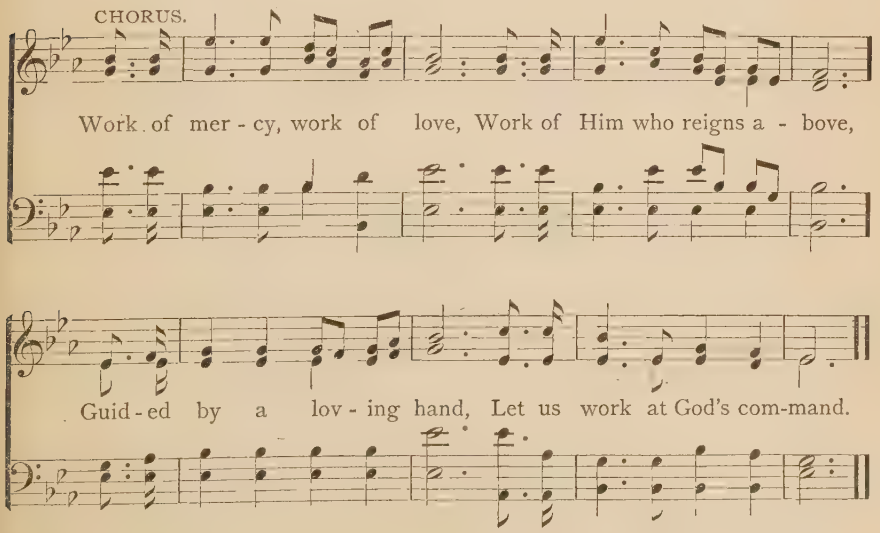
BLESSED MASTER, SEND ME.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.


1. There's a might-y work to do, And the Mas-ter calls for you;
2. In the fields of rip-ened grain, There is work the fruits to gain;
3. Let us, then, with sweet ac-cord, All be read-y for the Lord,
Let each heart's glad an-swer be, "Bless-ed Mas-ter, oh, send me."
Let the cry be full and free, "Bless-ed Mas-ter, oh, send me."
And with this our strong-est plea, "Bless-ed Mas-ter, oh, send me."

CHORUS.



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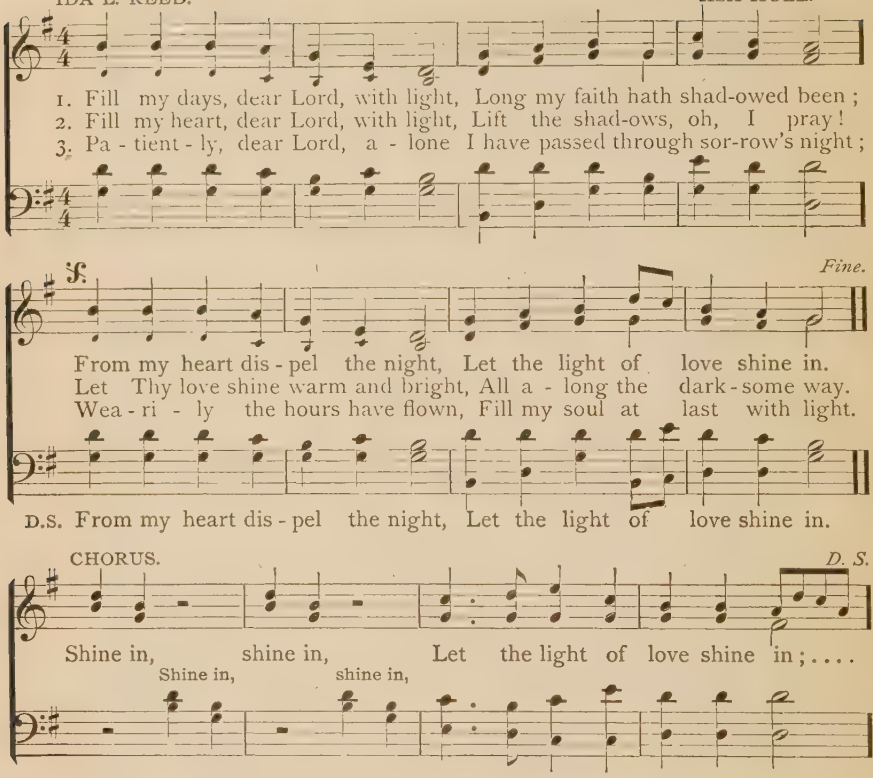
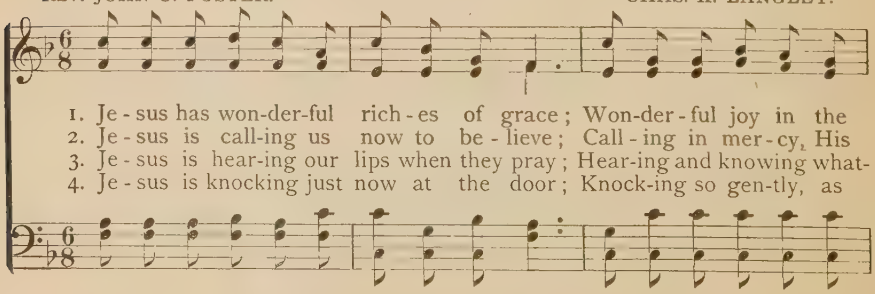
THE LIGHT OF LOVE.

IDA L. REED. ASA HULL.


1. Fill my days, dear Lord, with light, Long my faith hath shad-owed been ;
2. Fill my heart, dear Lord, with light, Lift the shad-ows, oh, I pray !
3. Pa - tient - ly, dear Lord, a - lone I have passed through sor-row's night ;
f.
Fine.
From my heart dis - pel the night, Let the light of love shine in.
Let Thy love shine warm and bright, All a - long the dark - some way.
Wea - ri - ly the hours have flown, Fill my soul at last with light.
D.S. From my heart dis - pel the night, Let the light of love shine in.
CHORUS.
D. S.
Shine in, shine in, Let the light of love shine in ; . . . .
Shine in, shine in,

WONDERFUL RICHES.

REV. JOHN O. FOSTER. CHAS. K. LANGLEY.


1. Je - sus has won-der-ful rich - es of grace ; Won-der - ful joy in the
2. Je - sus is call-ing us now to be - lieve ; Call - ing in mer - cy, His
3. Je - sus is hear-ing our lips when they pray ; Hear-ing and knowing what-
4. Je - sus is knocking just now at the door ; Knock-ing so gen-tly, as

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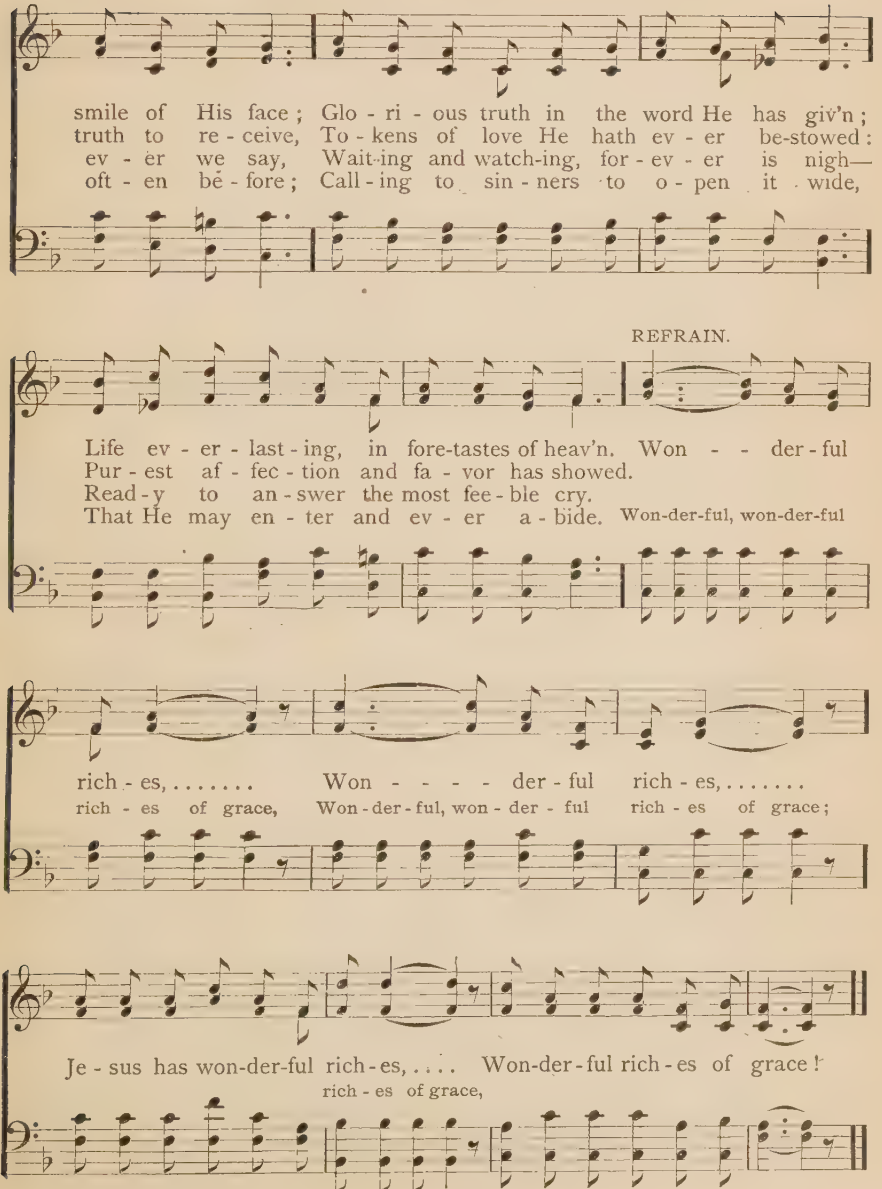
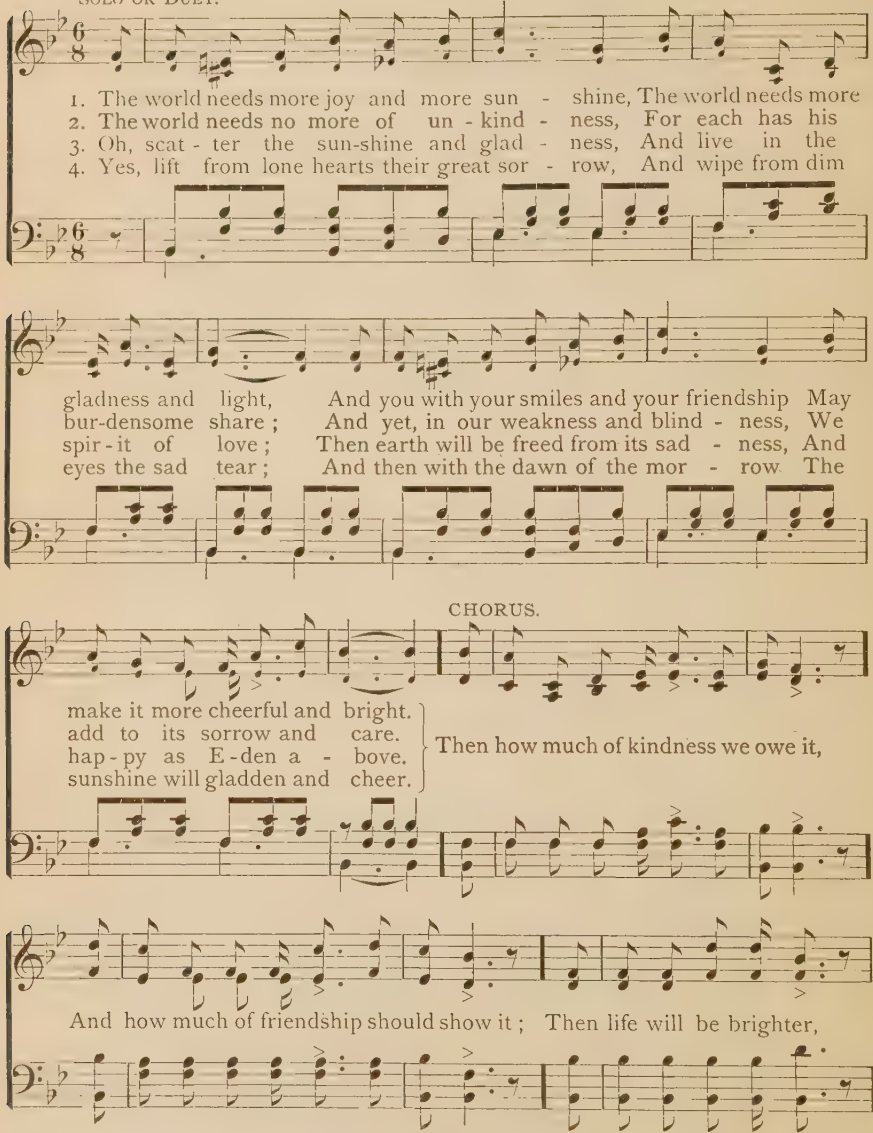

smile of His face; Glo - ri - ous truth in the word He has giv'n;
truth to re - ceive, To - kens of love He hath ev - er be-stowed:
ev - er we say, Wait-ing and watch-ing, for - ev - er is nigh—
oft - en bē - fore; Call - ing to sin - ners to o - pen it wide,
REFRAIN.
Life ev - er - last - ing, in fore-tastes of heav'n. Won - - der - ful
Pur - est af - fec - tion and fa - vor has showed.
Read - y to an - swer the most fee - ble cry.
That He may en - ter and ev - er a - bide. Won-der-ful, won-der-ful
rich - es, ... Won - - - - der - ful rich - es, ...
rich - es of grace, Won - der - ful, won - der - ful rich - es of grace;
Je - sus has won-der-ful rich - es, ... Won-der-ful rich - es of grace!
rich - es of grace,

SCATTER SUNSHINE AND GLADNESS.

REV. E. A. HOFFMAN. JNO. R. BRYANT.

SOLO OR DUET.


1. The world needs more joy and more sun - shine, The world needs more
2. The world needs no more of un - kind - ness, For each has his
3. Oh, scat - ter the sun-shine and glad - ness, And live in the
4. Yes, lift from lone hearts their great sor - row, And wipe from dim
gladness and light, And you with your smiles and your friendship May
bur-densome share; And yet, in our weakness and blind - ness, We
spir - it of love; Then earth will be freed from its sad - ness, And
eyes the sad tear; And then with the dawn of the mor - row The
CHORUS.
make it more cheerful and bright.
add to its sorrow and care.
hap - py as E - den a - bove.
sunshine will gladden and cheer.
Then how much of kindness we owe it,
And how much of friendship should show it; Then life will be brighter,

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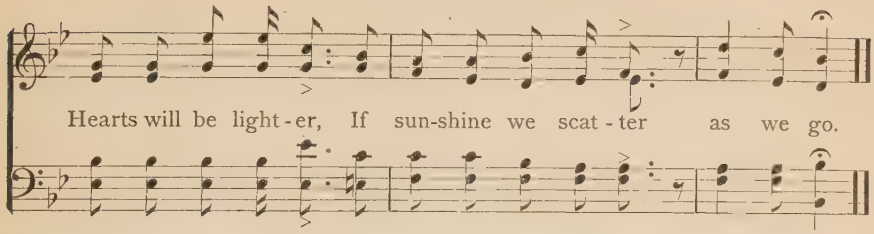
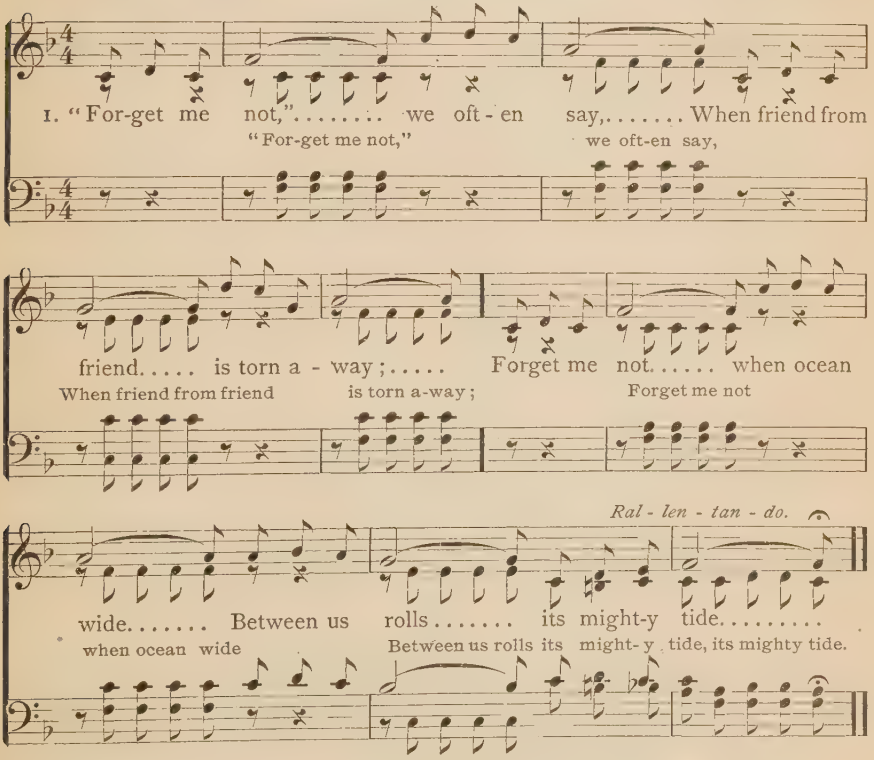


FORGET ME NOT.

WM. EDW. PENNEY. ASA HULL.


1. "For-get me not," we oft-en say, When friend from
"For-get me not," we oft-en say,
friend is torn a-way; Forget me not when ocean
When friend from friend is torn a-way; Forget me not
Ral-len-tan-do.
wide. Between us rolls its might-y tide.
when ocean wide Between us rolls its might-y tide, its mighty tide.

2 "Forget me not," our sad hearts cry,
While weary years of waiting fly;
Forget me not, we sigh at last,
When life's short day for us is past.

3 "Forget me not," the Christian cries,
His face upturned toward the skies;
O Father, whatsoe'er my lot,
In life, in death, forget me not.

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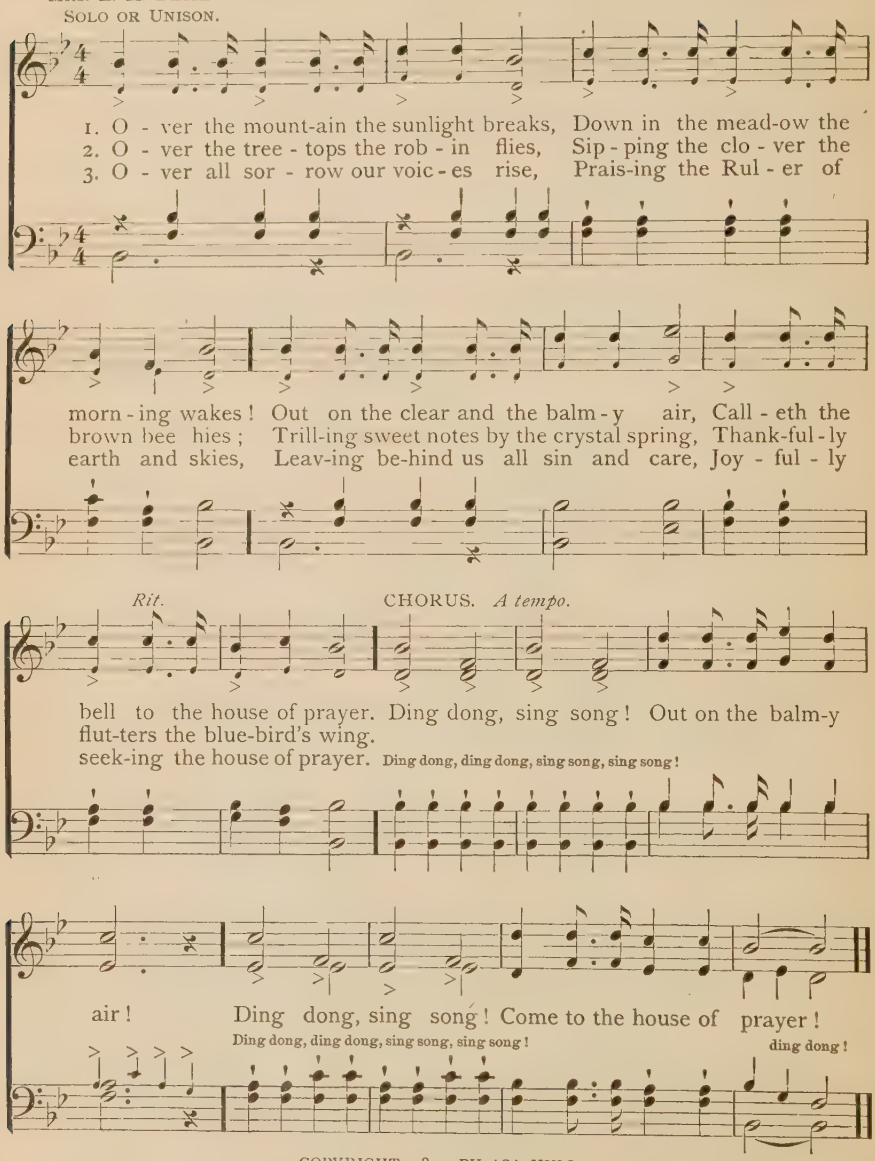
CALL TO PRAYER.

MRS. L. M. BEAL BATEMAN. ASA HULL.

SOLO OR UNISON.


1. O - ver the mount-ain the sunlight breaks, Down in the mead-ow the
2. O - ver the tree - tops the rob - in flies, Sip - ping the clo - ver the
3. O - ver all sor - row our voic - es rise, Prais-ing the Rul - er of
morn - ing wakes! Out on the clear and the balm - y air, Call - eth the
brown bee hies; Trill-ing sweet notes by the crystal spring, Thank-ful - ly
earth and skies, Leav-ing be-hind us all sin and care, Joy - ful - ly
Rit.
CHORUS. A tempo.
bell to the house of prayer. Ding dong, sing song! Out on the balm-y
flut-ters the blue-bird's wing.
seek-ing the house of prayer. Ding dong, ding dong, sing song, sing song!
air! Ding dong, sing song! Come to the house of prayer!
Ding dong, ding dong, sing song, sing song!
ding dong!

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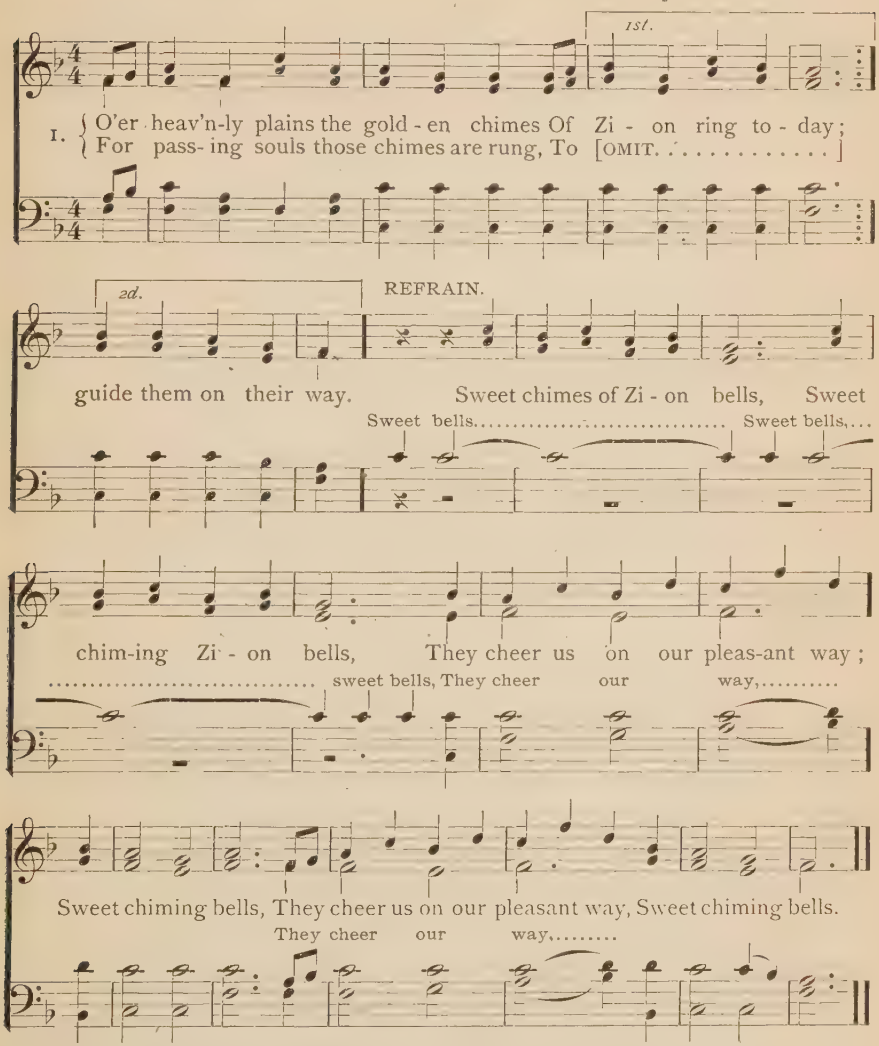
SWEET ZION BELLS.

MRS. A. L. DAVISON. J. H. FILLMORE.


1st.
1. O'er heav'n-ly plains the gold-en chimes Of Zi - on ring to - day;
For pass-ing souls those chimes are rung, To [OMIT. . . . .]
2d.
REFRAIN.
guide them on their way. Sweet chimes of Zi - on bells, Sweet
Sweet bells. . . . . Sweet bells,
chim-ing Zi - on bells, They cheer us on our pleas-ant way;
. . . . . sweet bells, They cheer our way,. . . . . .
Sweet chiming bells, They cheer us on our pleasant way, Sweet chiming bells.
They cheer our way,. . . . . .

2 And we, who walk in earthly vales,
Their joyful music hear,
In melody divinely sweet,
So faint and yet so clear.

3 They call us home, not here our rest,
They softly seem to say;
Beyond the gates of Zion fair
There shines a brighter day.

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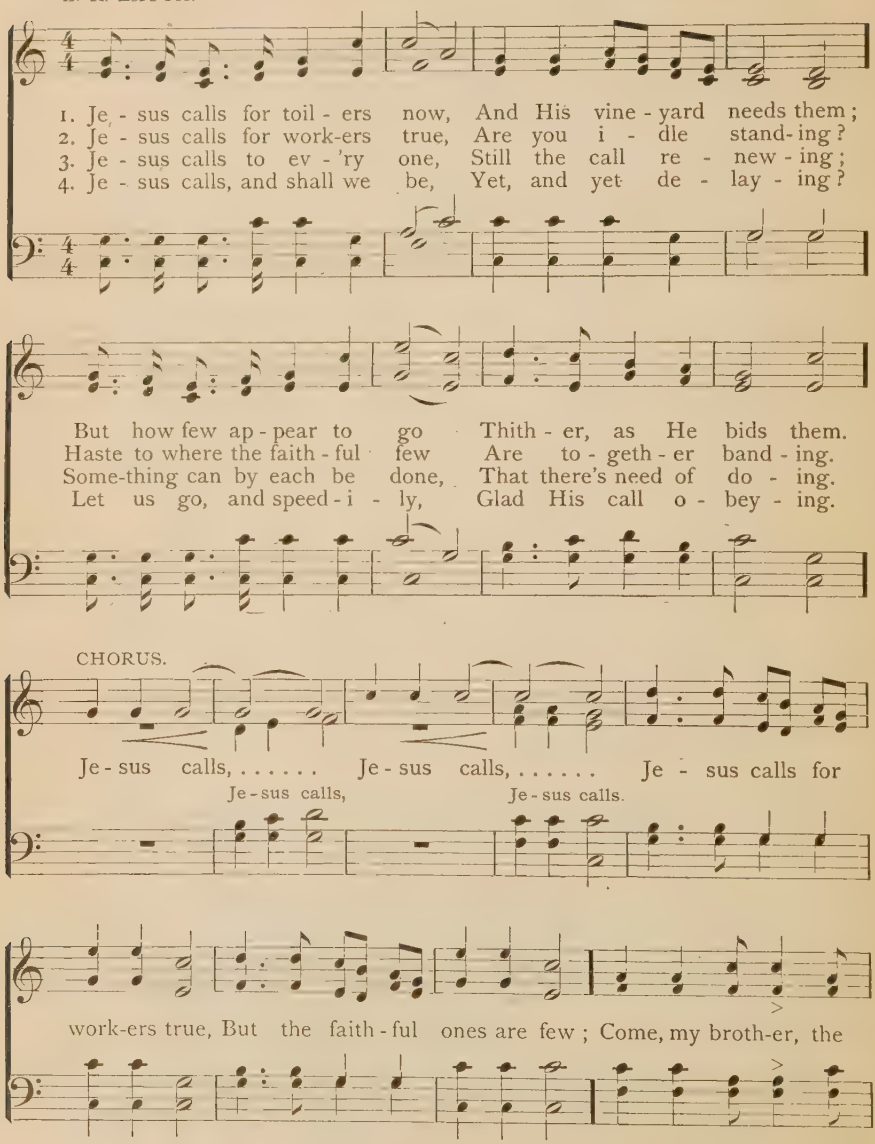
JESUS CALLS FOR WORKERS.

E. R. LATTA. ASA HULL.


1. Je - sus calls for toil - ers now, And His vine - yard needs them;
2. Je - sus calls for work-ers true, Are you i - dle stand-ing?
3. Je - sus calls to ev - 'ry one, Still the call re - new - ing;
4. Je - sus calls, and shall we be, Yet, and yet de - lay - ing?
But how few ap - pear to go Thith - er, as He bids them.
Haste to where the faith - ful few Are to - geth - er band - ing.
Some-thing can by each be done, That there's need of do - ing.
Let us go, and speed - i - ly, Glad His call o - bey - ing.
CHORUS.
Je - sus calls, ... Je - sus calls, ... Je - sus calls for
Je - sus calls,
Je - sus calls.
work-ers true, But the faith - ful ones are few; Come, my broth-er, the

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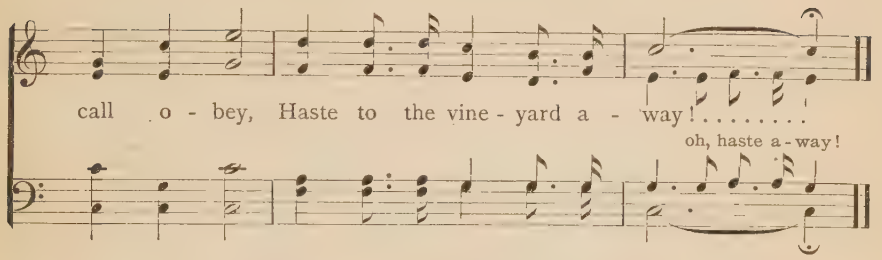
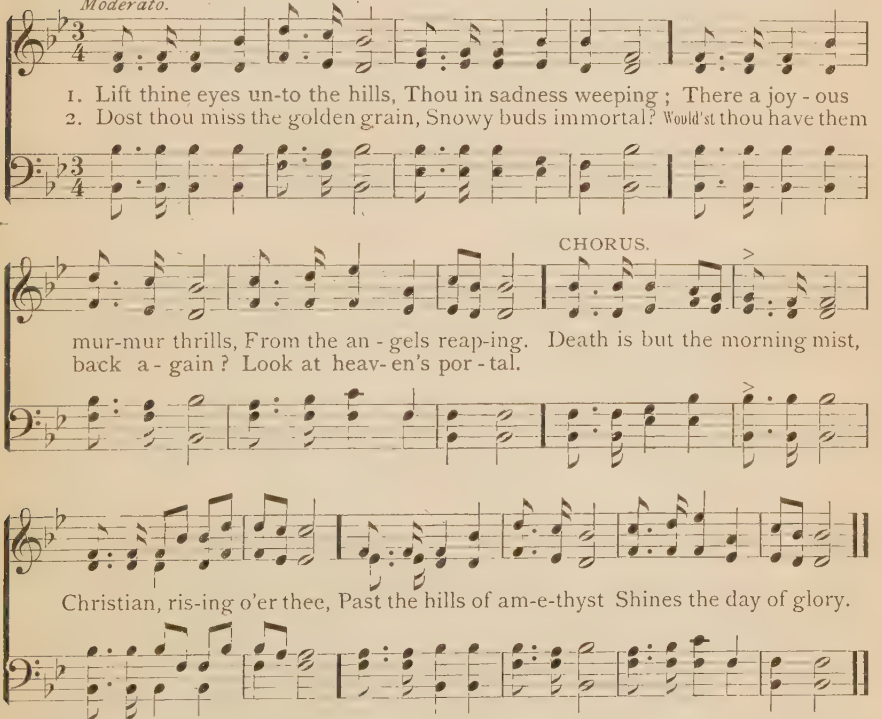


THE HILLS OF AMETHYST.

MRS. P. J. OWENS. HARRY SANDERS.


Moderato.
1. Lift thine eyes un-to the hills, Thou in sadness weeping; There a joy - ous
2. Dost thou miss the golden grain, Snowy buds immortal? Would'st thou have them
CHORUS.
mur-mur thrills, From the an - gels reap-ing. Death is but the morning mist,
back a - gain? Look at heav-en's por - tal.
Christian, ris-ing o'er thee, Past the hills of am-e-thyst Shines the day of glory.

3 Lift thy tearful eyes in trust,
Christ, thy treasures keeping,
He who measures earthly dust,
Human tear-drops weeping.

4 Dost thou fear the open grave,
Fear death's narrow prison?
Jesus died the lost to save,
Jesus hath arisen.

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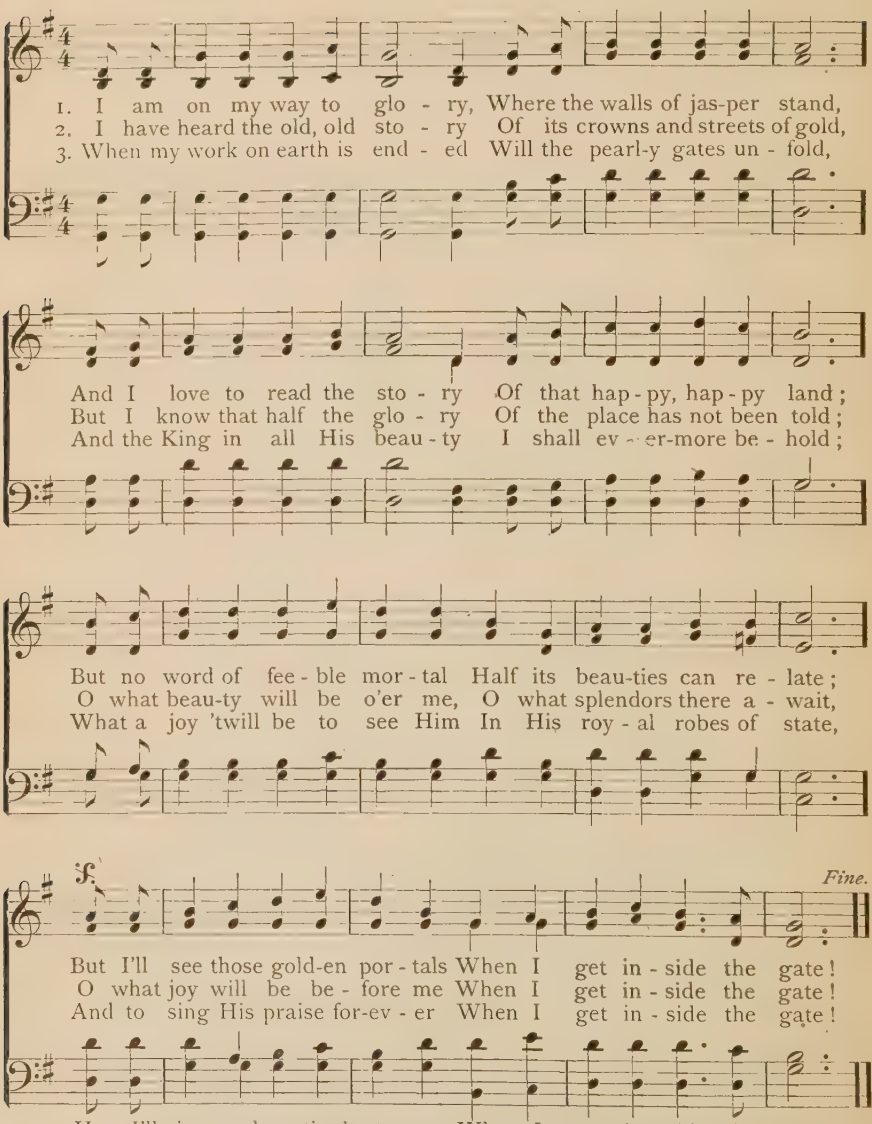
INSIDE THE GATE.

REV. J. OATMAN, JR. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. I am on my way to glo - ry, Where the walls of jas-per stand,
2. I have heard the old, old sto - ry Of its crowns and streets of gold,
3. When my work on earth is end - ed Will the pearl-y gates un - fold,
And I love to read the sto - ry Of that hap - py, hap - py land;
But I know that half the glo - ry Of the place has not been told;
And the King in all His beau - ty I shall ev - er-more be - hold;
But no word of fee - ble mor - tal Half its beau-ties can re - late;
O what beau-ty will be o'er me, O what splendors there a - wait,
What a joy 'twill be to see Him In His roy - al robes of state,
f.
Fine.
But I'll see those gold-en por - tals When I get in - side the gate!
O what joy will be be - fore me When I get in - side the gate!
And to sing His praise for-ev - er When I get in - side the gate!
D. S. How I'll sing re-demption's sto - ry, When I get in - side the gate!

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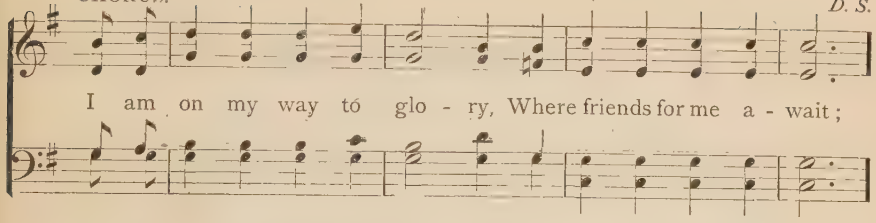
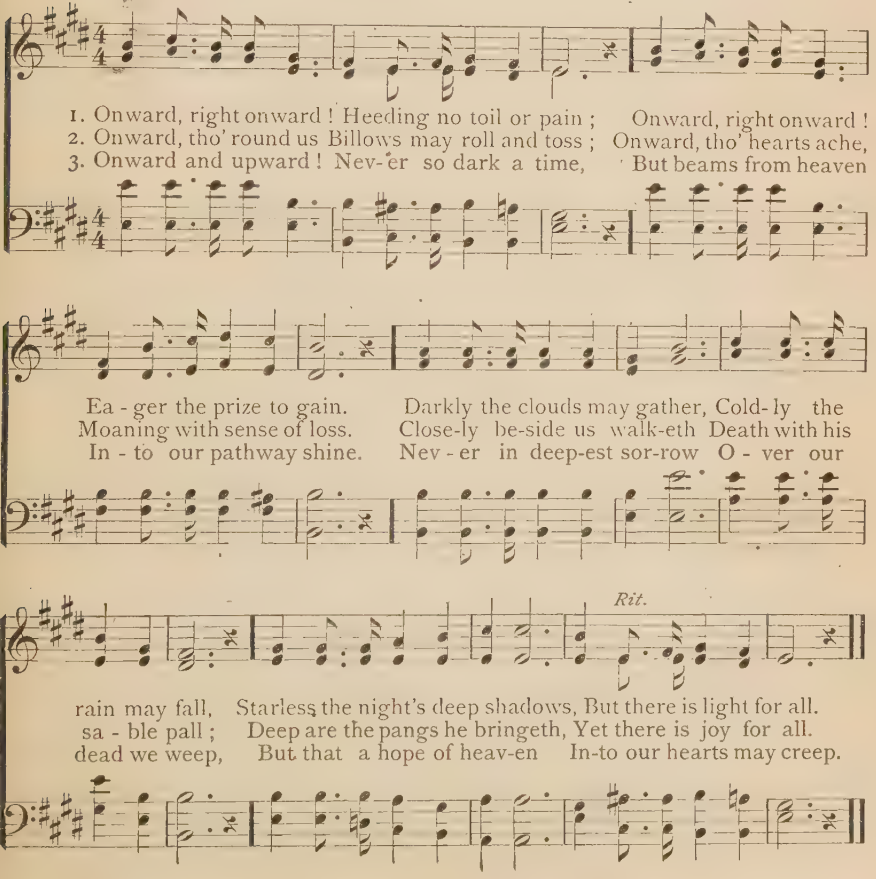
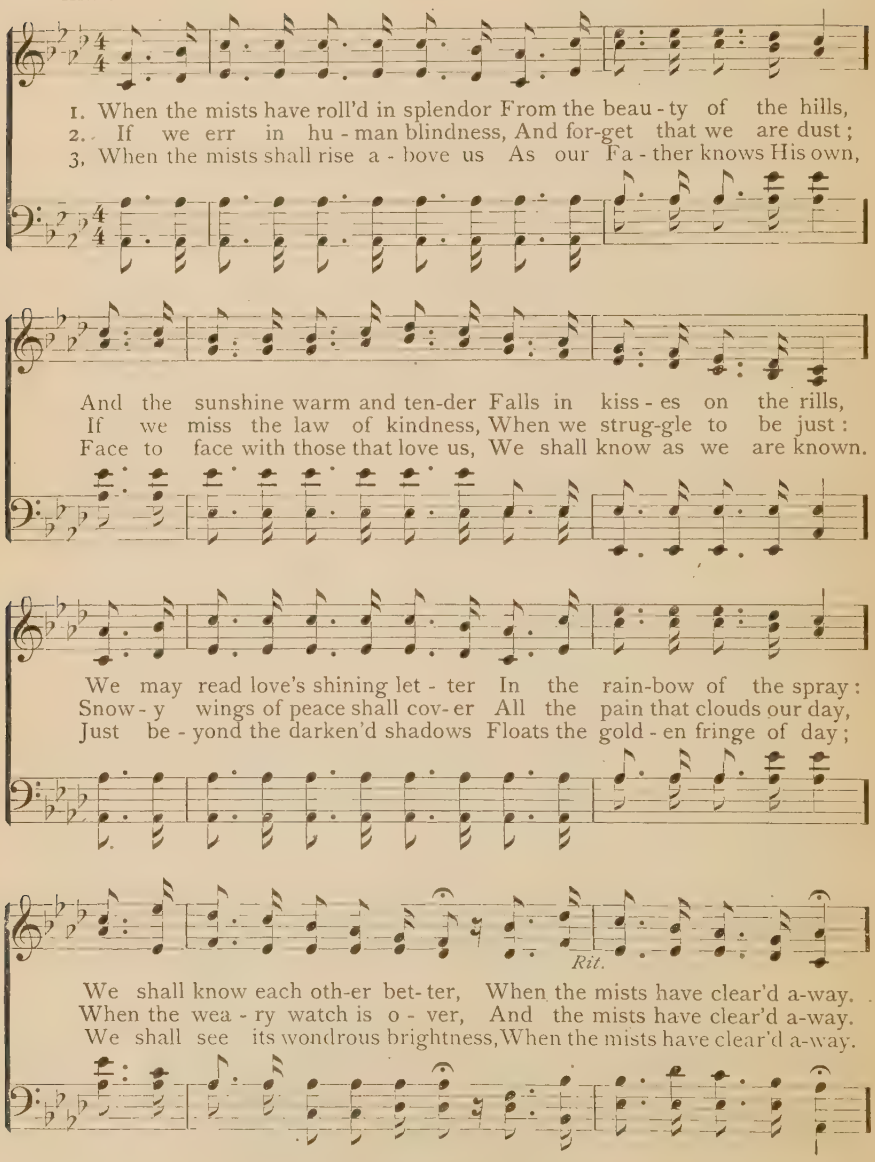
CHORUS. D. S.



ONWARD, RIGHT ONWARD.

P. S. HOWELL. ASA HULL.

1. Onward, right onward! Heeding no toil or pain; Onward, right onward!
2. Onward, tho' round us Billows may roll and toss; Onward, tho' hearts ache,
3. Onward and upward! Nev-er so dark a time, But beams from heaven
Ea - ger the prize to gain. Darkly the clouds may gather, Cold-ly the
Moaning with sense of loss. Close-ly be-side us walk-eth Death with his
In - to our pathway shine. Nev - er in deep-est sor-row O - ver our
Rit.
rain may fall, Starless the night's deep shadows, But there is light for all.
sa - ble pall; Deep are the pangs he bringeth, Yet there is joy for all.
dead we weep, But that a hope of heav-en In-to our hearts may creep.

BEYOND THE SHADOWS.

ANNIE HERBERT. ASA HULL.

1. When the mists have roll'd in splendor From the beau - ty of the hills,
2. If we err in hu - man blindness, And for-get that we are dust;
3. When the mists shall rise a - bove us As our Fa - ther knows His own,
And the sunshine warm and ten-der Falls in kiss - es on the rills,
If we miss the law of kindness, When we strug-gle to be just:
Face to face with those that love us, We shall know as we are known.
We may read love's shining let - ter In the rain-bow of the spray:
Snow - y wings of peace shall cov-er All the pain that clouds our day,
Just be - yond the darken'd shadows Floats the gold - en fringe of day;
Rit.
We shall know each oth-er bet-ter, When the mists have clear'd a-way.
When the wea - ry watch is o - ver, And the mists have clear'd a-way.
We shall see its wondrous brightness, When the mists have clear'd a-way.

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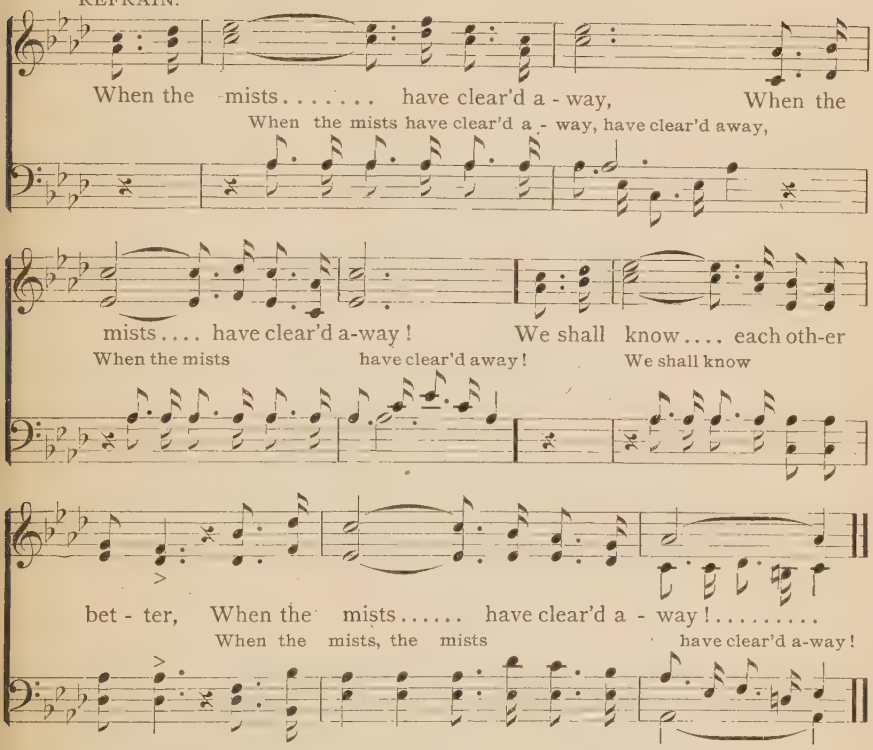
REFRAIN.


When the mists . . . . . have clear'd a - way, When the
When the mists have clear'd a - way, have clear'd away,
mists . . . . have clear'd a-way! We shall know . . . . each oth-er
When the mists have clear'd away! We shall know
bet - ter, When the mists . . . . . have clear'd a - way! . . . . . .
When the mists, the mists have clear'd a-way!

JESUS, REFUGE OF MY SOUL.

C. WESLEY.

Music on page 179.

1 JESUS, refuge of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high;
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide,
O receive my soul at last.

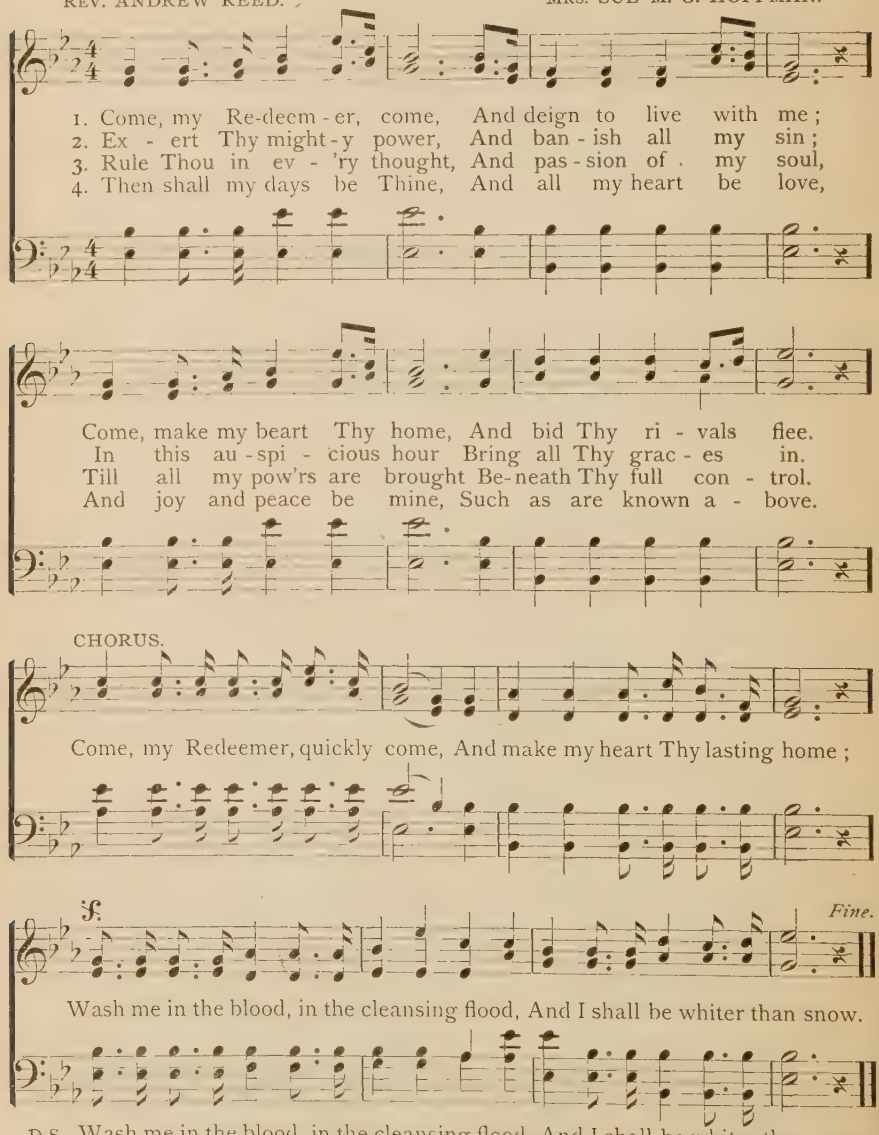
2 Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee:
Leave, O leave me not alone;
Still support and comfort me:
All my trust on Thee is stay'd;
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want:
More than all in Thee I find:
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind,
Just and holy is Thy name;
I am all unrighteousness;
False, and full of sin I am;
Thou art full of truth and grace.

4 Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin:
Let the healing streams abound;
Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the fountain art;
Freely let me take of Thee:
Spring Thou up within my heart;
Rise to all eternity.

WHITER THAN SNOW.

REV. ANDREW REED. MRS. SUE M. O. HOFFMAN.


1. Come, my Re-deem-er, come, And deign to live with me;
2. Ex-ert Thy might-y power, And ban-ish all my sin;
3. Rule Thou in ev-'ry thought, And pas-sion of my soul,
4. Then shall my days be Thine, And all my heart be love,
Come, make my heart Thy home, And bid Thy ri-vals flee.
In this au-spi-cious hour Bring all Thy grac-es in.
Till all my pow'rs are brought Be-neath Thy full con-trol.
And joy and peace be mine, Such as are known a-bove.
CHORUS.
Come, my Redeemer, quickly come, And make my heart Thy lasting home;
f.
Fine.
Wash me in the blood, in the cleansing flood, And I shall be whiter than snow.

D.S. Wash me in the blood, in the cleansing flood, And I shall be whiter than snow.

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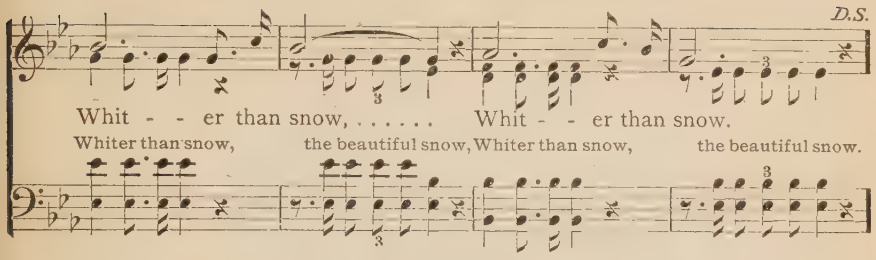
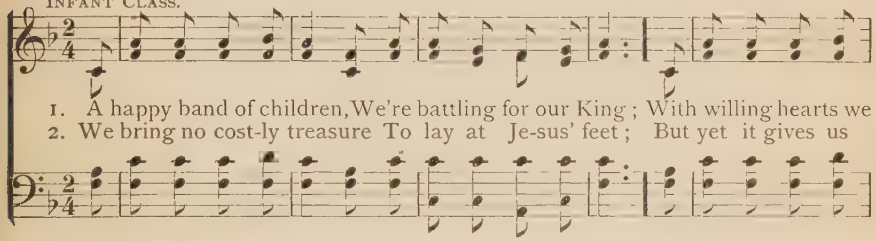


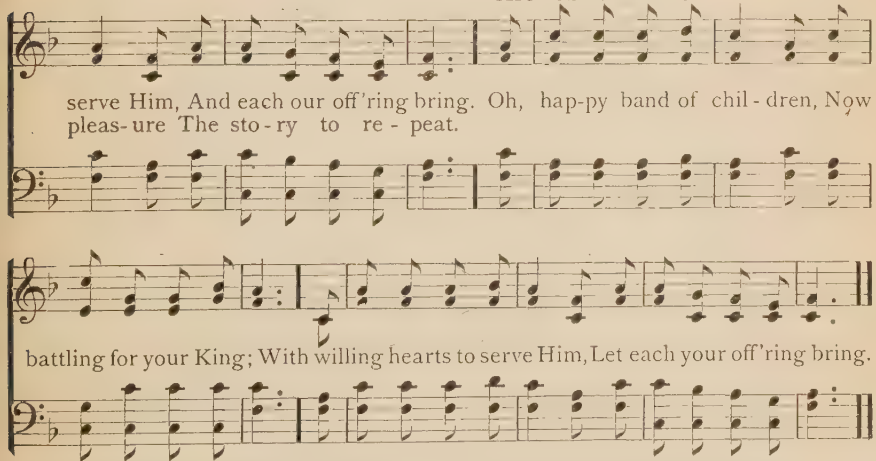
OUR OFFERING BRING.

W. B. CARNES. J. H. ROSECRANS.

INFANT CLASS.


1. A happy band of children, We're battling for our King; With willing hearts we
2. We bring no cost-ly treasure To lay at Je-sus' feet; But yet it gives us

CHORUS. BY THE SCHOOL.


serve Him, And each our off'ring bring. Oh, hap-py band of chil-dren, Now
pleas-ure The sto-ry to re-peat.
battling for your King; With willing hearts to serve Him, Let each your off'ring bring.

3 Then take our humble off'ring—
It is the children's mite;
We know the Saviour tells us,
"'Tis precious in His sight."

4 We'll send the blessed story
To those in heathen lands;
To tell them of His glory,
We'll lend our hearts and hands.

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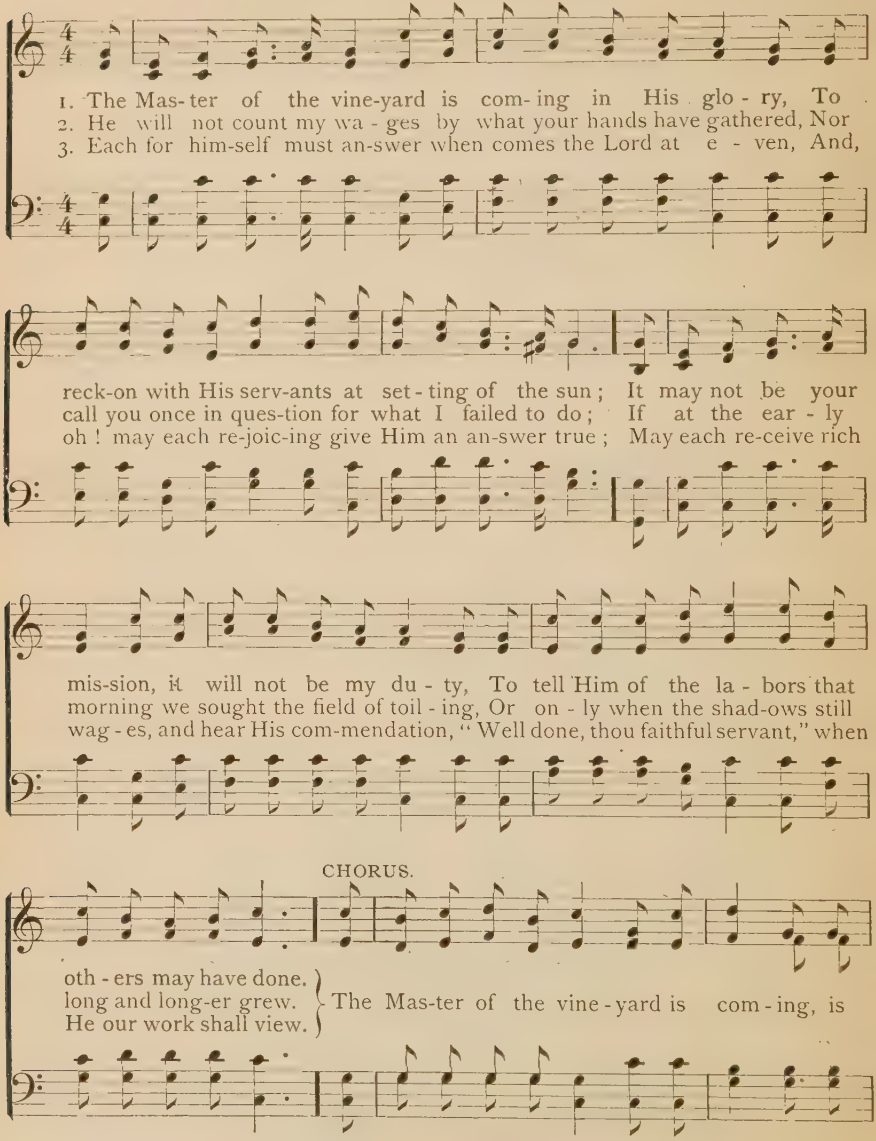
AT THE SETTING OF THE SUN.

MRS. L. M. BEAL BATEMAN. ASA HULL.


1. The Mas-ter of the vine-yard is com-ing in His glo-ry, To
2. He will not count my wa-ges by what your hands have gathered, Nor
3. Each for him-self must an-swer when comes the Lord at e-ven, And,
reck-on with His serv-ants at set-ting of the sun; It may not be your
call you once in ques-tion for what I failed to do; If at the ear-ly
oh! may each re-joic-ing give Him an an-swer true; May each re-ceive rich
mis-sion, it will not be my du-ty, To tell Him of the la-bors that
morning we sought the field of toil-ing, Or on-ly when the shad-ows still
wag-es, and hear His com-mendation, "Well done, thou faithful servant," when
CHORUS.
oth-ers may have done.
long and long-er grew.
He our work shall view.
The Mas-ter of the vine-yard is com-ing, is

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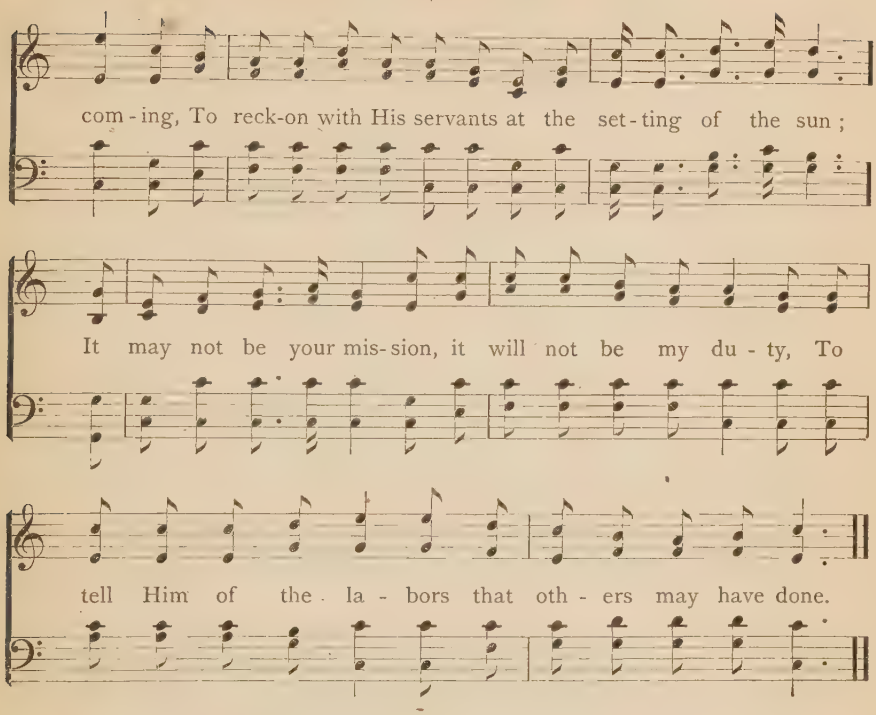

com - ing, To reck-on with His servants at the set - ting of the sun ;
It may not be your mis-sion, it will not be my du - ty, To
tell Him of the la - bors that oth - ers may have done.

4 Then let us still be faithful, though oft our steps be weary,
Nor look behind and loiter, or sigh o'er tasks undone,
But press with vigor onward, all doubtings overcoming,
That He may well reward us at setting of the sun.

WHAT A FRIEND WE HAVE IN JESUS.

1 WHAT a friend we have in Jesus,
All our sins and griefs to bear ;
What a privilege to carry
Everything to Him in prayer.
O, what peace we often forfeit,
O, what needless pain we bear ;
All because we do not carry
Everything to Him in prayer.

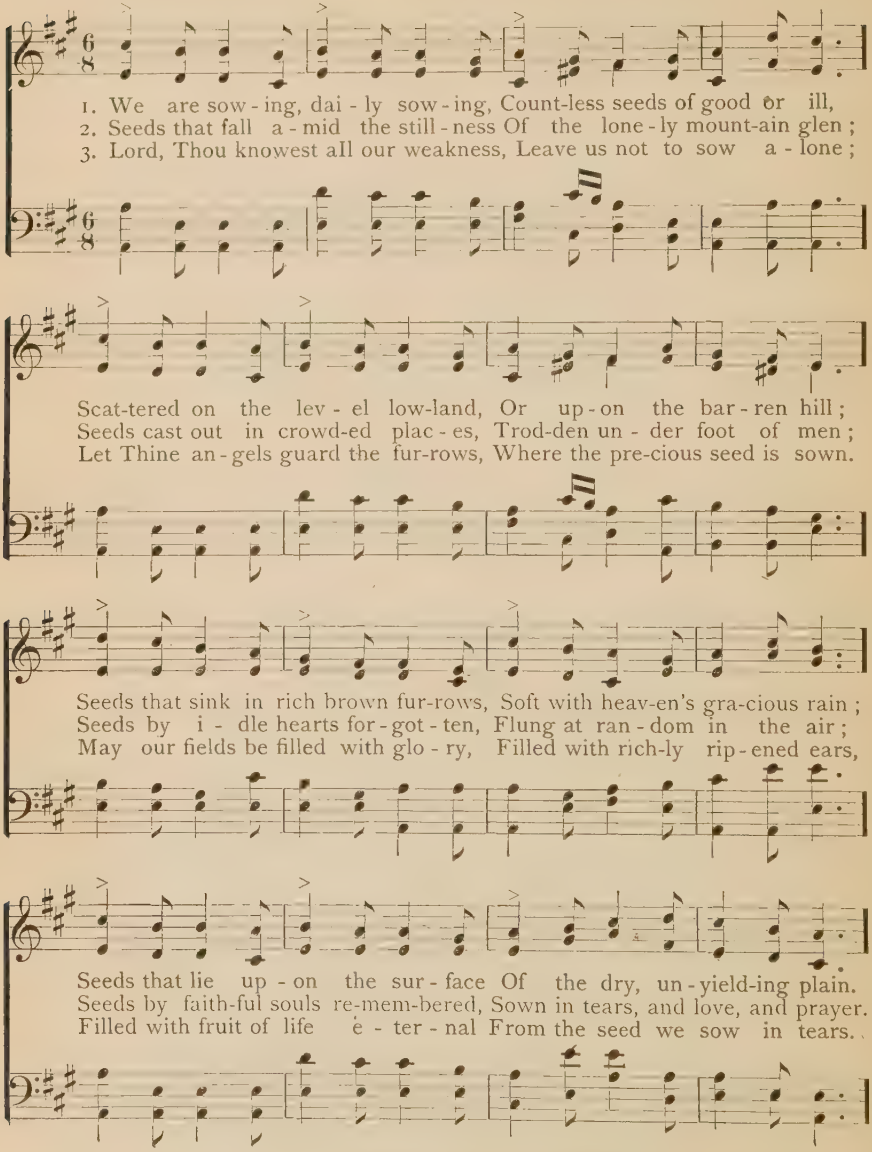
2 Have we trials and temptations ?
Is there trouble anywhere ?
We should never be discouraged,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Can we find a friend so faithful,
Who will all our sorrows share ?
Jesus knows our ev'ry weakness,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

3 Are we weak and heavy-laden,
Cumbered with a load of care,
Precious Saviour, still our refuge,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee,
Take it to the Lord in prayer ;
In His arms He'll take and shield thee
Thou wilt find a solace there.

Dr. H. Bonar.

SOWING SEEDS OF GOOD OR ILL.

REV. JOSEPH GREEN. HARRY SANDERS.


1. We are sow - ing, dai - ly sow - ing, Count-less seeds of good or ill,
2. Seeds that fall a - mid the still - ness Of the lone - ly mount-ain glen;
3. Lord, Thou knowest all our weakness, Leave us not to sow a - lone;
Scat-tered on the lev - el low-land, Or up - on the bar - ren hill;
Seeds cast out in crowd-ed plac - es, Trod-den un - der foot of men;
Let Thine an - gels guard the fur-rows, Where the pre-cious seed is sown.
Seeds that sink in rich brown fur-rows, Soft with heav-en's gra-cious rain;
Seeds by i - dle hearts for - got - ten, Flung at ran - dom in the air;
May our fields be filled with glo - ry, Filled with rich-ly rip - ened ears,
Seeds that lie up - on the sur - face Of the dry, un - yield-ing plain.
Seeds by faith-ful souls re-mem-bered, Sown in tears, and love, and prayer.
Filled with fruit of life e - ter - nal From the seed we sow in tears.

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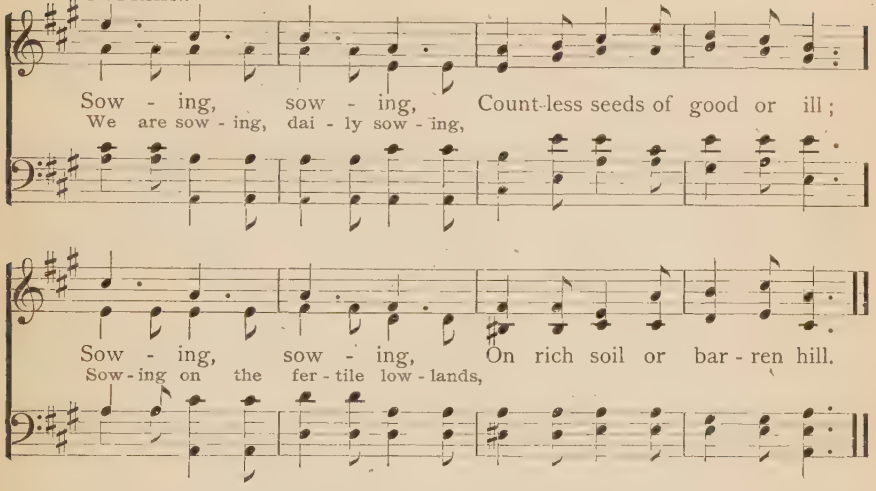
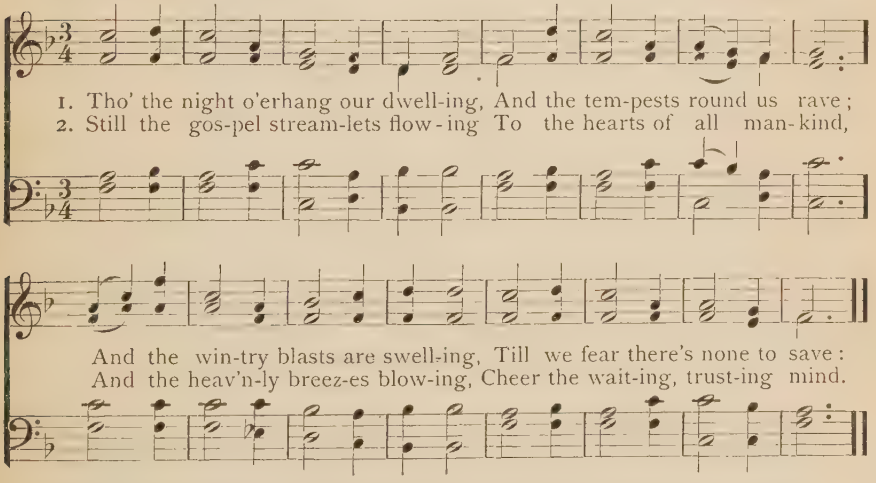
REFRAIN.


Sow - ing, sow - ing, Count-less seeds of good or ill;
We are sow - ing, dai - ly sow - ing,
Sow - ing, sow - ing, On rich soil or bar - ren hill.
Sow - ing on the fer - tile low - lands,

CHRIST OUR FRIEND.

REV. THOS. L. POULSON. J. G. ROBINSON.

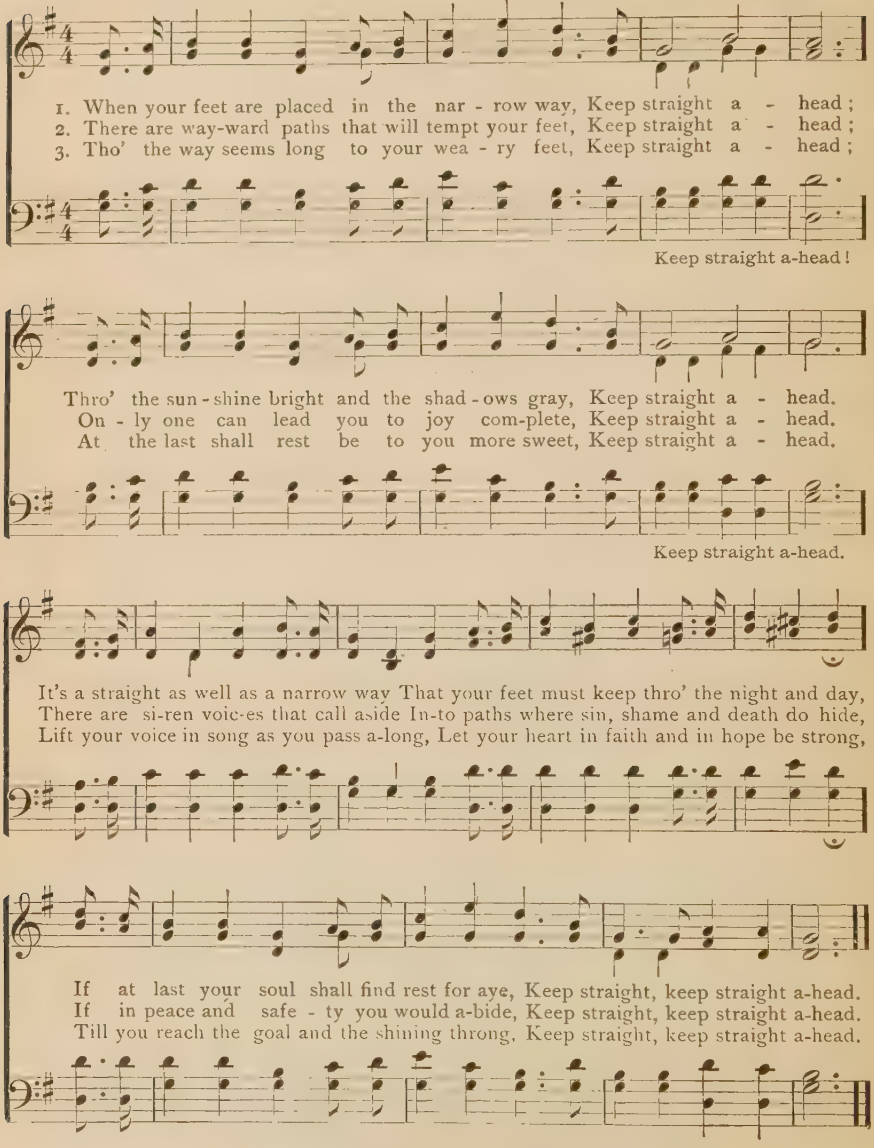

1. Tho' the night o'erhang our dwell-ing, And the tem-pests round us rave;
2. Still the gos-pel stream-lets flow - ing To the hearts of all man-kind,
And the win-try blasts are swell-ing, Till we fear there's none to save:
And the heav'n-ly breez-es blow-ing, Cheer the wait-ing, trust-ing mind.

3 With the Christian's ban-ner o'er us,
As to duty we attend;
In the wide world spread before us
Christ shall ever be our friend.

4 In the morning of His coming,
When the warfare all is past,
We'll be counted in the morning
Of His jewels at the last.

KEEP STRAIGHT AHEAD.

WM. EDW. PENNEY. ASA HULL.


1. When your feet are placed in the nar - row way, Keep straight a - head;
2. There are way-ward paths that will tempt your feet, Keep straight a - head;
3. Tho' the way seems long to your wea - ry feet, Keep straight a - head;
Keep straight a-head!
Thro' the sun-shine bright and the shad-ows gray, Keep straight a - head.
On - ly one can lead you to joy com-plete, Keep straight a - head.
At the last shall rest be to you more sweet, Keep straight a - head.
Keep straight a-head.
It's a straight as well as a narrow way That your feet must keep thro' the night and day,
There are si-ren voic-es that call aside In-to paths where sin, shame and death do hide,
Lift your voice in song as you pass a-long, Let your heart in faith and in hope be strong,
If at last your soul shall find rest for aye, Keep straight, keep straight a-head.
If in peace and safe - ty you would a-bide, Keep straight, keep straight a-head.
Till you reach the goal and the shining throng, Keep straight, keep straight a-head.

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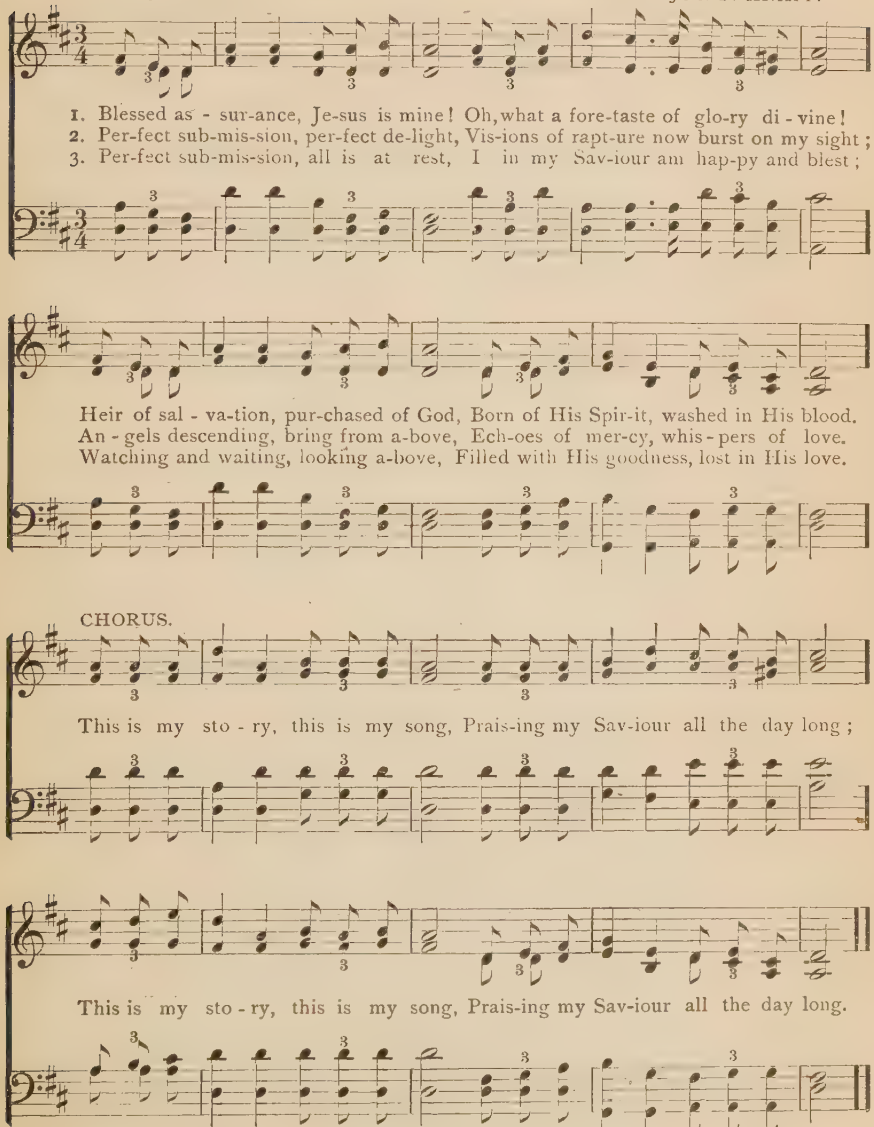
BLESSED ASSURANCE.

FANNY J. CROSBY. MRS. JOS. F. KNAPP.


1. Blessed as - sur-ance, Je-sus is mine! Oh, what a fore-taste of glo-ry di - vine!
2. Per-fect sub-mis-sion, per-fect de-light, Vis-ions of rapt-ure now burst on my sight;
3. Per-fect sub-mis-sion, all is at rest, I in my Sav-iour am hap-py and blest;
Heir of sal - va-tion, pur-chased of God, Born of His Spir-it, washed in His blood.
An - gels descending, bring from a-bove, Ech-oes of mer-cy, whis - pers of love.
Watching and waiting, looking a-bove, Filled with His goodness, lost in His love.
CHORUS.
This is my sto - ry, this is my song, Prais-ing my Sav-iour all the day long;
This is my sto - ry, this is my song, Prais-ing my Sav-iour all the day long.

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FROM O'ER THE SEA.

E. RINEHART.

ASA HULL.

DUET.*

Rit. ad lib.

1. Just o - ver on the oth - er side, Be-yond the swell-ing of the tide,
2. Oft-times, when in the bus-y throng, I catch the ech - o of a song,
3. Some ves-per bell seems call-ing me From o'er the deep, the si-lent sea,
4. My home and friends beyond that sea Are waiting there to wel-come me;

a tempo. *Rit.*

The loved ones that have gone before Are sing-ing on the fur - ther shore.
Some dear fa - mil - iar hymn or strain Of child-hood's days I hear a - gain.
Its ech-oes break up - on the shore In mel - o - dy for ev - er - more.
How sweet, when ev'ning time shall come, To hear the call, "My child, come home."

CHORUS. *A little faster.*

From o'er the sea, ... the crys - tal sea, ... There comes a

From o'er the sea, the crys-tal sea,

strange, . . . sweet mel-o-dy; . . . . . And from the land . . . . . beyond that

There comes a strange, sweet mel-o-dy; And from the land

* A single voice on each part, or all the Sopranos and Altos can sing the upper part—Tenors and Basses sing the lower part.

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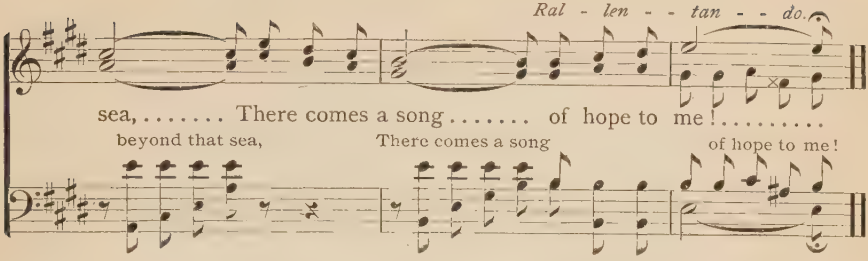
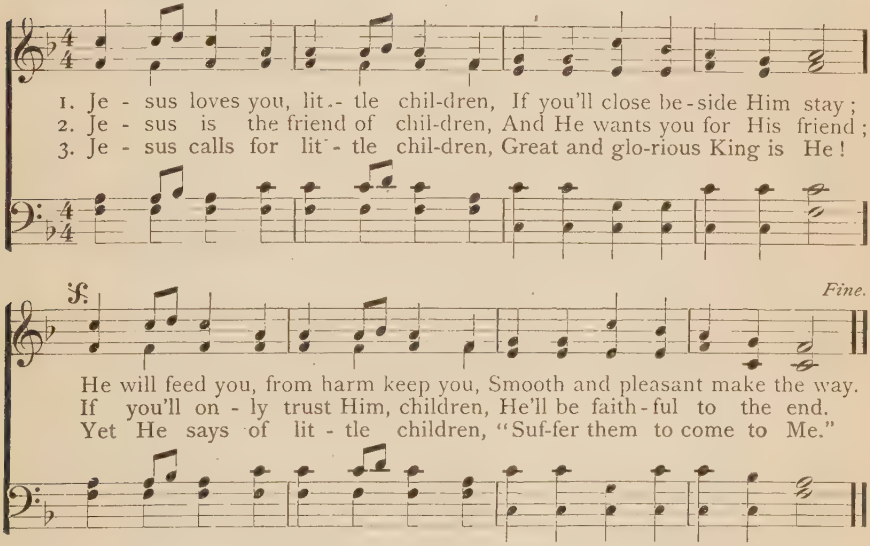
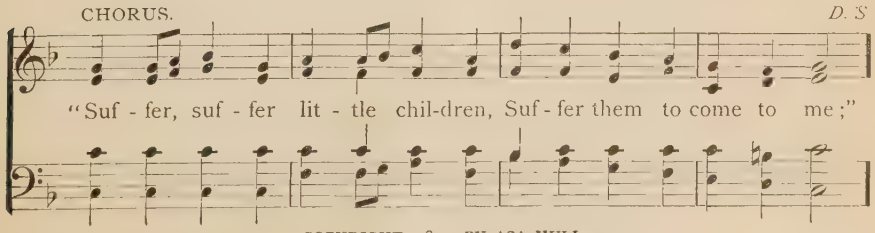


JESUS LOVES LITTLE CHILDREN.

MRS. JENNIE ZEH. CHAS. L. MOORE.


1. Je - sus loves you, lit - tle chil-dren, If you'll close be-side Him stay;
2. Je - sus is the friend of chil-dren, And He wants you for His friend;
3. Je - sus calls for lit - tle chil-dren, Great and glo-rious King is He!
f.
Fine.
He will feed you, from harm keep you, Smooth and pleasant make the way.
If you'll on - ly trust Him, children, He'll be faith-ful to the end.
Yet He says of lit - tle children, "Suf-fer them to come to Me."
D. S. 'Tis the Sav-iour who is call - ing, Will you heed His words to-day?



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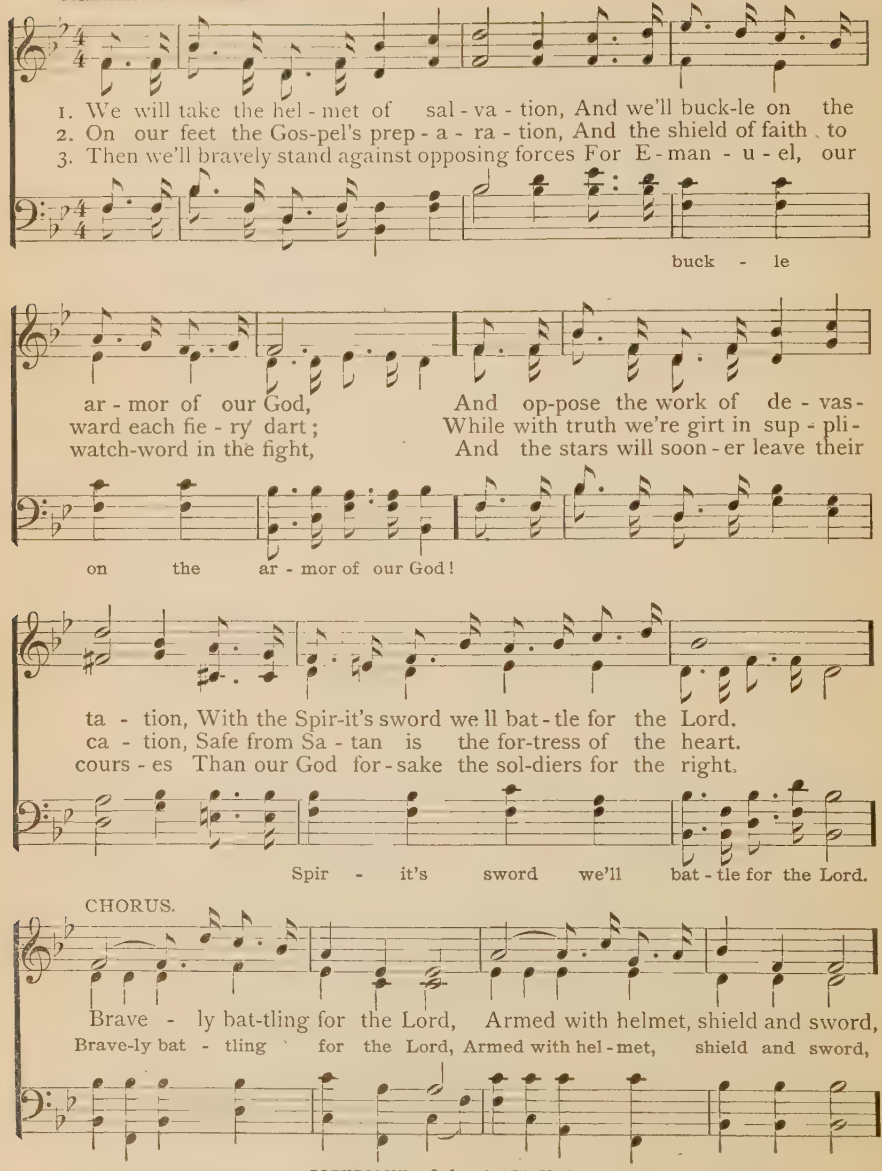
THE ARMOR OF GOD.

MARIAN FROELICH. G. FROELICH.


1. We will take the hel - met of sal - va - tion, And we'll buck-le on the
2. On our feet the Gos-pel's prep - a - ra - tion, And the shield of faith to
3. Then we'll bravely stand against opposing forces For E - man - u - el, our
buck - le
ar - mor of our God, And op-pose the work of de - vas-
ward each fie - ry dart; While with truth we're girt in sup - pli-
watch-word in the fight, And the stars will soon - er leave their
on the ar - mor of our God!
ta - tion, With the Spir-it's sword we'll bat - tle for the Lord.
ca - tion, Safe from Sa - tan is the for-tress of the heart.
cours - es Than our God for - sake the sol-diers for the right.
Spir - it's sword we'll bat - tle for the Lord.
CHORUS.
Brave - ly bat-tling for the Lord, Armed with helmet, shield and sword,
Brave-ly bat - tling for the Lord, Armed with hel - met, shield and sword,

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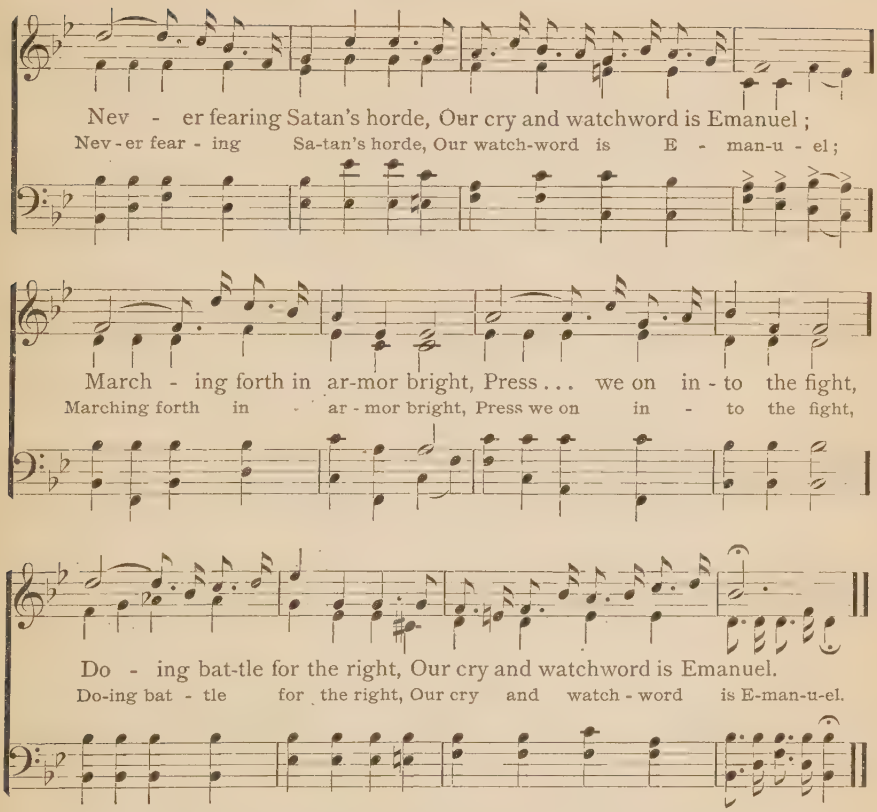

Nev - er fearing Satan's horde, Our cry and watchword is Emanuel ;
Nev-er fear - ing Sa-tan's horde, Our watch-word is E - man-u - el ;
March - ing forth in ar-mor bright, Press . . . we on in - to the fight,
Marching forth in - ar - mor bright, Press we on in - to the fight,
Do - ing bat-tle for the right, Our cry and watchword is Emanuel.
Do-ing bat - tle for the right, Our cry and watch - word is E-man-u-el.

O, THINK OF A HOME OVER THERE.

1 O, THINK of a home over there,
By the side of the river of light,
Where the saints, all immortal and fair,
Are robed in their garments of white.
‖: Over there, over there, over there,
O, think of a home over there. :‖

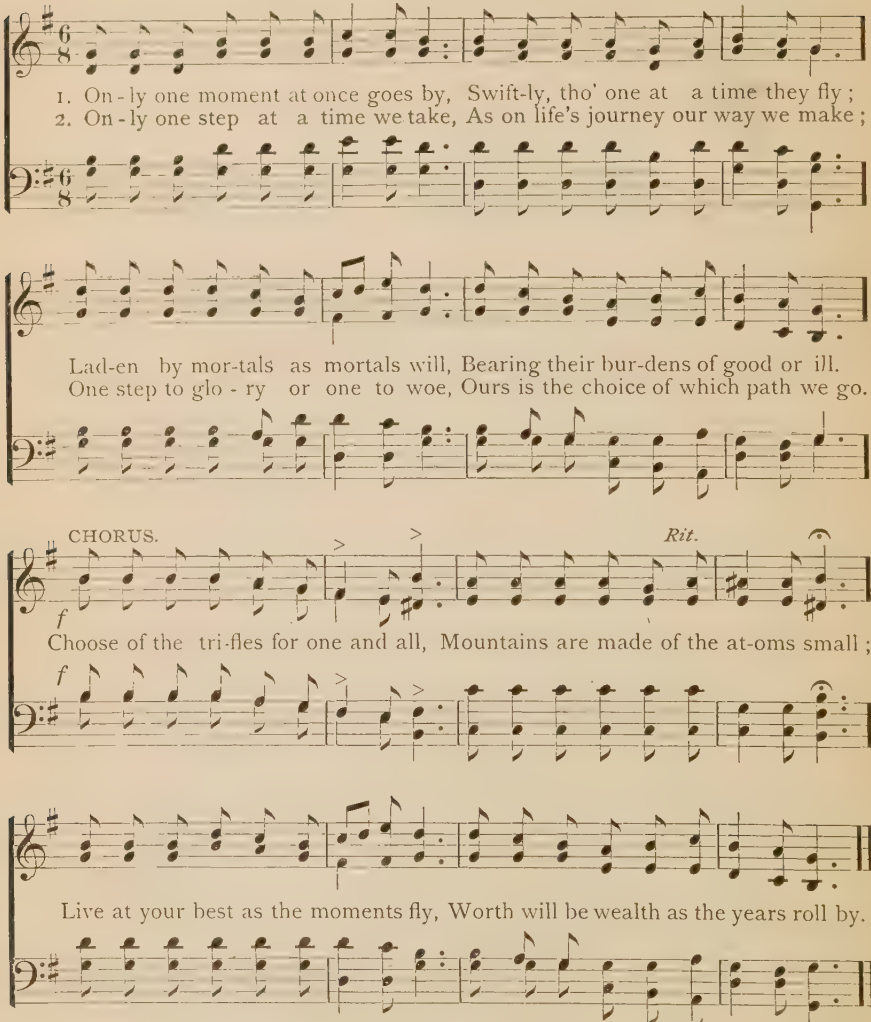
2 O, think of the friends over there,
Who before us the journey have trod,
Of the songs that they breathe on the air,
In their home in the palace of God.
‖: Over there, over there, over there,
O, think of the friends over there. :‖

3 My Saviour is now over there ; [rest:
There my kindred and friends are at
Then away from my sorrow and care,
Let me fly to the land of the blest.
‖: Over there, over there, over there,
My Saviour is now over there. :‖

4 I'll soon be at home over there,
For the end of my journey I see ;
Many dear to my heart, over there,
Are watching and waiting for me.
‖: Over there, over there, over there,
I'll soon be at home over there. :‖

CHOOSE YE, ONE AND ALL.

MRS. L. M. BEAL BATEMAN. ASA HULL.


1. On-ly one moment at once goes by, Swift-ly, tho' one at a time they fly;
2. On-ly one step at a time we take, As on life's journey our way we make;
Lad-en by mor-tals as mortals will, Bearing their bur-dens of good or ill.
One step to glo-ry or one to woe, Ours is the choice of which path we go.
CHORUS.
Rit.
f
Choose of the tri-fles for one and all, Mountains are made of the at-oms small;
Live at your best as the moments fly, Worth will be wealth as the years roll by.

3 Only one thing can our frail hands do,
As we the labors of life pursue;
Labors of loving or works of hate,
Make the world joyful or desolate.

4 Only one thought at a time the brain
Carries of wisdom or folly vain;
Food for the spirit, or poisoned taste,
Going to growing or gone to waste.

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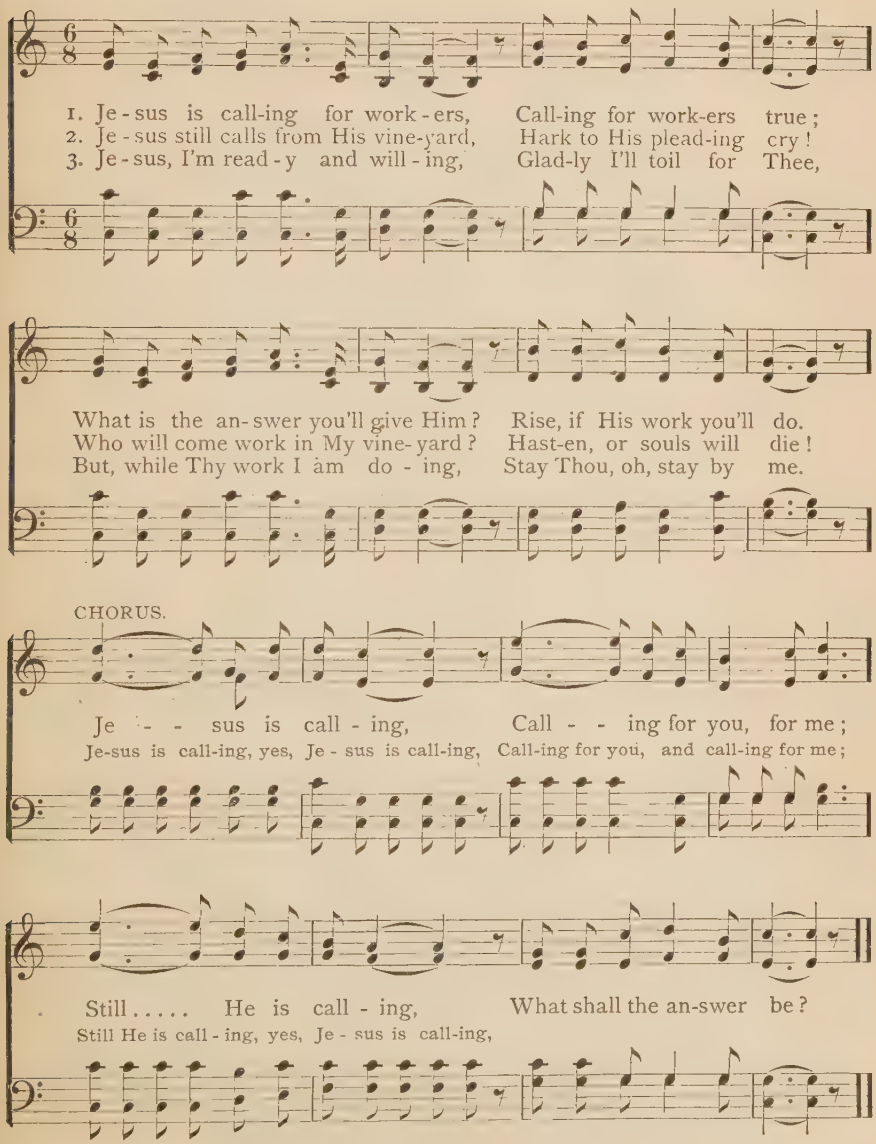
JESUS IS CALLING.

ANNIE D. BRADLEY. J. H. ROSECRANS.


1. Je - sus is call-ing for work - ers, Call-ing for work-ers true;
2. Je - sus still calls from His vine-yard, Hark to His plead-ing cry!
3. Je - sus, I'm read - y and will - ing, Glad-ly I'll toil for Thee,
What is the an-swer you'll give Him? Rise, if His work you'll do.
Who will come work in My vine-yard? Hast-en, or souls will die!
But, while Thy work I am do - ing, Stay Thou, oh, stay by me.
CHORUS.
Je - - sus is call - ing, Call - - ing for you, for me;
Je-sus is call-ing, yes, Je - sus is call-ing, Call-ing for you, and call-ing for me;
Still..... He is call - ing, What shall the an-swer be?
Still He is call - ing, yes, Je - sus is call-ing,

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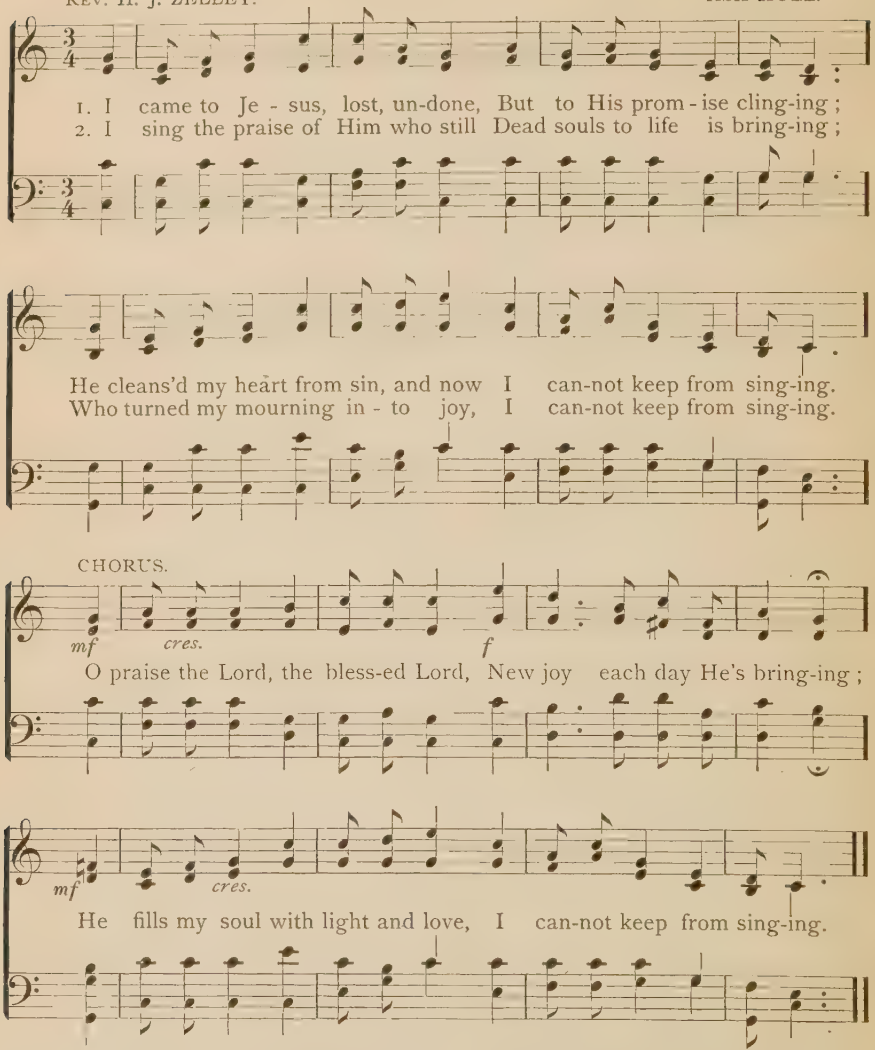
I CANNOT KEEP FROM SINGING.

REV. H. J. ZELLEY. ASA HULL.

1. I came to Je - sus, lost, un-done, But to His prom - ise cling-ing ;
2. I sing the praise of Him who still Dead souls to life is bring-ing ;
He cleans'd my heart from sin, and now I can-not keep from sing-ing.
Who turned my mourning in - to joy, I can-not keep from sing-ing.
CHORUS.
mf cres. f
O praise the Lord, the bless-ed Lord, New joy each day He's bring-ing ;
mf cres.
He fills my soul with light and love, I can-not keep from sing-ing.

3 I'm walking by my Saviour's side,
My hand to His is clinging ;
My every need is satisfied,
I cannot keep from singing.

4 And when I cross the stream of death,
And hear heav'n's music ringing,
And see my Saviour face to face
I will not keep from singing.

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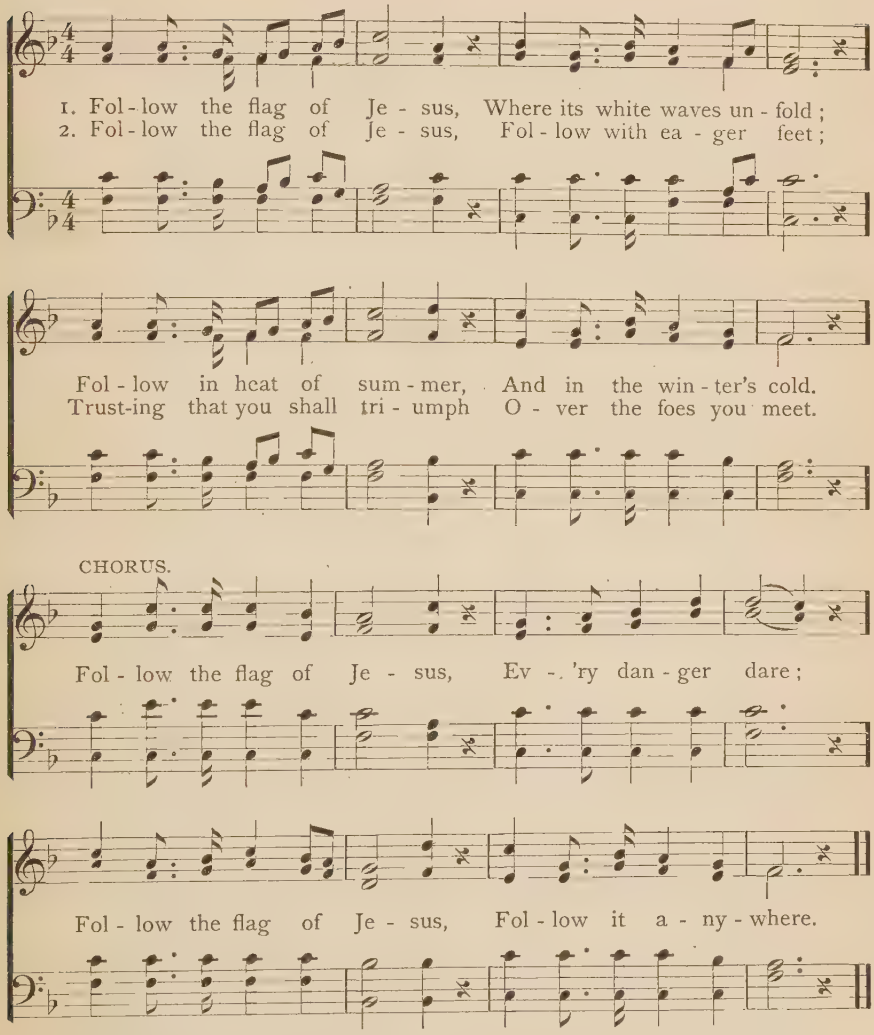
FOLLOW THE FLAG OF JESUS.

E. R. LATTA. JNO. R. BRYANT.


1. Fol - low the flag of Je - sus, Where its white waves un - fold;
2. Fol - low the flag of Je - sus, Fol - low with ea - ger feet;
Fol - low in heat of sum - mer, And in the win - ter's cold.
Trust-ing that you shall tri - umph O - ver the foes you meet.
CHORUS.
Fol - low the flag of Je - sus, Ev - 'ry dan - ger dare;
Fol - low the flag of Je - sus, Fol - low it a - ny - where.

3 Follow the flag of Jesus,
Satan's intrenchments break;
Where it is borne before you,
Follow for Jesus' sake.

4 Follow the flag of Jesus,
Ever, through good and ill;
Knowing, where'er it leadeth,
He will be with you still.

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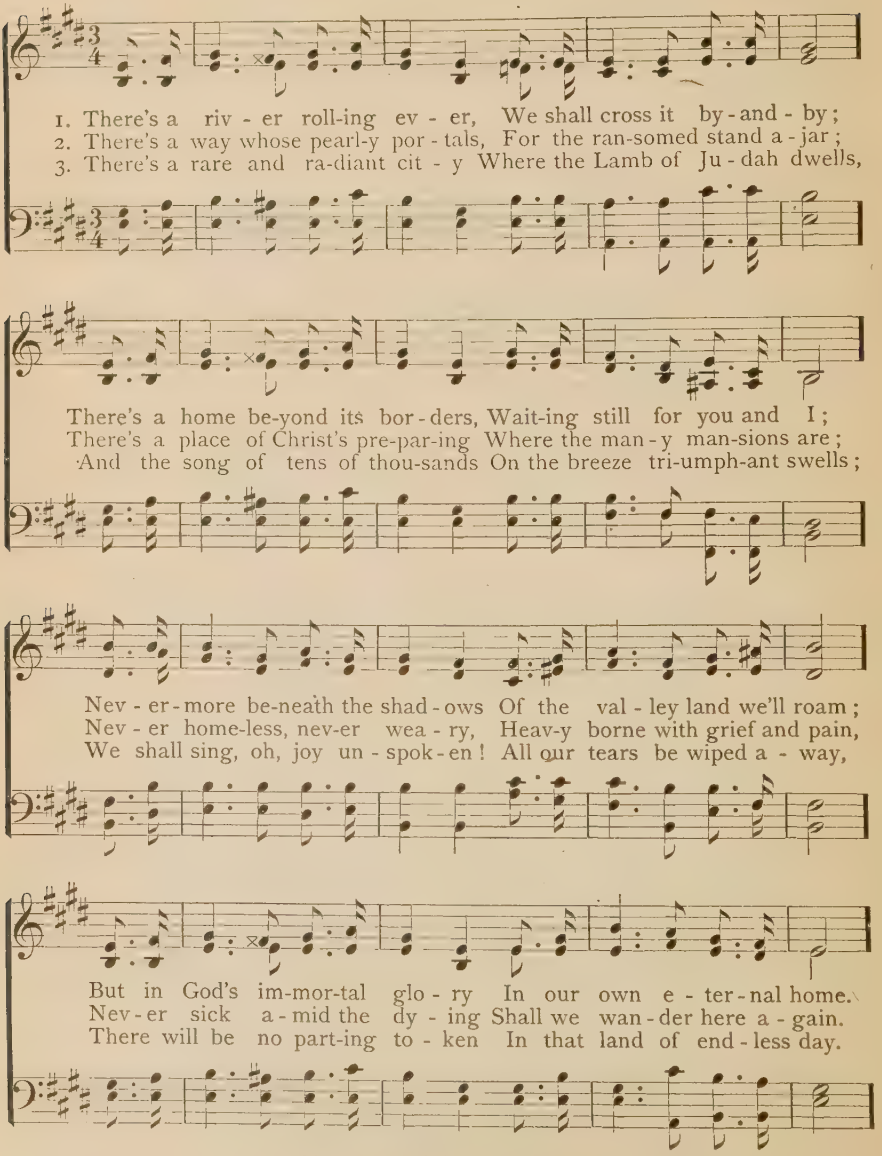
THE HOME BEYOND.

MRS. L. M. BEAL BATEMAN. HARRY SANDERS.


1. There's a riv - er roll-ing ev - er, We shall cross it by-and - by;
2. There's a way whose pearl-y por - tals, For the ran-somed stand a - jar;
3. There's a rare and ra-diant cit - y Where the Lamb of Ju - dah dwells,
There's a home be-yond its bor - ders, Wait-ing still for you and I;
There's a place of Christ's pre-par-ing Where the man - y man-sions are;
And the song of tens of thou-sands On the breeze tri-umph-ant swells;
Nev - er-more be-neath the shad - ows Of the val - ley land we'll roam;
Nev - er home-less, nev-er wea - ry, Heav-y borne with grief and pain,
We shall sing, oh, joy un - spok - en! All our tears be wiped a - way,
But in God's im-mor-tal glo - ry In our own e - ter - nal home.
Nev-er sick a - mid the dy - ing Shall we wan - der here a - gain.
There will be no part-ing to - ken In that land of end - less day.

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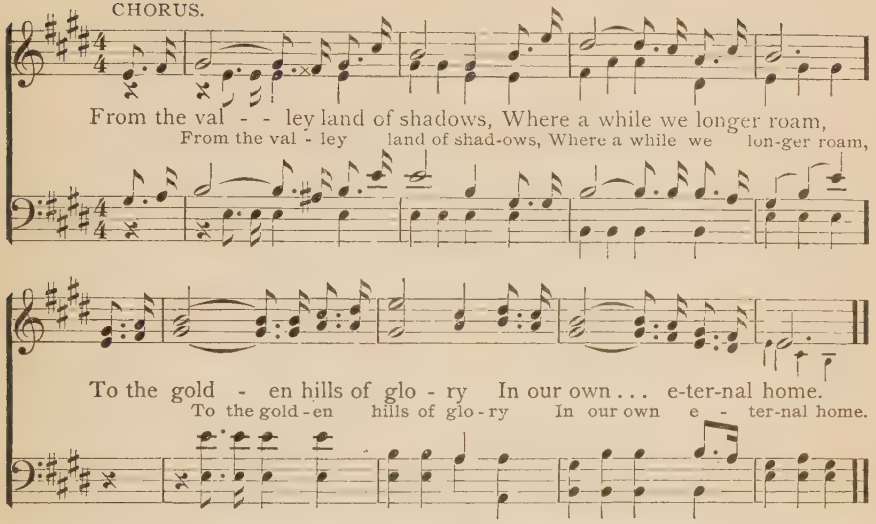
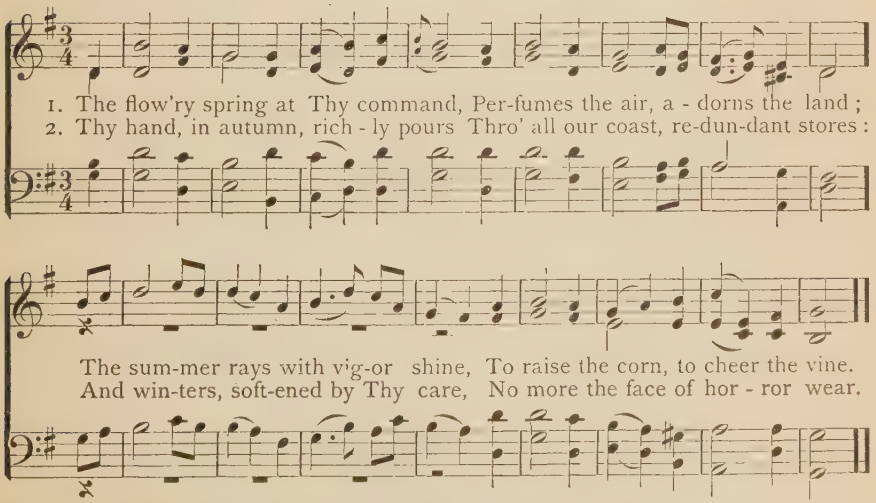
CHORUS.


From the val - - ley land of shadows, Where a while we longer roam,
From the val - ley land of shad-ows, Where a while we lon-ger roam,
To the gold - en hills of glo - ry In our own . . . e-ter-nal home.
To the gold-en hills of glo-ry In our own e - ter-nal home.

SEASONS.

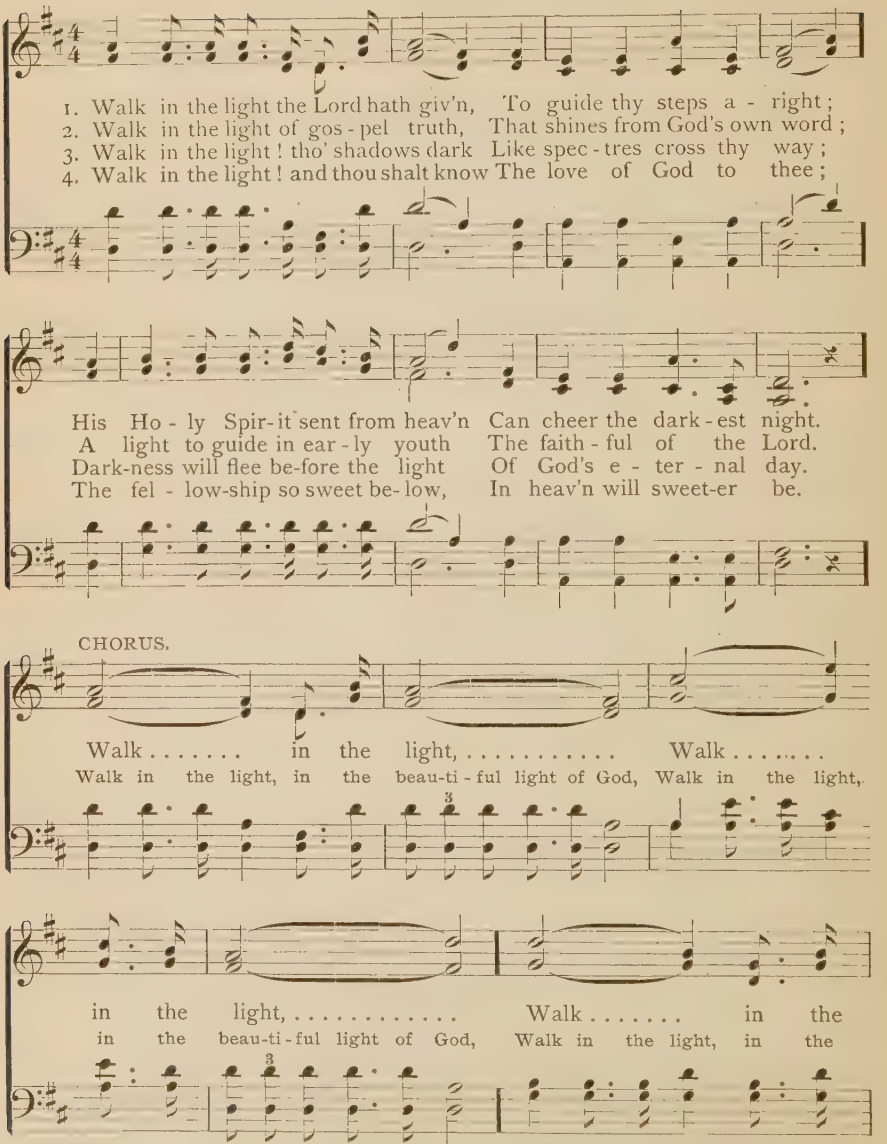
P. DODDRIDGE. I. PLEYEL.


1. The flow'ry spring at Thy command, Per-fumes the air, a - dorns the land;
2. Thy hand, in autumn, rich - ly pours Thro' all our coast, re-dun-dant stores:
The sum-mer rays with vig-or shine, To raise the corn, to cheer the vine.
And win-ters, soft-ened by Thy care, No more the face of hor - ror wear.

3 The changing seasons, months and days,
Demand successive songs of praise;
And be the grateful homage paid,
With morning light and evening shade.

4 Here in Thy house let incense rise,
And circling Sabbaths bless our eyes,
Till to those lofty heights we soar,
Where days and years revolve no more.

WALK IN THE LIGHT.

ASA HULL. GEO. C. HUGG.

1. Walk in the light the Lord hath giv'n, To guide thy steps a - right;
2. Walk in the light of gos - pel truth, That shines from God's own word;
3. Walk in the light! tho' shadows dark Like spec - tres cross thy way;
4. Walk in the light! and thou shalt know The love of God to thee;
His Ho - ly Spir-it sent from heav'n Can cheer the dark - est night.
A light to guide in ear - ly youth The faith - ful of the Lord.
Dark-ness will flee be-fore the light Of God's e - ter - nal day.
The fel - low-ship so sweet be- low, In heav'n will sweet-er be.
CHORUS.
Walk . . . . . in the light, ... Walk . . . . . .
Walk in the light, in the beau-ti - ful light of God, Walk in the light,
in the light, ... Walk . . . . . in the
in the beau-ti - ful light of God, Walk in the light, in the

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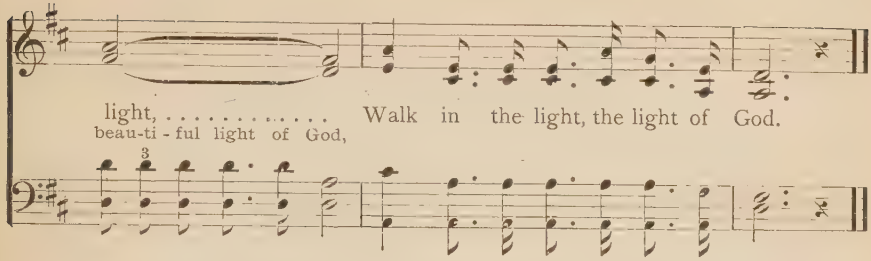
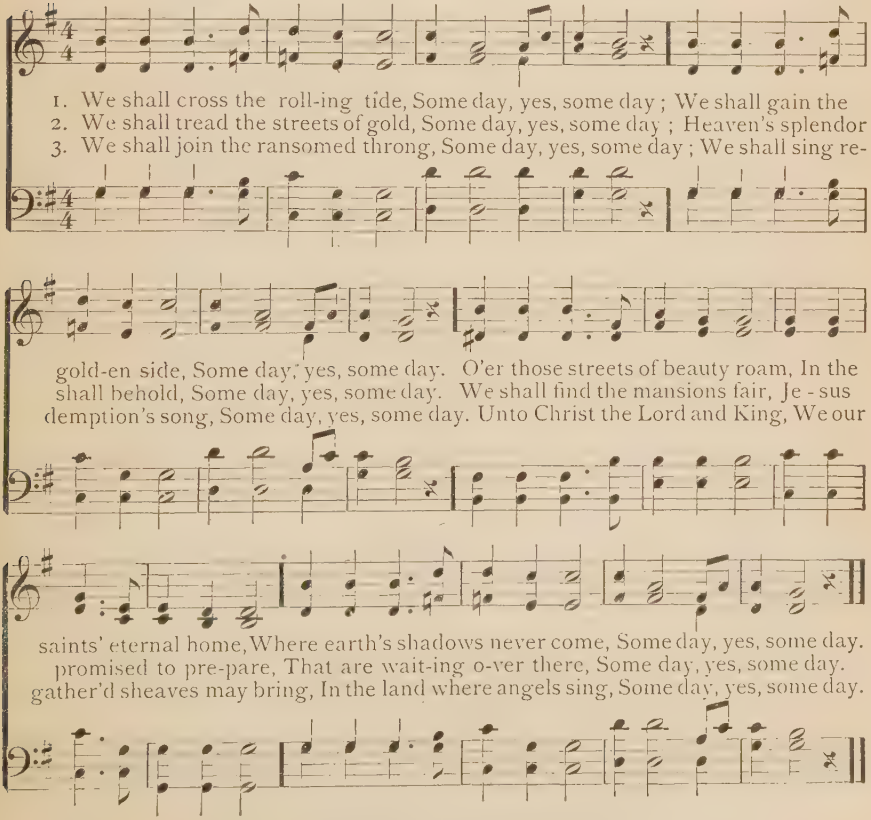


SOME DAY, YES, SOME DAY.

HARRIET E. JONES. FRANK M. DAVIS.


1. We shall cross the roll-ing tide, Some day, yes, some day; We shall gain the
2. We shall tread the streets of gold, Some day, yes, some day; Heaven's splendor
3. We shall join the ransomed throng, Some day, yes, some day; We shall sing re-
gold-en side, Some day, yes, some day. O'er those streets of beauty roam, In the
shall behold, Some day, yes, some day. We shall find the mansions fair, Je-sus
demption's song, Some day, yes, some day. Unto Christ the Lord and King, We our
saints' eternal home, Where earth's shadows never come, Some day, yes, some day.
promised to pre-pare, That are wait-ing o-ver there, Some day, yes, some day.
gather'd sheaves may bring, In the land where angels sing, Some day, yes, some day.

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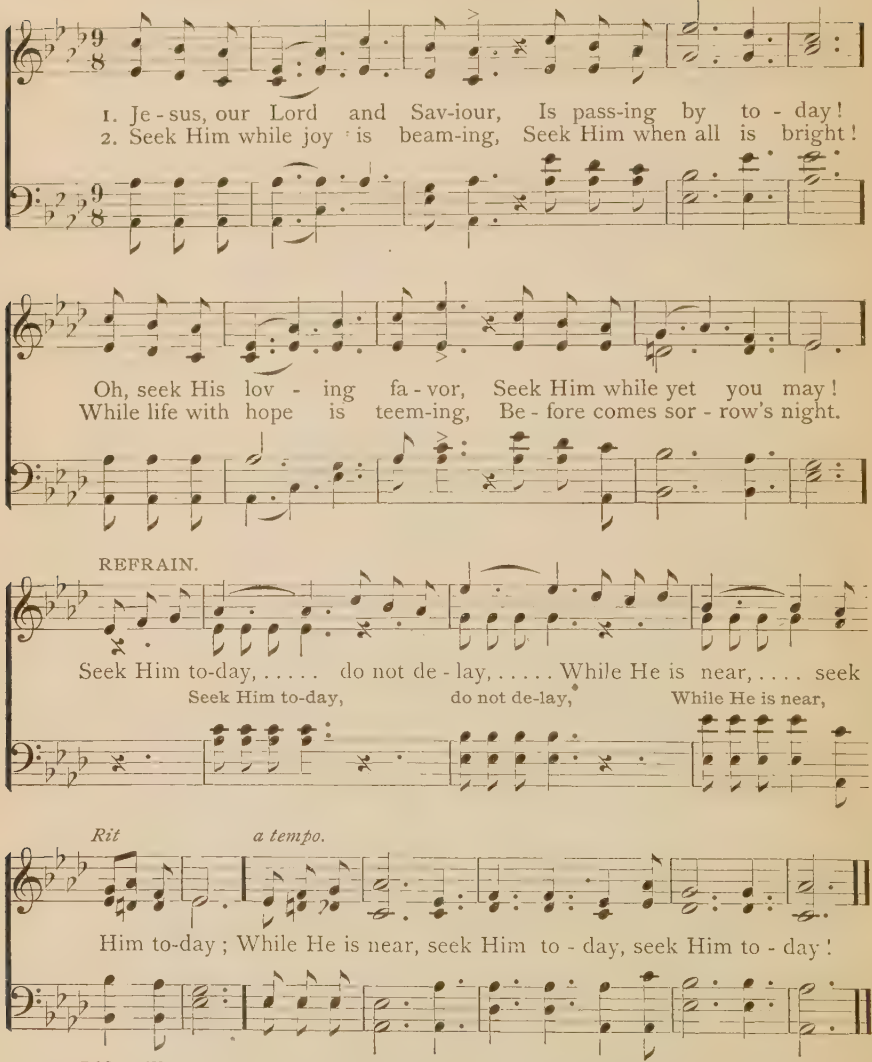
SEEK HIM TO-DAY.

REV. M. L. HOFFORD. ASA HULL.

1. Je - sus, our Lord and Sav-iour, Is pass-ing by to - day!
2. Seek Him while joy is beam-ing, Seek Him when all is bright!
Oh, seek His lov - ing fa - vor, Seek Him while yet you may!
While life with hope is teem-ing, Be - fore comes sor - row's night.
REFRAIN.
Seek Him to-day, ... do not de - lay, ... While He is near, ... seek
Seek Him to-day, do not de-lay, While He is near,
Rit a tempo.
Him to-day; While He is near, seek Him to - day, seek Him to - day!

3 Life will not be all gladness,
It has its sorrows, too;
His grace will lighten sadness
And He will comfort you.

4 Then heed the invitation
And give your heart to Him,
The Spirit's incarnation;—
As earthly hopes grow dim.

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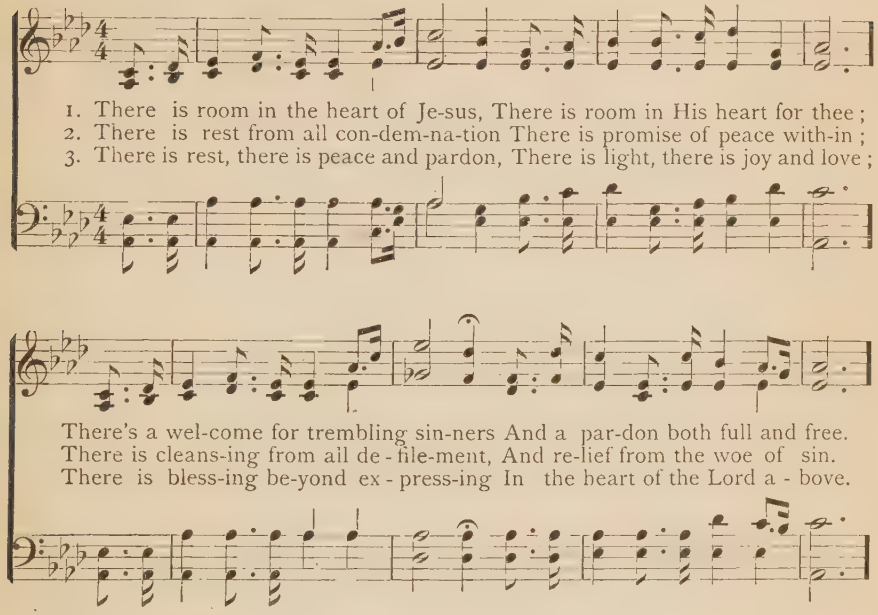
THERE IS ROOM FOR ALL.

REV. E. A. HOFFMAN. JNO. R. BRYANT.


1. There is room in the heart of Je-sus, There is room in His heart for thee;
2. There is rest from all con-dem-na-tion There is promise of peace with-in;
3. There is rest, there is peace and pardon, There is light, there is joy and love;
There's a wel-come for trembling sin-ners And a par-don both full and free.
There is cleans-ing from all de-file-ment, And re-lief from the woe of sin.
There is bless-ing be-yond ex-press-ing In the heart of the Lord a-bove.
CHORUS.
Then come, oh, come, For there is room in His heart for thee;
Then come, oh, come,
Then come, oh, come, And all of thy sins shall for-giv-en be.
Then come, oh, come,

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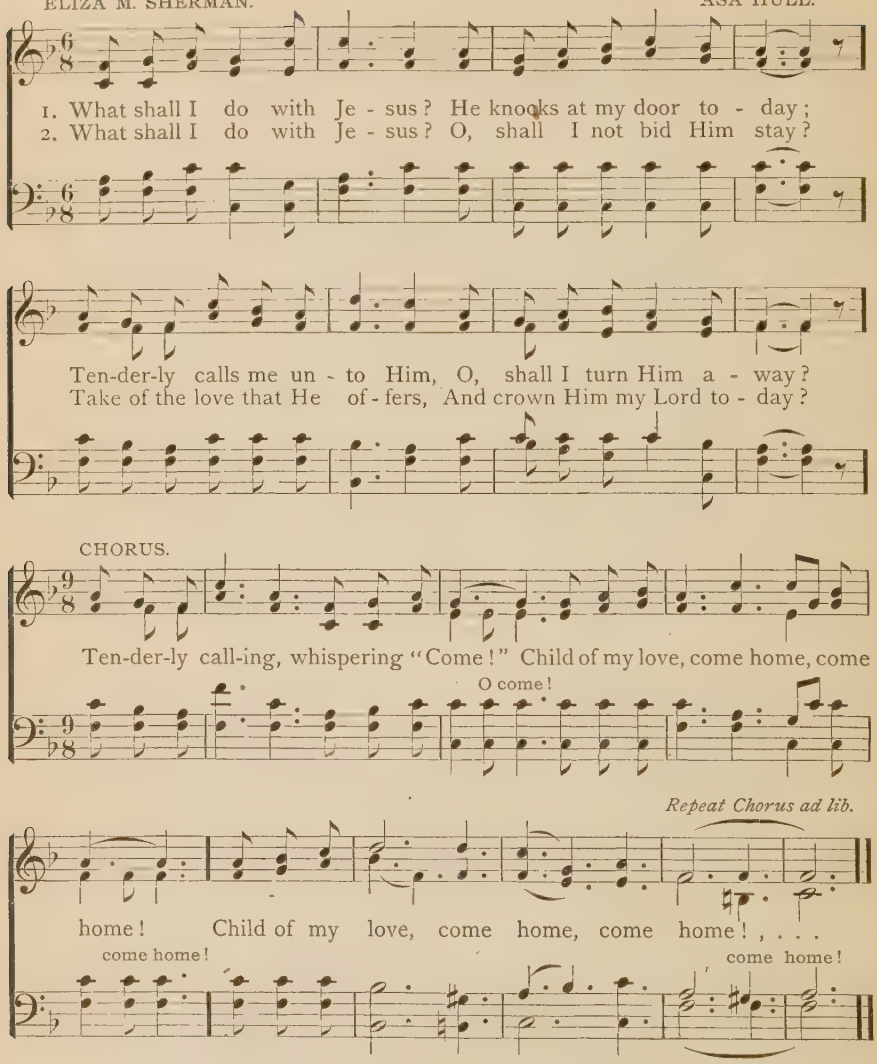
TENDERLY CALLING.

ELIZA M. SHERMAN. ASA HULL.


1. What shall I do with Je - sus? He knocks at my door to - day;
2. What shall I do with Je - sus? O, shall I not bid Him stay?
Ten-der-ly calls me un - to Him, O, shall I turn Him a - way?
Take of the love that He of - fers, And crown Him my Lord to - day?
CHORUS.
Ten-der-ly call-ing, whispering "Come!" Child of my love, come home, come
O come!
Repeat Chorus ad lib.
home! Child of my love, come home, come home!, . . .
come home!
come home!

3 This will I do with Je-sus,
I'll open my door to day;
Let in the light of His presence,
To dwell in my heart for aye.

4 Yes, I will open to Him,
O yes, I will bid Him come;
Jesus, my blessed Redeemer,
Come, make my glad heart Thy home!

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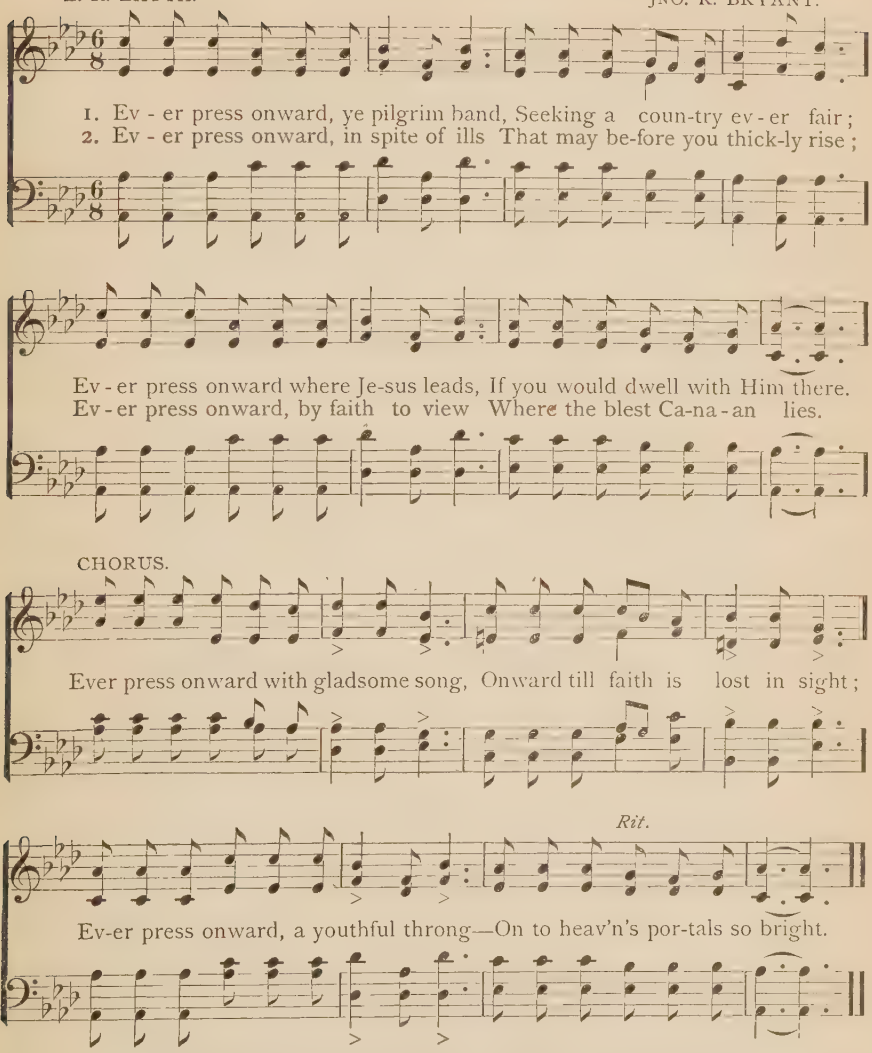
EVER PRESS ONWARD.

E. R. LATTA. JNO. R. BRYANT.

1. Ev - er press onward, ye pilgrim band, Seeking a coun-try ev - er fair;
2. Ev - er press onward, in spite of ills That may be-fore you thick-ly rise;
Ev - er press onward where Je-sus leads, If you would dwell with Him there.
Ev - er press onward, by faith to view Where the blest Ca-na - an lies.
CHORUS.
Ever press onward with gladsome song, Onward till faith is lost in sight;
Rit.
Ev-er press onward, a youthful throng—On to heav'n's por-tals so bright.

3. Ever press onward, though foes ye meet,
Trusting that ye shall overcome;
Ever press onward, whate'er would cheat
You of that beautiful home.

4 Ever press onward, in joy and hope,
Tow'rd a land that's free from sin;
Ever press onward, till life shall end,
End with the entering in.

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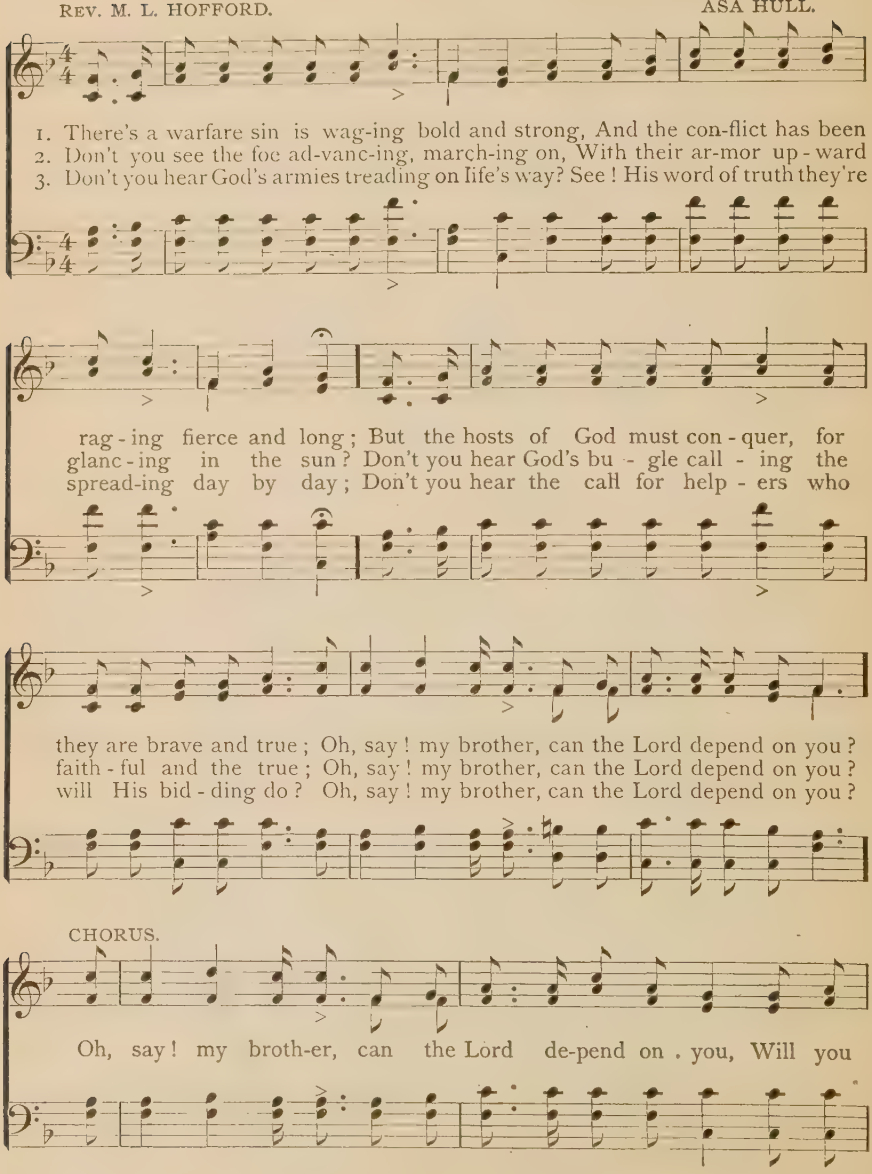
CAN THE LORD DEPEND ON YOU?

REV. M. L. HOFFORD. ASA HULL.

1. There's a warfare sin is wag-ing bold and strong, And the con-flict has been
2. Don't you see the foe ad-vanc-ing, march-ing on, With their ar-mor up-ward
3. Don't you hear God's armies treading on life's way? See! His word of truth they're
rag-ing fierce and long; But the hosts of God must con-quer, for
glanc-ing in the sun? Don't you hear God's bu-gle call-ing the
spread-ing day by day; Don't you hear the call for help-ers who
they are brave and true; Oh, say! my brother, can the Lord depend on you?
faith-ful and the true; Oh, say! my brother, can the Lord depend on you?
will His bid-ding do? Oh, say! my brother, can the Lord depend on you?
CHORUS.
Oh, say! my broth-er, can the Lord de-pend on . you, Will you

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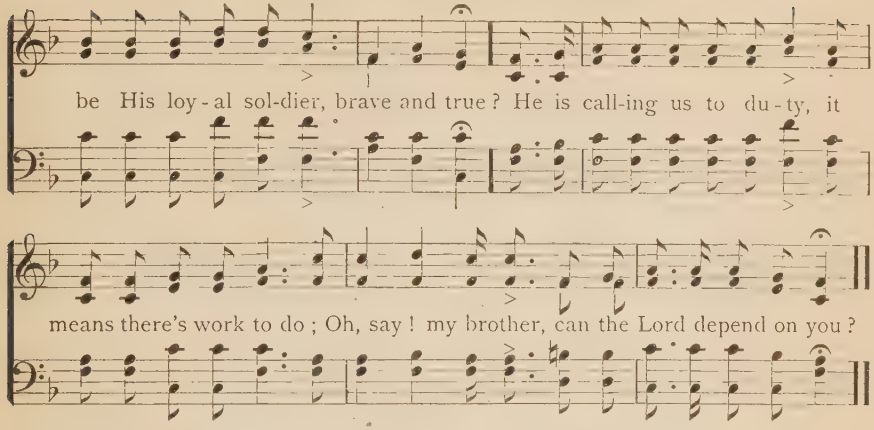
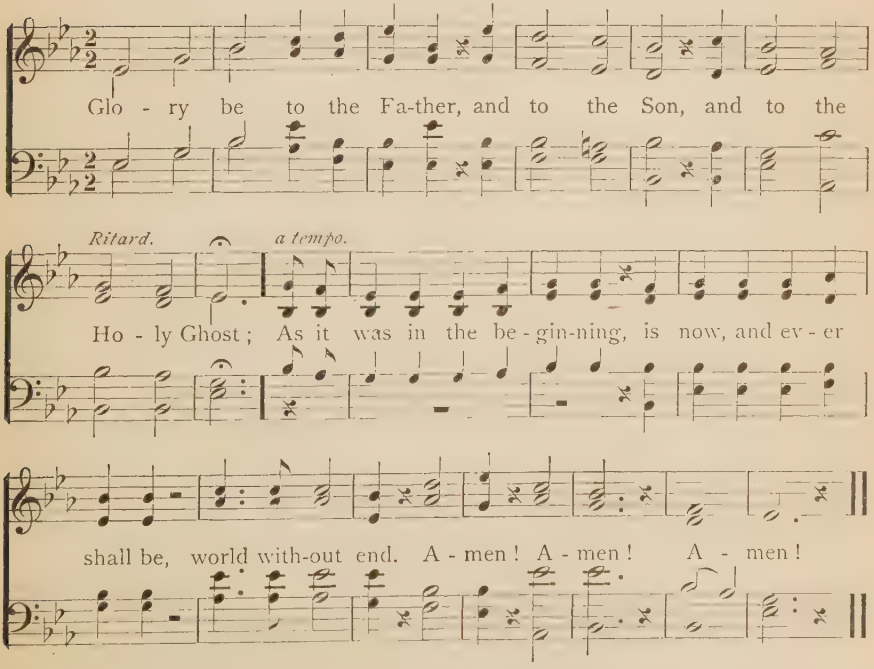

be His loy-al sol-dier, brave and true? He is call-ing us to du-ty, it
means there's work to do; Oh, say! my brother, can the Lord depend on you?

GLORIA PATRI. No. 1.

ASA HULL.


Glo - ry be to the Fa-ther, and to the Son, and to the
Ritard.
a tempo.
Ho - ly Ghost; As it was in the be-gin-ning, is now, and ev-er
shall be, world with-out end. A-men! A-men! A-men!

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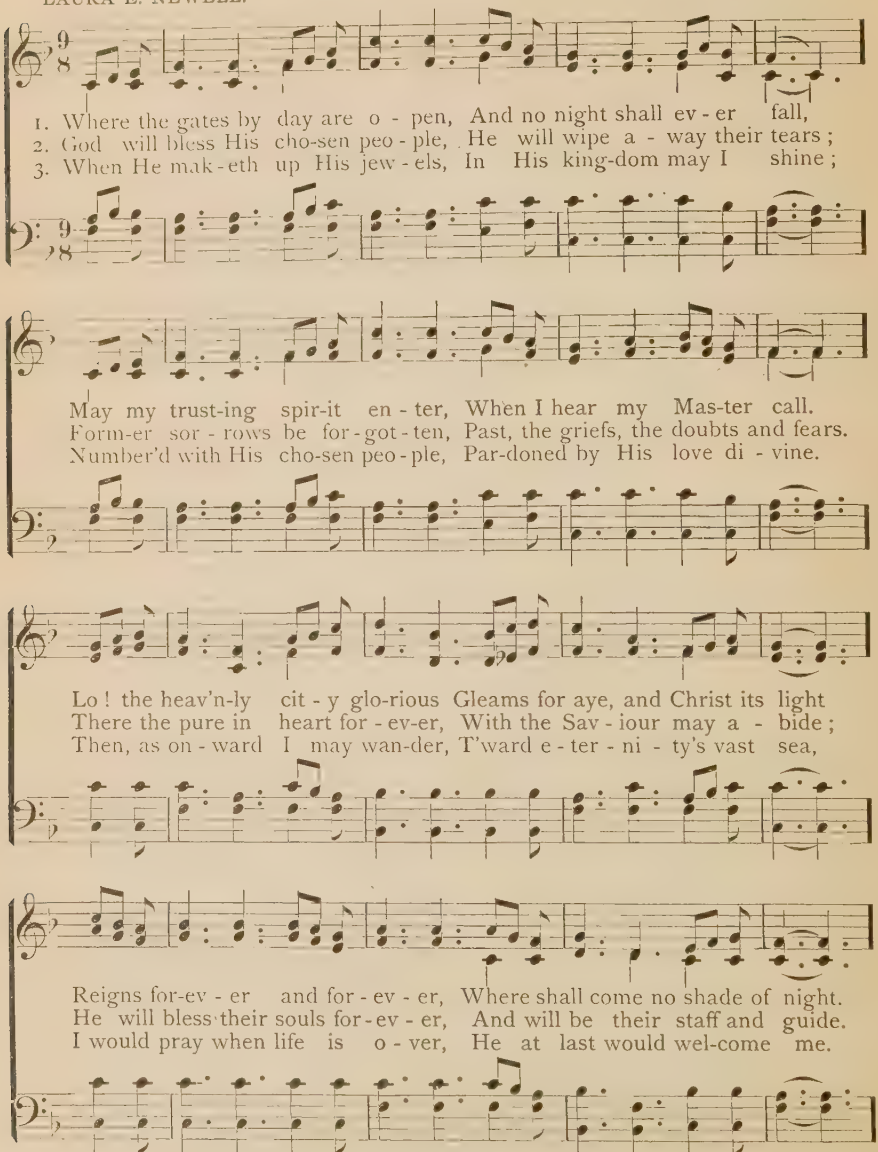
WHERE THE GATES ARE OPEN.

LAURA E. NEWELL. JNO. R. BRYANT.


1. Where the gates by day are o - pen, And no night shall ev - er fall,
2. God will bless His cho-sen peo - ple, He will wipe a - way their tears;
3. When He mak-eth up His jew - els, In His king-dom may I shine;
May my trust-ing spir-it en - ter, When I hear my Mas-ter call.
Form-er sor - rows be for-got - ten, Past, the griefs, the doubts and fears.
Number'd with His cho-sen peo - ple, Par-doned by His love di - vine.
Lo! the heav'n-ly cit - y glo-rious Gleams for aye, and Christ its light
There the pure in heart for - ev-er, With the Sav - iour may a - bide;
Then, as on - ward I may wan-der, T'ward e - ter - ni - ty's vast sea,
Reigns for-ev - er and for - ev - er, Where shall come no shade of night.
He will bless their souls for - ev - er, And will be their staff and guide.
I would pray when life is o - ver, He at last would wel-come me.

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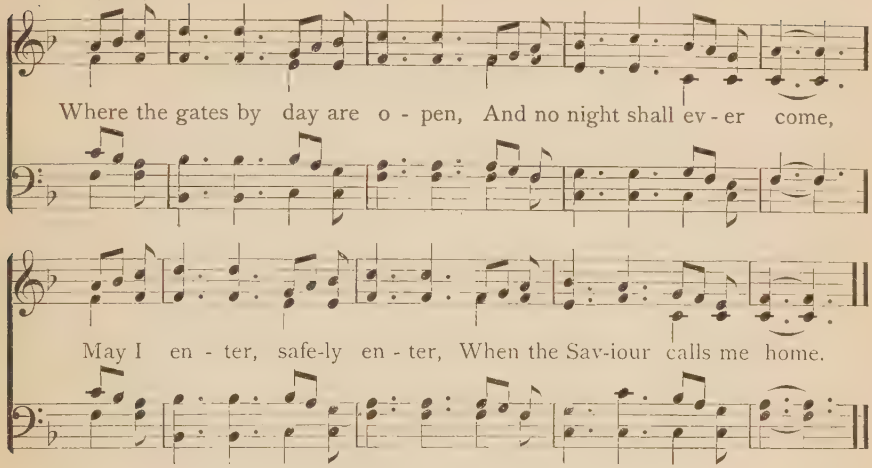
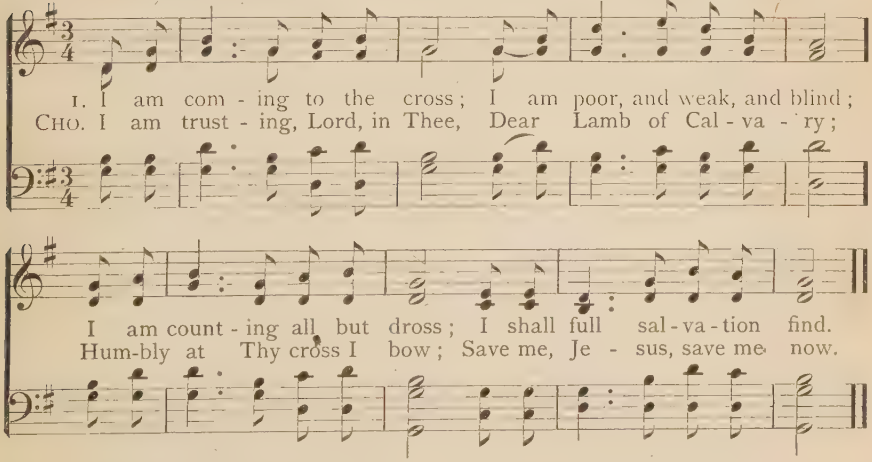
CHORUS.



COMING TO THE CROSS.

REV. WM. McDONALD. WM. G. FISCHER.


1. I am com - ing to the cross; I am poor, and weak, and blind;
CHO. I am trust - ing, Lord, in Thee, Dear Lamb of Cal - va - ry;
I am count - ing all but dross; I shall full sal - va - tion find.
Hum-bly at Thy cross I bow; Save me, Je - sus, save me now.

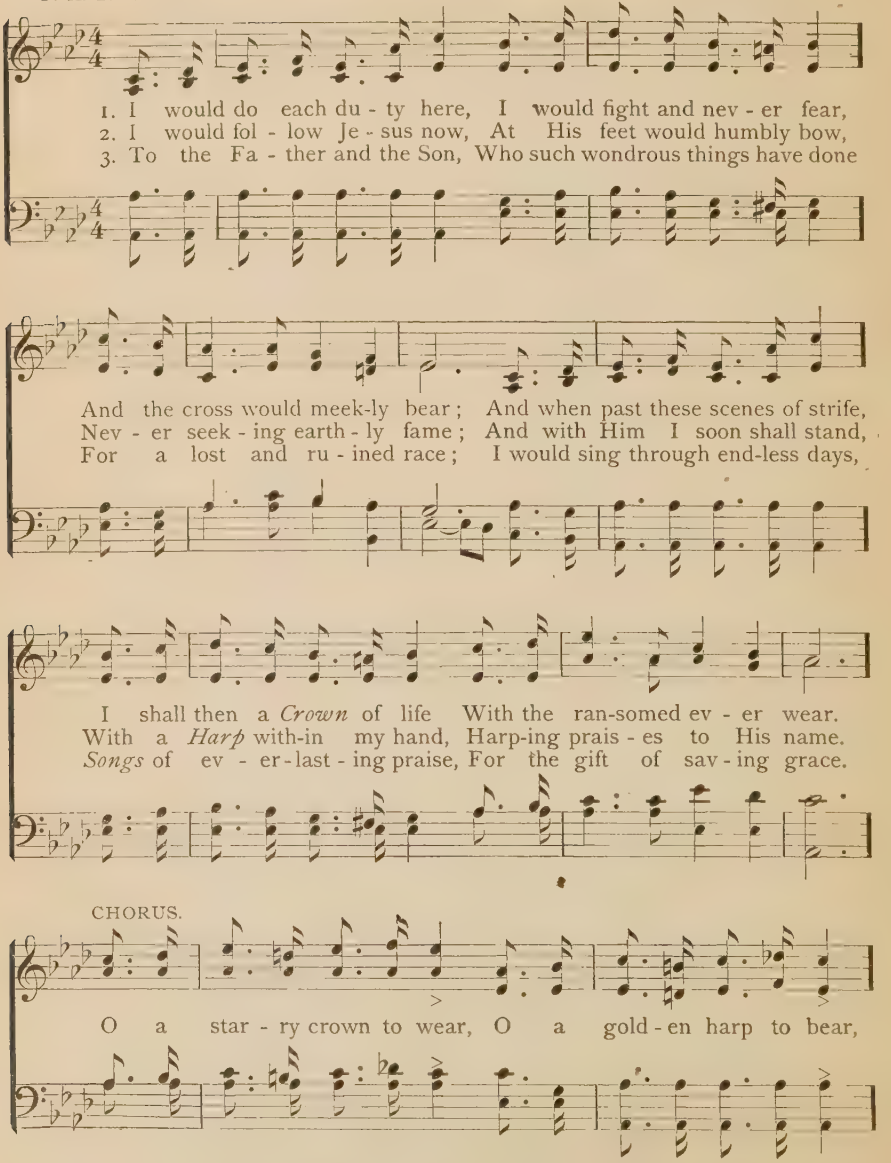
2 Long my heart has sighed for Thee;
Long has evil reigned within;
Jesus sweetly speaks to me,
I will cleanse you from all sin.

3 Here I give my all to Thee,—
Friends, and time, and earthly store;
Soul and body Thine to be—
Wholly Thine—for evermore.

4 In the promises I trust;
Now I feel the blood applied;
I am prostrate in the dust;
I with Christ am crucified.

5 Jesus comes! He fills my soul!
Perfected in love I am;
I am every whit made whole;
Glory, glory to the Lamb.

CROWN, HARP AND SONG.

F. A. BLACKMER. H. N. LINCOLN.

1. I would do each du - ty here, I would fight and nev - er fear,
2. I would fol - low Je - sus now, At His feet would humbly bow,
3. To the Fa - ther and the Son, Who such wondrous things have done
And the cross would meek-ly bear; And when past these scenes of strife,
Nev - er seek - ing earth - ly fame; And with Him I soon shall stand,
For a lost and ru - ined race; I would sing through end-less days,
I shall then a *Crown* of life With the ran-somed ev - er wear.
With a *Harp* with-in my hand, Harp-ing prais - es to His name.
Songs of ev - er-last - ing praise, For the gift of sav - ing grace.
CHORUS.
O a star - ry crown to wear, O a gold - en harp to bear,

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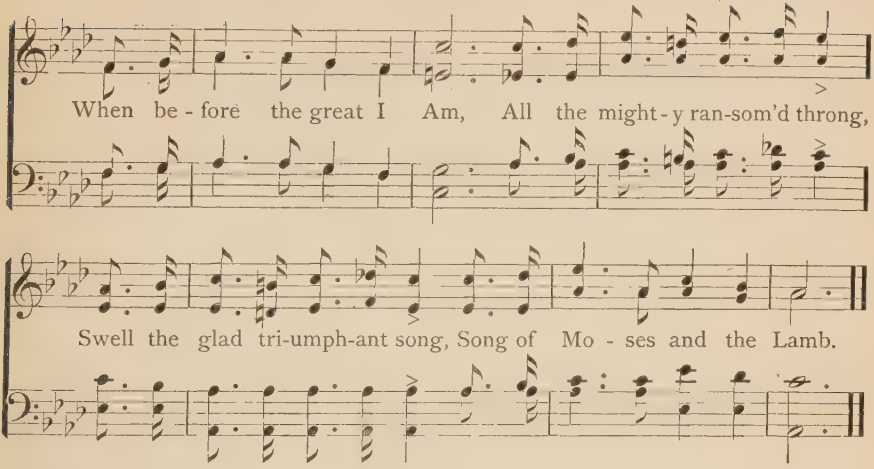
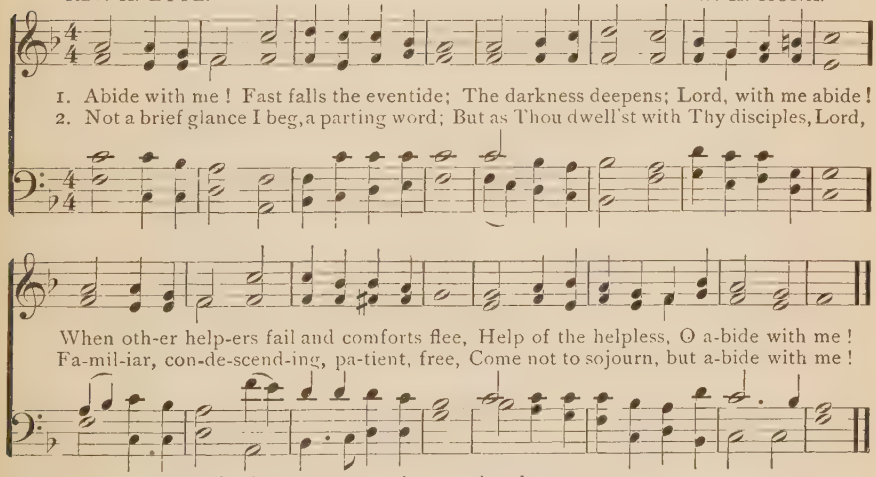


EVENTIDE.

REV. H. LYTE. W. H. MONK.

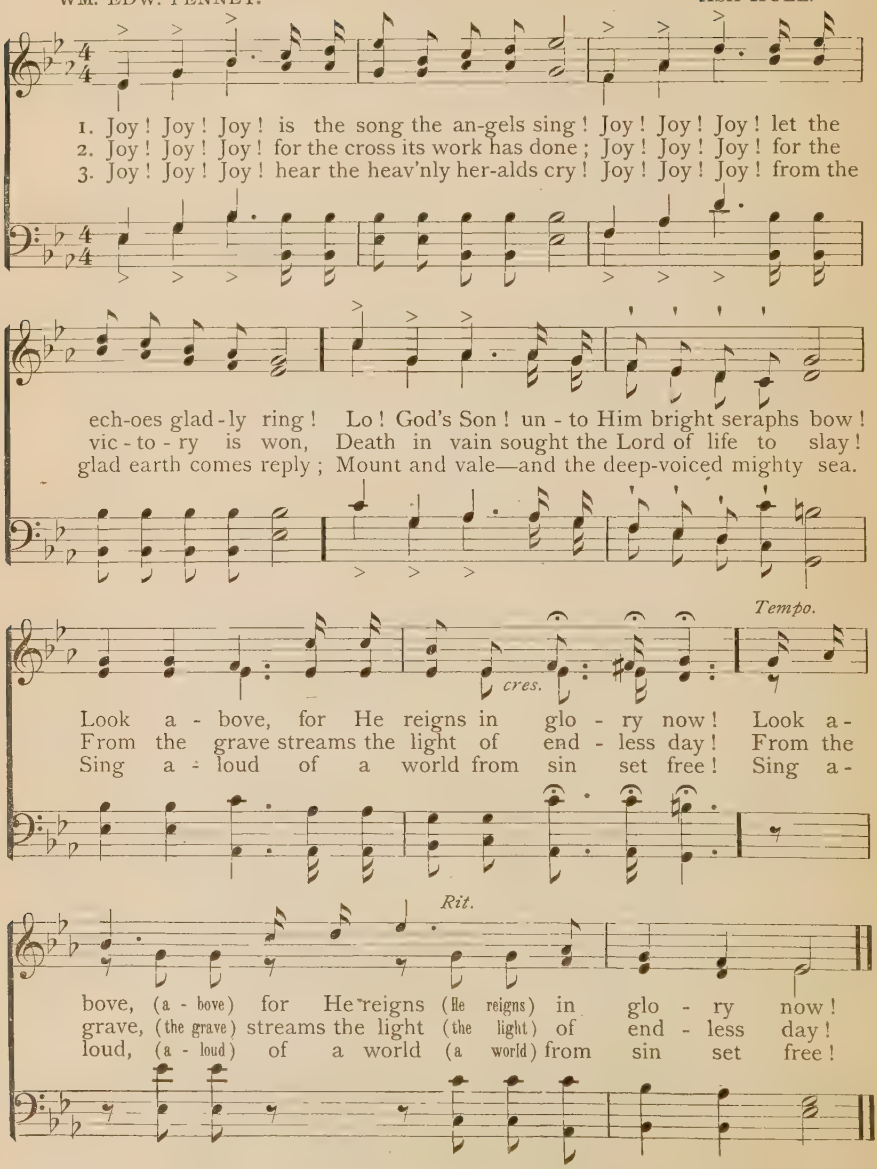

1. Abide with me! Fast falls the eventide; The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide!
2. Not a brief glance I beg, a parting word; But as Thou dwell'st with Thy disciples, Lord,
When oth-er help-ers fail and comforts flee, Help of the helpless, O a-bide with me!
Fa-mil-iar, con-de-scend-ing, pa-tient, free, Come not to sojourn, but a-bide with me!

3 I need Thy presence ev'ry passing hour;
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, O abide with me!

4 Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes;
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies;
Heav'n's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee;
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.

A SONG OF JOY.

WM. EDW. PENNEY. ASA HULL.


1. Joy! Joy! Joy! is the song the an-gels sing! Joy! Joy! Joy! let the
2. Joy! Joy! Joy! for the cross its work has done; Joy! Joy! Joy! for the
3. Joy! Joy! Joy! hear the heav'nly her-alds cry! Joy! Joy! Joy! from the
ech-oes glad-ly ring! Lo! God's Son! un-to Him bright seraphs bow!
vic-to-ry is won, Death in vain sought the Lord of life to slay!
glad earth comes reply; Mount and vale—and the deep-voiced mighty sea.
Tempo.
cres.
Look a-bove, for He reigns in glo-ry now! Look a-
From the grave streams the light of end-less day! From the
Sing a-loud of a world from sin set free! Sing a-
Rit.
bove, (a-bove) for He reigns (He reigns) in glo-ry now!
grave, (the grave) streams the light (the light) of end-less day!
loud, (a-loud) of a world (a world) from sin set free!

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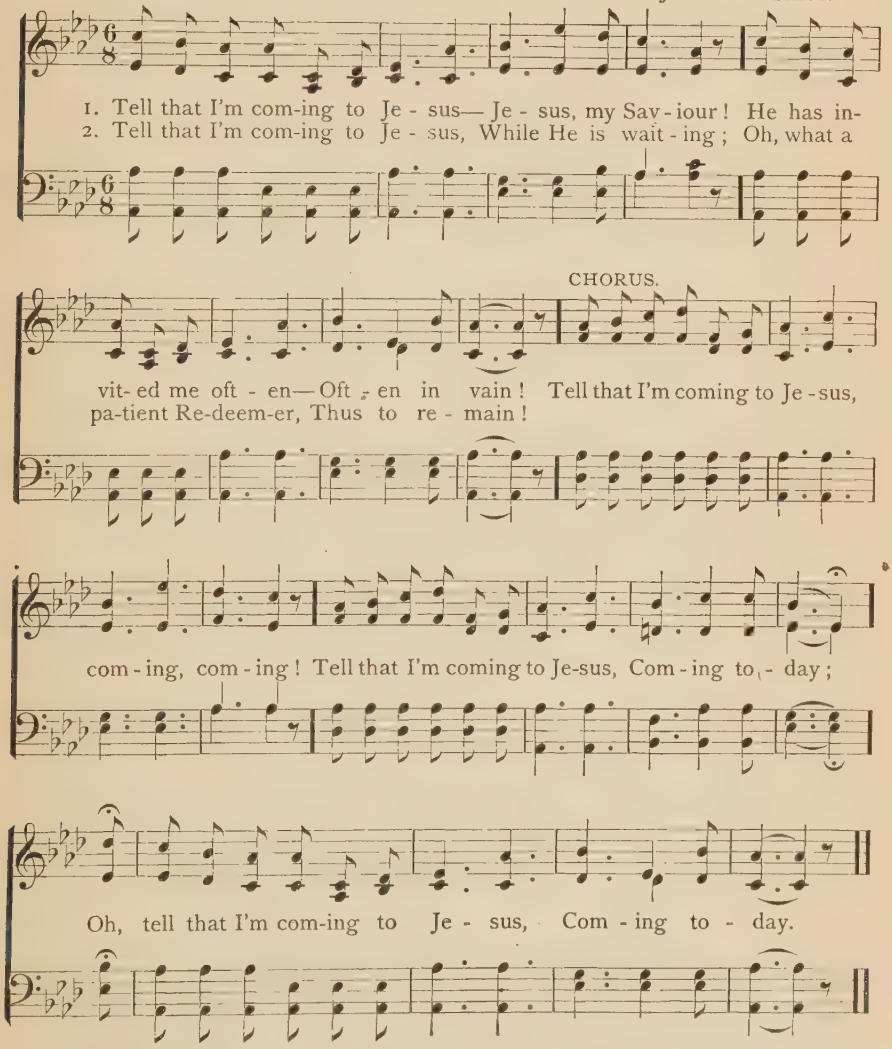
E. R. LATTA. JNO. R. BRYANT.


1. Tell that I'm com-ing to Je - sus— Je - sus, my Sav - iour! He has in-
2. Tell that I'm com-ing to Je - sus, While He is wait - ing; Oh, what a
CHORUS.
vit-ed me oft - en— Oft - en in vain! Tell that I'm coming to Je - sus,
pa-tient Re-deem-er, Thus to re - main!
com - ing, com - ing! Tell that I'm coming to Je-sus, Com - ing to - day;
Oh, tell that I'm com-ing to Je - sus, Com - ing to - day.

3 Tell that I'm coming to Jesus,
Seeking salvation;
Many will scoff at His offer—
But will not I.

4 Tell that I'm coming to Jesus,
Trusting His promise;
He will perform it, nor leave me
Hopeless to die.

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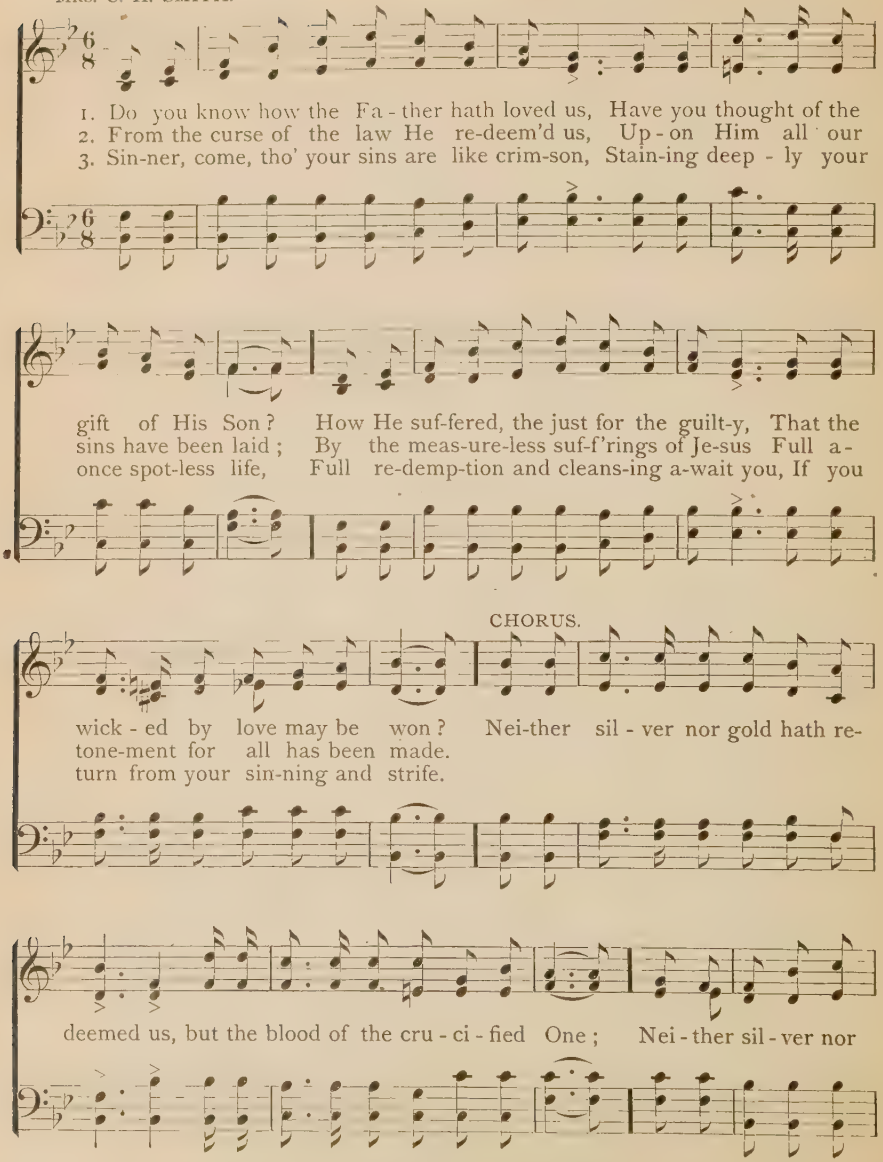
BOUGHT WITH A PRICE.

MRS. C. H. SMITH. LANTA WILSON SMITH.


1. Do you know how the Fa - ther hath loved us, Have you thought of the
2. From the curse of the law He re-deem'd us, Up - on Him all our
3. Sin-ner, come, tho' your sins are like crim-son, Stain-ing deep - ly your
gift of His Son? How He suf-fered, the just for the guilt-y, That the
sins have been laid; By the meas-ure-less suf-f'rings of Je-sus Full a-
once spot-less life, Full re-demp-tion and cleans-ing a-wait you, If you
CHORUS.
wick - ed by love may be won? Nei-ther sil - ver nor gold hath re-
tone-ment for all has been made.
turn from your sin-ning and strife.
deemed us, but the blood of the cru - ci - fied One; Nei - ther sil - ver nor

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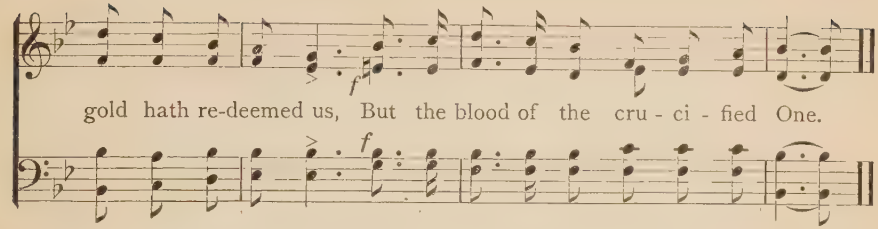
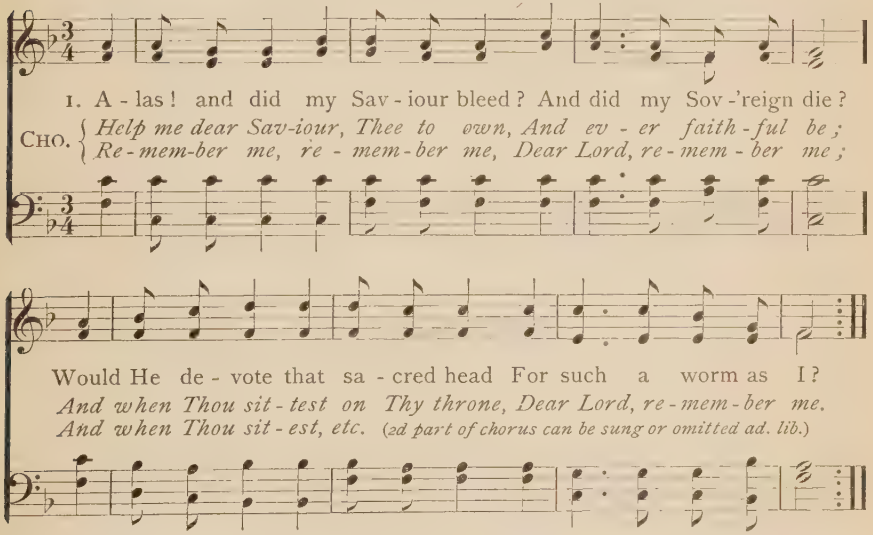


4 Then the Lord will abundantly pardon,
And your sins be remembered no more,
While your heart will o'erflow with thanksgiving
For unspeakable blessings in store.

DEAR LORD, REMEMBER ME.

ISAAC WATTS. Music and Chorus by ASA HULL.


1. A - las! and did my Sav - iour bleed? And did my Sov -'reign die?
CHO. Help me dear Sav-iour, Thee to own, And ev - er faith-ful be;
Re-mem-ber me, re - mem-ber me, Dear Lord, re-mem - ber me;
Would He de - vote that sa - cred head For such a worm as I?
And when Thou sit-test on Thy throne, Dear Lord, re-mem-ber me.
And when Thou sit-est, etc. (2d part of chorus can be sung or omitted ad. lib.)

2 Was it for crimes that I have done
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree.

3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glory in,
When Christ, the mighty Maker, died
For man, the creature's, sin.

4 Thus might I hide my blushing face
While His dear cross appears;
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt mine eyes to tears.

5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe;
Here, Lord, I give myself away,—
'Tis all that I can do.

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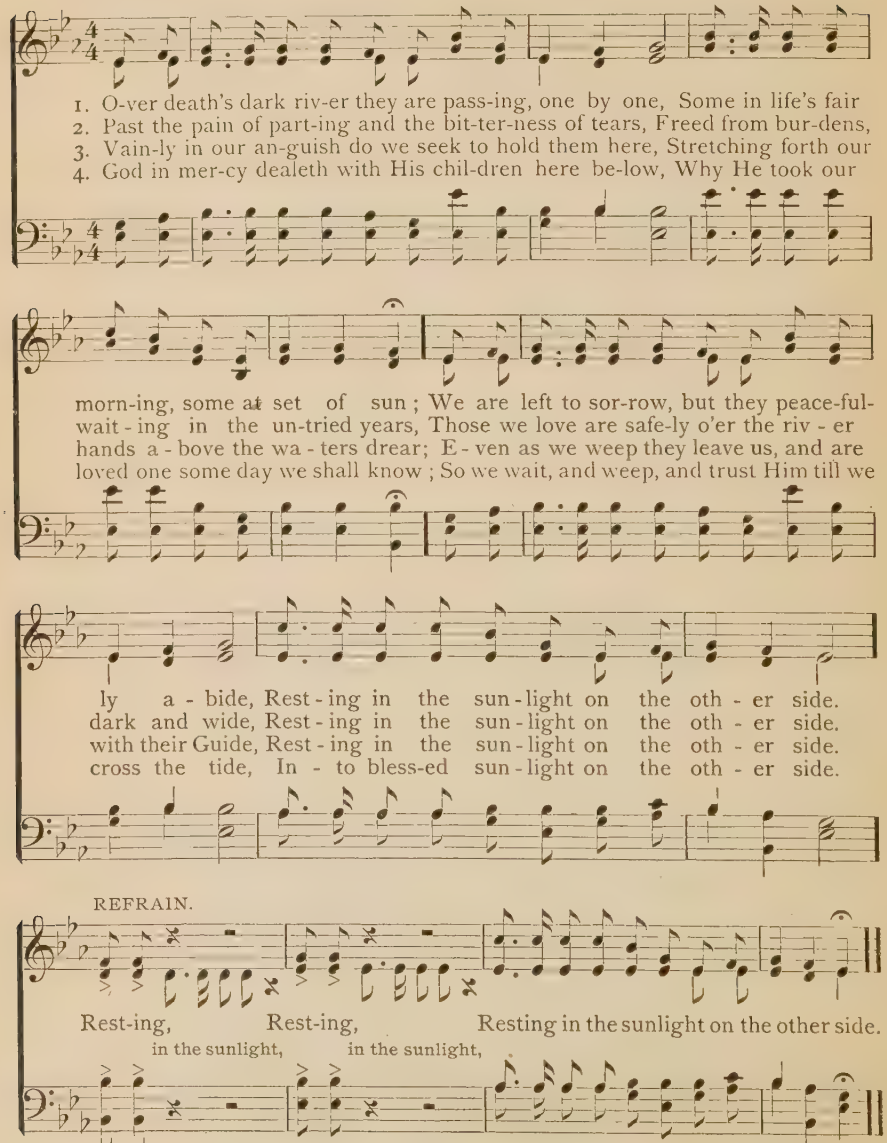
RESTING IN THE SUNLIGHT.

WM. EDW. PENNEY. ASA HULL.

1. O-ver death's dark riv-er they are pass-ing, one by one, Some in life's fair
2. Past the pain of part-ing and the bit-ter-ness of tears, Freed from bur-dens,
3. Vain-ly in our an-guish do we seek to hold them here, Stretching forth our
4. God in mer-cy dealeth with His chil-dren here be-low, Why He took our
morn-ing, some at set of sun; We are left to sor-row, but they peace-ful-
wait-ing in the un-tried years, Those we love are safe-ly o'er the riv-er
hands a-bove the wa-ters drear; E-ven as we weep they leave us, and are
loved one some day we shall know; So we wait, and weep, and trust Him till we
ly a-bide, Rest-ing in the sun-light on the oth-er side.
dark and wide, Rest-ing in the sun-light on the oth-er side.
with their Guide, Rest-ing in the sun-light on the oth-er side.
cross the tide, In-to bless-ed sun-light on the oth-er side.
REFRAIN.
Rest-ing, Rest-ing, Resting in the sunlight on the other side.
in the sunlight, in the sunlight,

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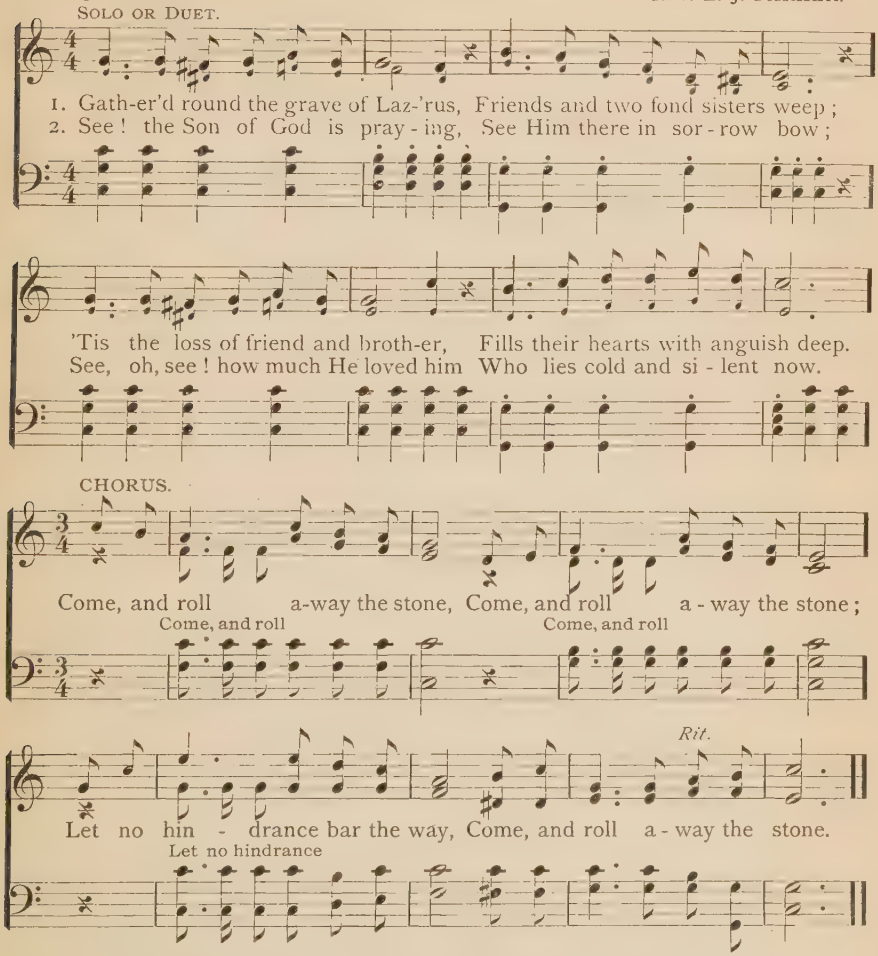
ROLL AWAY THE STONE.

E. J. PARKER.
SOLO OR DUET.

REV. E. J. PARKER.


1. Gath-er'd round the grave of Laz-'rus, Friends and two fond sisters weep;
2. See! the Son of God is pray-ing, See Him there in sor-row bow;
'Tis the loss of friend and broth-er, Fills their hearts with anguish deep.
See, oh, see! how much He loved him Who lies cold and si-lent now.
CHORUS.
Come, and roll a-way the stone, Come, and roll a-way the stone;
Come, and roll
Come, and roll
Rit.
Let no hin-drance bar the way, Come, and roll a-way the stone.
Let no hindrance

3 Friends and mourners, cease your weeping;
Ye shall see the dead revive;
Jesus speaks the word of power,
And the dead comes forth alive.

CHO. They have rolled away the stone,
They have rolled away the stone;
Now no hindrance bars the way,
They have rolled away the stone.

4 See! his hands and feet are fasten'd,
Fasten'd so he cannot walk;
While his face is bound with grave-clothes,
He can neither see nor talk.

CHO. Loose him now and let him go,
Loose him now and let him go;
Let no hindrance bar the way;
Loose him now and let him go.

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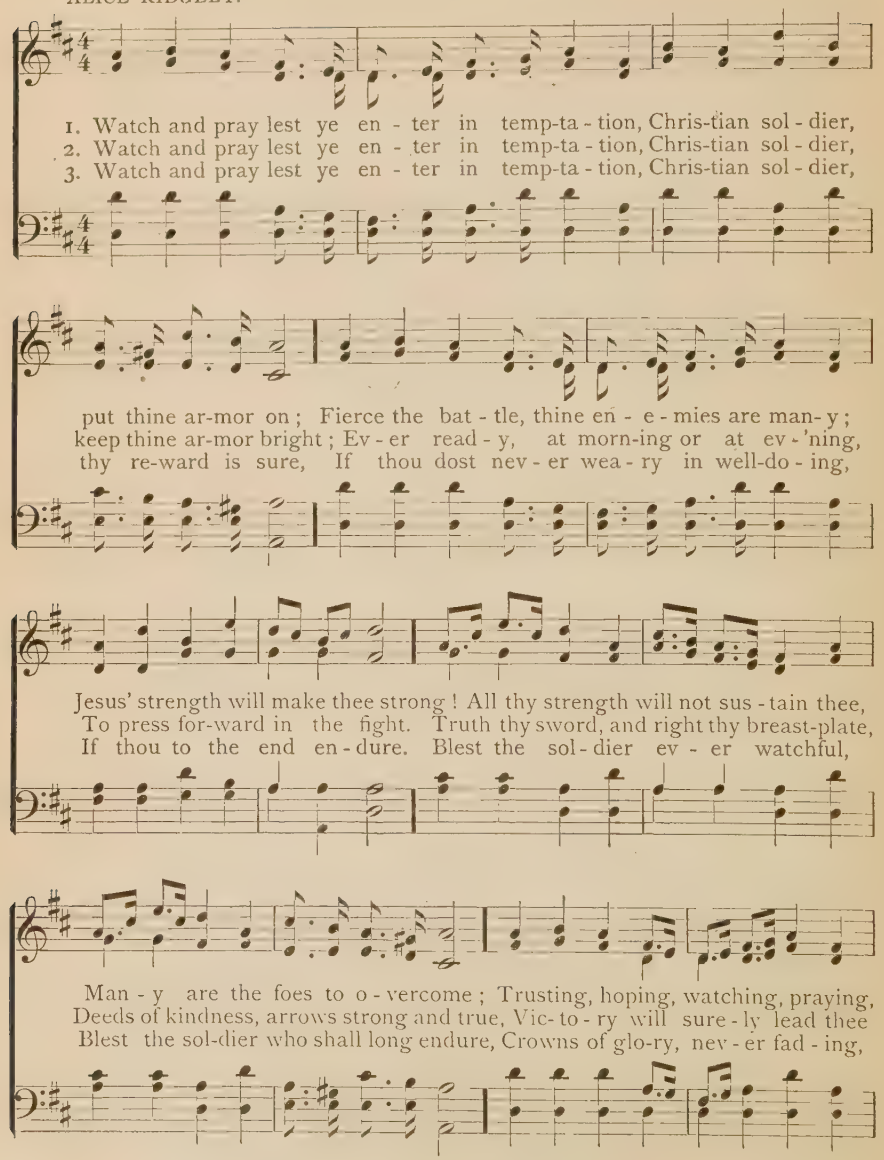
WATCH AND PRAY.

ALICE RIDGELY. ALICE RIDGELY.


1. Watch and pray lest ye en - ter in temp-ta - tion, Chris-tian sol - dier,
2. Watch and pray lest ye en - ter in temp-ta - tion, Chris-tian sol - dier,
3. Watch and pray lest ye en - ter in temp-ta - tion, Chris-tian sol - dier,
put thine ar-mor on; Fierce the bat - tle, thine en - e - mies are man- y;
keep thine ar-mor bright; Ev - er read - y, at morn-ing or at ev - 'ning,
thy re-ward is sure, If thou dost nev - er wea - ry in well-do - ing,
Jesus' strength will make thee strong! All thy strength will not sus - tain thee,
To press for-ward in the fight. Truth thy sword, and right thy breast-plate,
If thou to the end en - dure. Blest the sol - dier ev - er watchful,
Man - y are the foes to o - vercome; Trusting, hoping, watching, praying,
Deeds of kindness, arrows strong and true, Vic - to - ry will sure - ly lead thee
Blest the sol-dier who shall long endure, Crowns of glo-ry, nev - er fad - ing,

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CHORUS.

All thy sins thou mayst out-run.
Safe-ly all thy jour-ney thro'.
Je-sus hath for him in store.
Fight against temptation, watch and pray;

Fight against tempta-tion, watch and pray! Truth and right are o'er thee,

An-gel bands before thee, Je-sus walks beside thee, Watch and pray.

Rit.

GLORIA PATRI. No. 2.

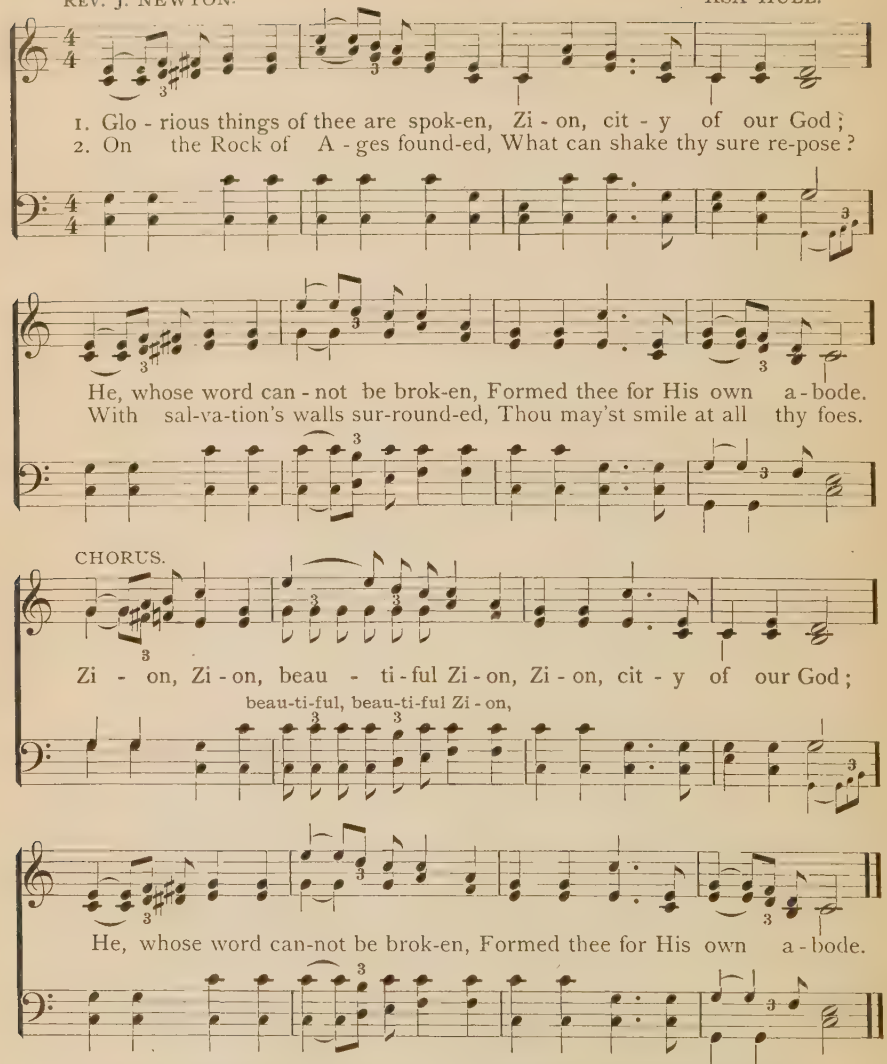
CHAS. MEINEKE.

Glo-ry be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Ho-ly Ghost; As it

was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end. Amen, Amen.

THE CITY OF GOD.

REV. J. NEWTON. ASA HULL.


1. Glo - rious things of thee are spok-en, Zi - on, cit - y of our God;
2. On the Rock of A - ges found-ed, What can shake thy sure re-pose?
He, whose word can - not be brok-en, Formed thee for His own a - bode.
With sal-va-tion's walls sur-round-ed, Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.
CHORUS.
Zi - on, Zi - on, beau - ti - ful Zi - on, Zi - on, cit - y of our God;
beau-ti-ful, beau-ti-ful Zi - on,
He, whose word can-not be brok-en, Formed thee for His own a - bode.

3 Round each habitation hov'ring,
See the cloud and fire appear!
For a glory and a cov'ring,
Showing that the Lord is near.

4 He who gives us daily manna,
He who listens when we cry,
Let Him hear the loud hosanna
Rising to His throne on high.

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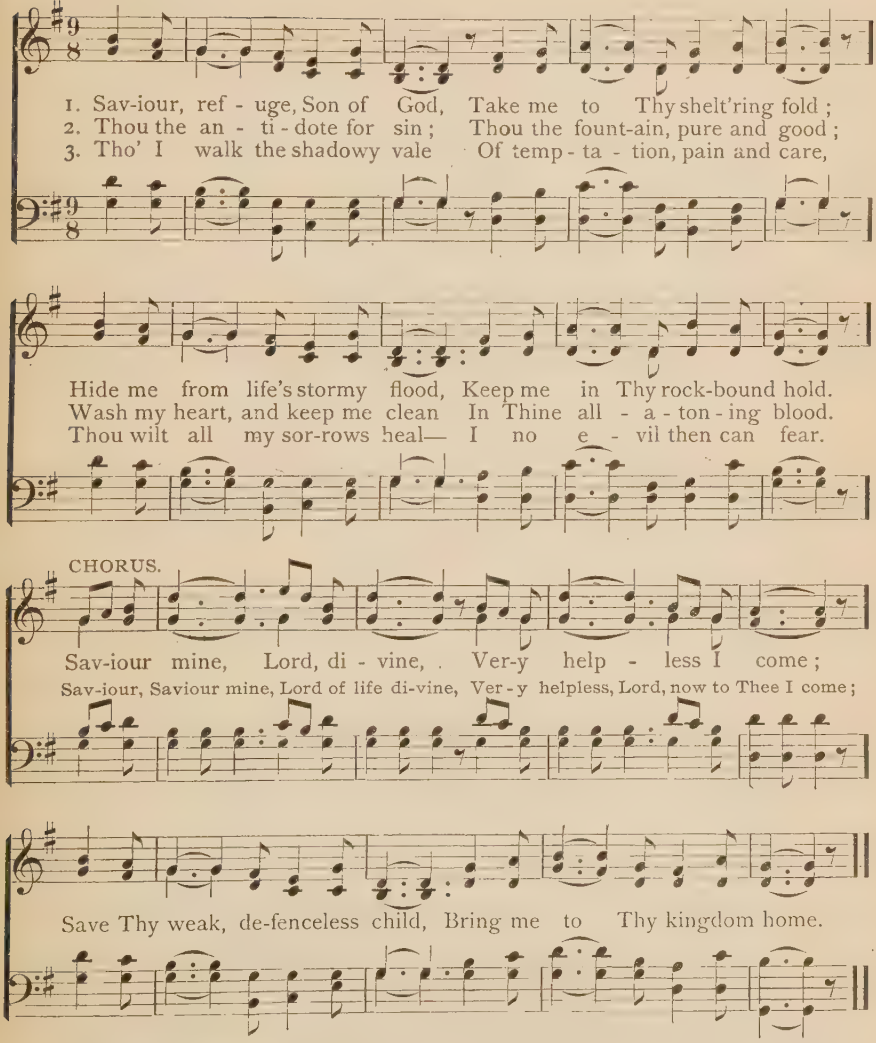
A. A. HOYT. REV. E. A. HOFFMAN.


1. Sav-iour, ref - uge, Son of God, Take me to Thy shelt'ring fold;
2. Thou the an - ti - dote for sin; Thou the fount-ain, pure and good;
3. Tho' I walk the shadowy vale Of temp - ta - tion, pain and care,
Hide me from life's stormy flood, Keep me in Thy rock-bound hold.
Wash my heart, and keep me clean In Thine all - a - ton - ing blood.
Thou wilt all my sor-rows heal— I no e - vil then can fear.
CHORUS.
Sav-iour mine, Lord, di - vine, Ver-y help - less I come;
Sav-iour, Saviour mine, Lord of life di-vine, Ver-y helpless, Lord, now to Thee I come;
Save Thy weak, de-fenceless child, Bring me to Thy kingdom home.

4 O Thou matchless Son of Grace,
Thou art all I want or know;
Let Thy streams of heavenly peace,
To my thirsty spirit flow.

5 Thou, the life from death and tomb,
Hide me, O my Lord, in Thee;
When Thou, Christ, my life shalt come,
Let me then Thy glory see.

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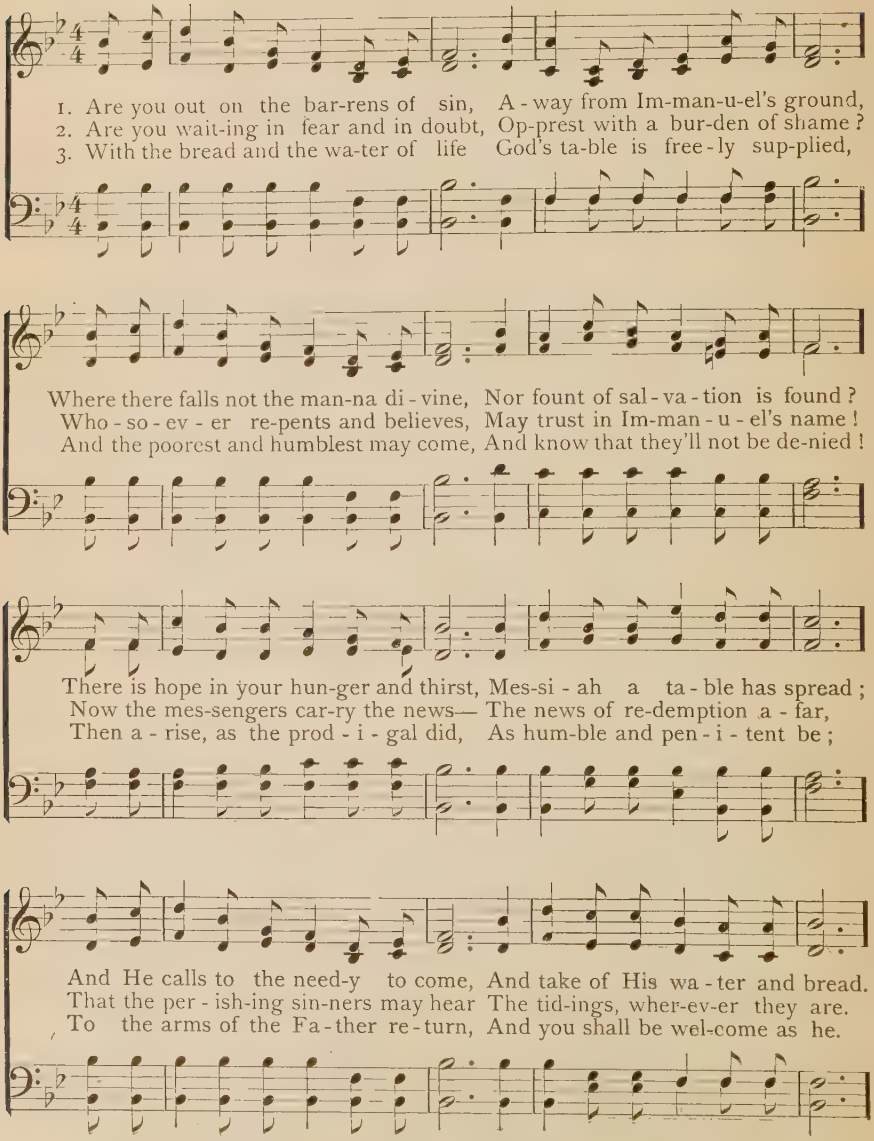
THERE'S ROOM AT THE FEAST.

E. R. LATTA. JNO. R. BRYANT.

1. Are you out on the bar-rens of sin, A-way from Im-man-u-el's ground,
2. Are you wait-ing in fear and in doubt, Op-prest with a bur-den of shame?
3. With the bread and the wa-ter of life God's ta-ble is free-ly sup-plied,
Where there falls not the man-na di-vine, Nor fount of sal-va-tion is found?
Who-so-ev-er re-pents and believes, May trust in Im-man-u-el's name!
And the poorest and humblest may come, And know that they'll not be de-nied!
There is hope in your hun-ger and thirst, Mes-si-ah a ta-ble has spread;
Now the mes-sengers car-ry the news— The news of re-demption a-far,
Then a-rise, as the prod-i-gal did, As hum-ble and pen-i-tent be;
And He calls to the need-y to come, And take of His wa-ter and bread.
That the per-ish-ing sin-ners may hear The tid-ings, wher-ev-er they are.
To the arms of the Fa-ther re-turn, And you shall be wel-come as he.

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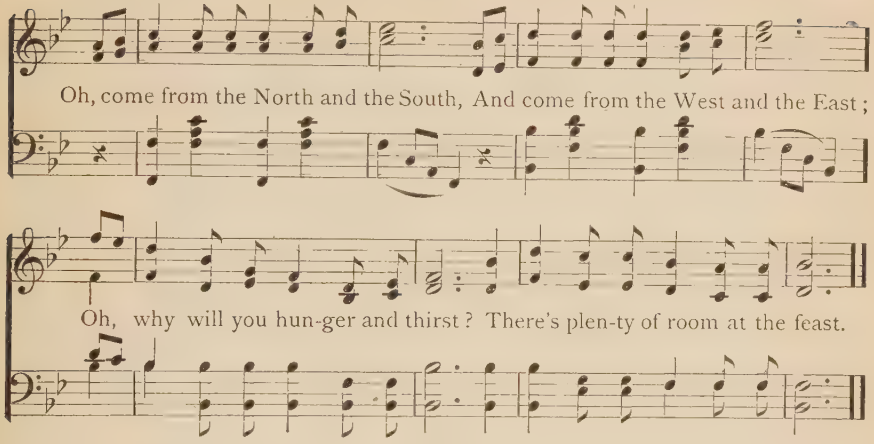
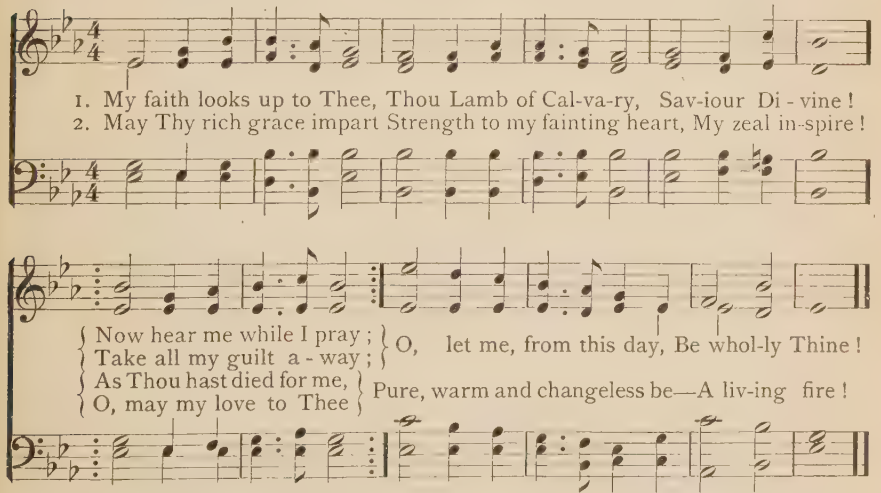
REFRAIN.


Oh, come from the North and the South, And come from the West and the East;
Oh, why will you hun-ger and thirst? There's plen-ty of room at the feast.

OLIVET.

RAY PALMER. L. MASON.

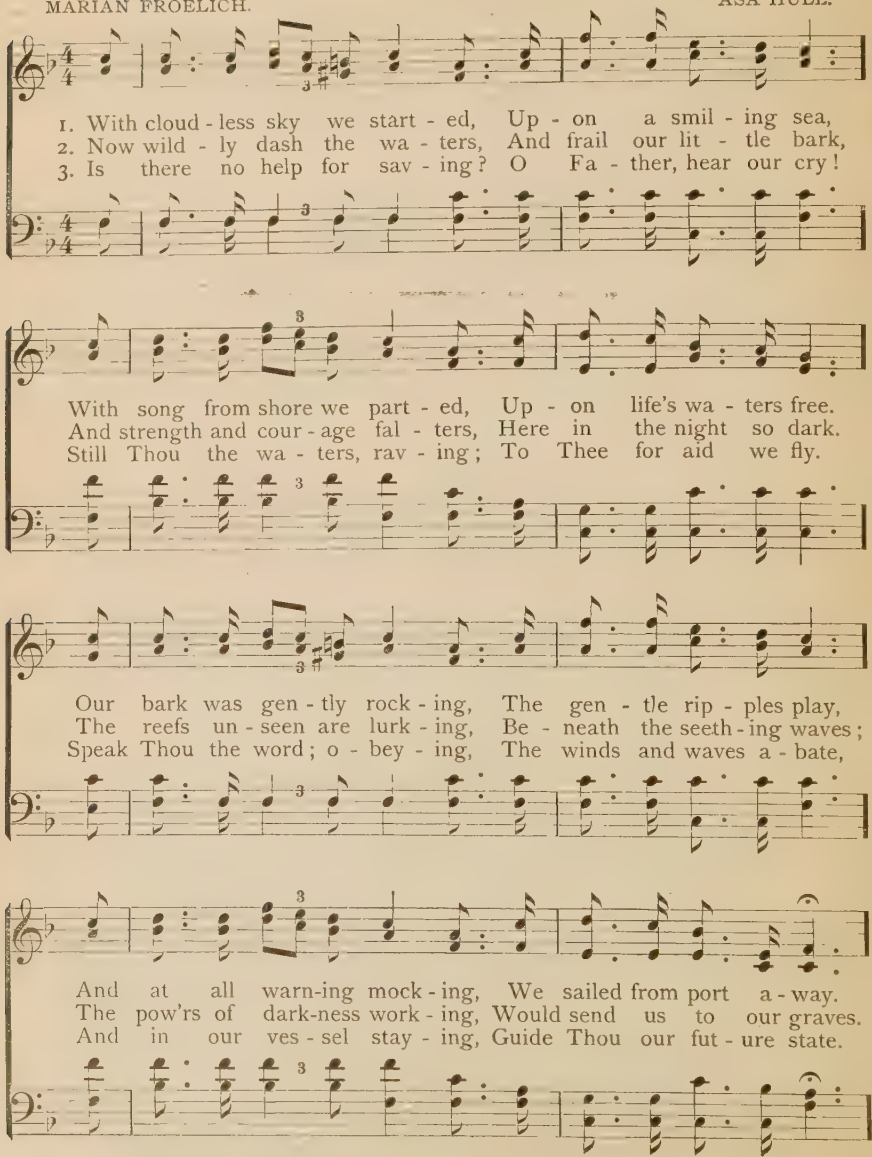

1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal-va-ry, Sav-iour Di - vine!
2. May Thy rich grace impart Strength to my fainting heart, My zeal in-spire!
Now hear me while I pray; Take all my guilt a - way; As Thou hast died for me, O, may my love to Thee
O, let me, from this day, Be whol-ly Thine!
Pure, warm and changeless be—A liv-ing fire!

3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be Thou my guide;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From Thee aside.

4 When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll,
Blest Saviour! then, in love,
Fear and distrust remove;
O, bear me safe above—
A ransomed soul!

SAIL NOT WITHOUT THE MASTER.

MARIAN FROELICH. ASA HULL.


1. With cloud - less sky we start - ed, Up - on a smil - ing sea,
2. Now wild - ly dash the wa - ters, And frail our lit - tle bark,
3. Is there no help for sav - ing? O Fa - ther, hear our cry!
With song from shore we part - ed, Up - on life's wa - ters free.
And strength and cour - age fal - ters, Here in the night so dark.
Still Thou the wa - ters, rav - ing; To Thee for aid we fly.
Our bark was gen - tly rock - ing, The gen - tle rip - ples play,
The reefs un - seen are lurk - ing, Be - neath the seeth - ing waves;
Speak Thou the word; o - bey - ing, The winds and waves a - bate,
And at all warn-ing mock - ing, We sailed from port a - way.
The pow'rs of dark-ness work - ing, Would send us to our graves.
And in our ves - sel stay - ing, Guide Thou our fut - ure state.

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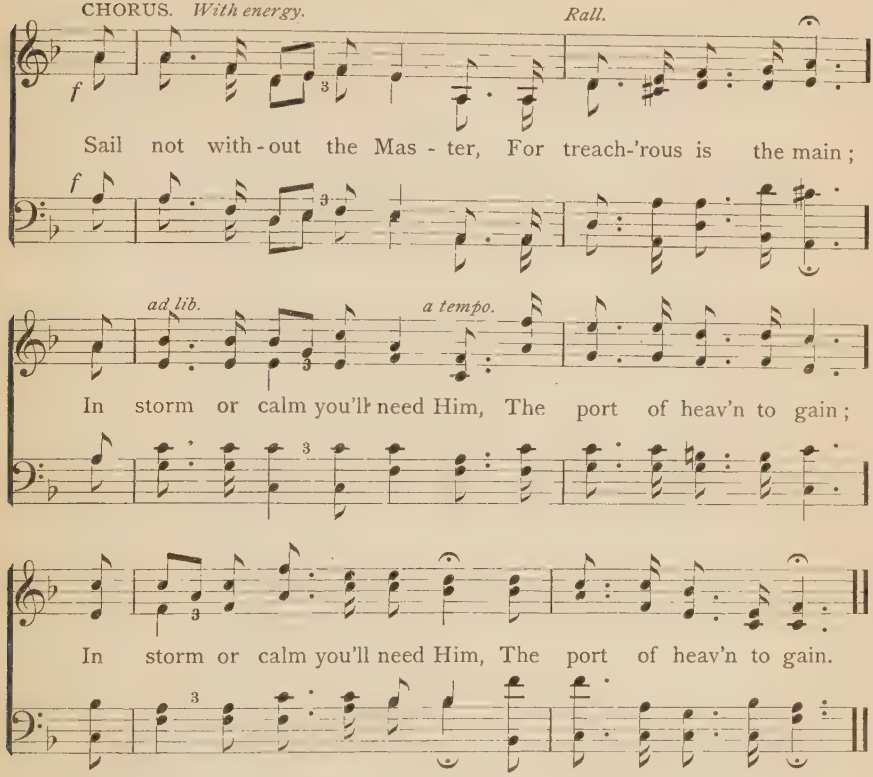

CHORUS. With energy.
Rall.
f
Sail not with-out the Mas - ter, For treach-'rous is the main;
ad lib.
a tempo.
In storm or calm you'll need Him, The port of heav'n to gain;
In storm or calm you'll need Him, The port of heav'n to gain.

THE TEMPERANCE BANNER.

(*For the foregoing Music.*)

1 Unfurl the temp'rance banner,
And let it proudly wave;
Let sons and daughters gather
Fair freedom's land to save.
From mountain, hill and valley
Let teeming millions come!
And round the banner rally,
Defenders of our home!

CHO. Then raise the temp'rance banner,
And let it proudly wave;
‖: Let sons and daughters gather
Fair freedom's land to save! :‖

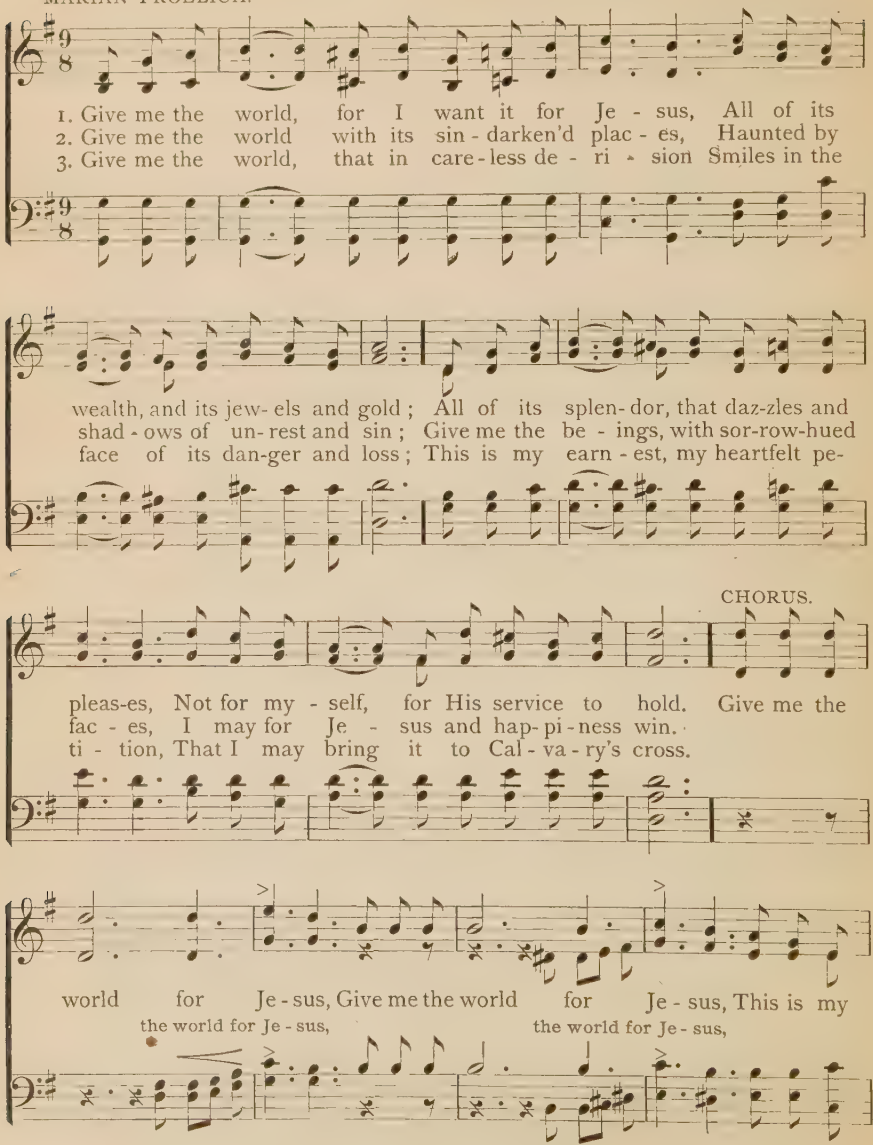
2 Unfurl the temp'rance banner,
And let the strong and brave
Renew the glorious conflict,
The fallen seek to save;
And rouse, ye men of valor,
Be steadfast, firm and true,
Though long and fierce the battle,
The vict'ry is for you!

CHO. Then raise the temp'rance banner,
And let it proudly wave;
‖: Let sons and daughters gather
Fair freedom's land to save! :‖

Rev. M. L. Hofford.

GIVE ME THE WORLD FOR JESUS.

MARIAN FROELICH. G. FROELICH.


1. Give me the world, for I want it for Je - sus, All of its
2. Give me the world with its sin - darken'd plac - es, Haunted by
3. Give me the world, that in care - less de - ri - sion Smiles in the
wealth, and its jew- els and gold; All of its splen- dor, that daz-zles and
shad - ows of un- rest and sin; Give me the be - ings, with sor-row-hued
face of its dan-ger and loss; This is my earn - est, my heartfelt pe-
CHORUS.
pleas-es, Not for my - self, for His service to hold. Give me the
fac - es, I may for Je - sus and hap- pi - ness win.
ti - tion, That I may bring it to Cal - va - ry's cross.
world for Je - sus, Give me the world for Je - sus, This is my
the world for Je - sus,
the world for Je - sus,

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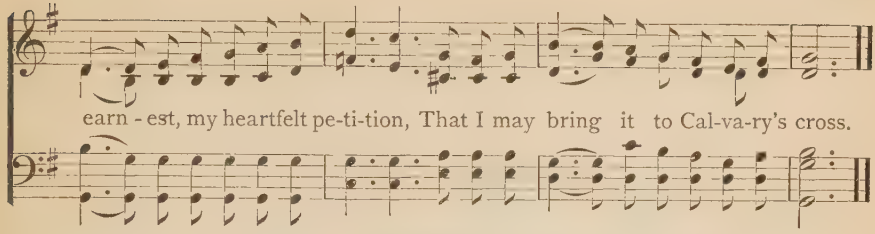
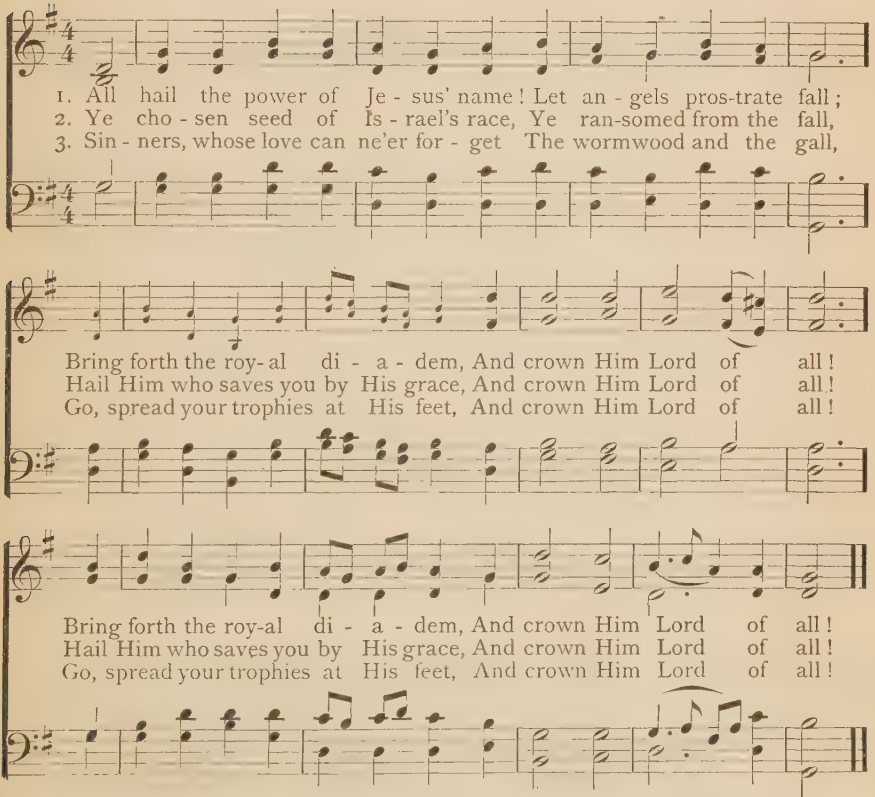


CORONATION.

REV. EDW. PERRONET. OLIVER HOLDEN.


1. All hail the power of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels pros-trate fall;
2. Ye cho - sen seed of Is - rael's race, Ye ran-somed from the fall,
3. Sin - ners, whose love can ne'er for - get The wormwood and the gall,
Bring forth the roy-al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all!
Hail Him who saves you by His grace, And crown Him Lord of all!
Go, spread your trophies at His feet, And crown Him Lord of all!
Bring forth the roy-al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all!
Hail Him who saves you by His grace, And crown Him Lord of all!
Go, spread your trophies at His feet, And crown Him Lord of all!

4 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all!

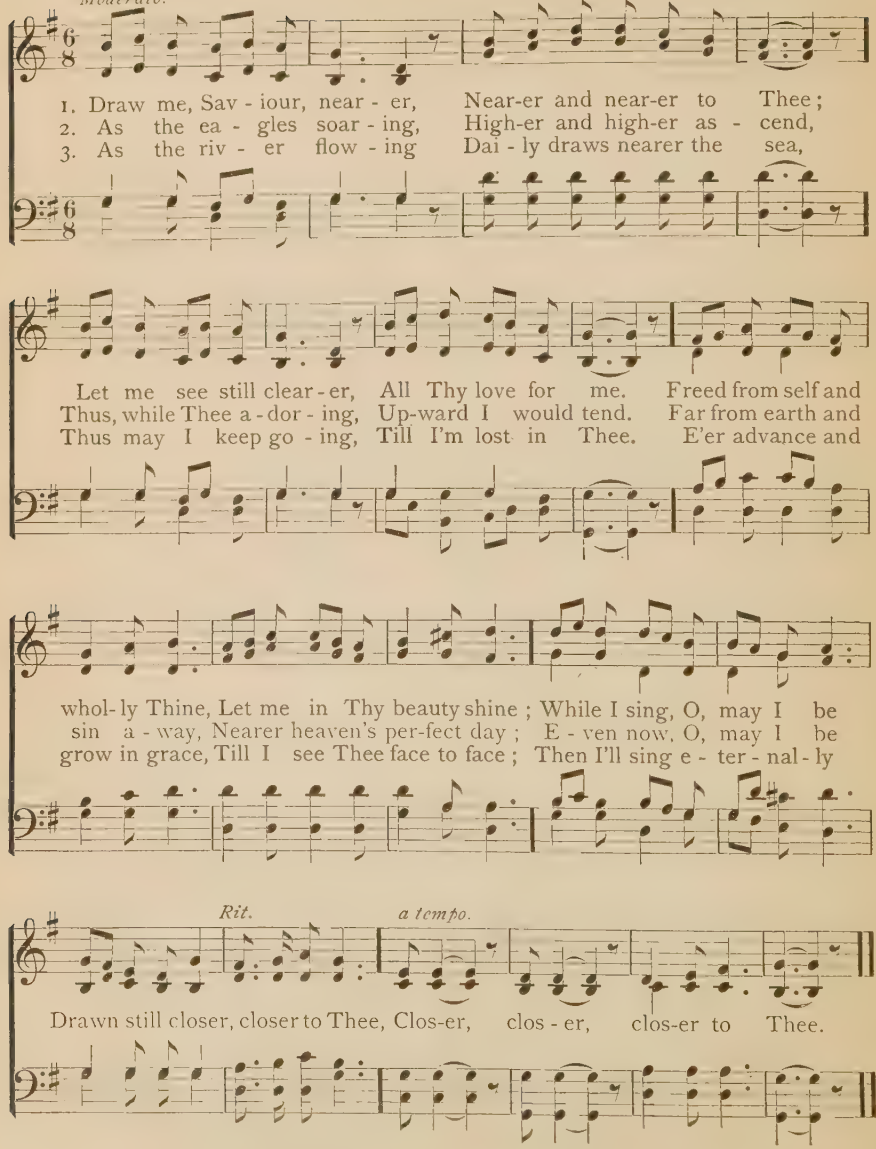
5 Oh, that with yonder sacred throng,
We at His feet may fall!
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown Him Lord of all!

CLOSER TO THEE.

REV. E. M. LONG.

REV. E. M. LONG.

Moderato.


1. Draw me, Sav - iour, near - er, Near-er and near-er to Thee;
2. As the ea - gles soar - ing, High-er and high-er as - cend,
3. As the riv - er flow - ing Dai - ly draws nearer the sea,
Let me see still clear - er, All Thy love for me. Freed from self and
Thus, while Thee a - dor - ing, Up-ward I would tend. Far from earth and
Thus may I keep go - ing, Till I'm lost in Thee. E'er advance and
whol - ly Thine, Let me in Thy beauty shine; While I sing, O, may I be
sin a - way, Nearer heaven's per-fect day; E - ven now, O, may I be
grow in grace, Till I see Thee face to face; Then I'll sing e - ter - nal - ly
Rit.
a tempo.
Drawn still closer, closer to Thee, Clos-er, clos - er, clos-er to Thee.

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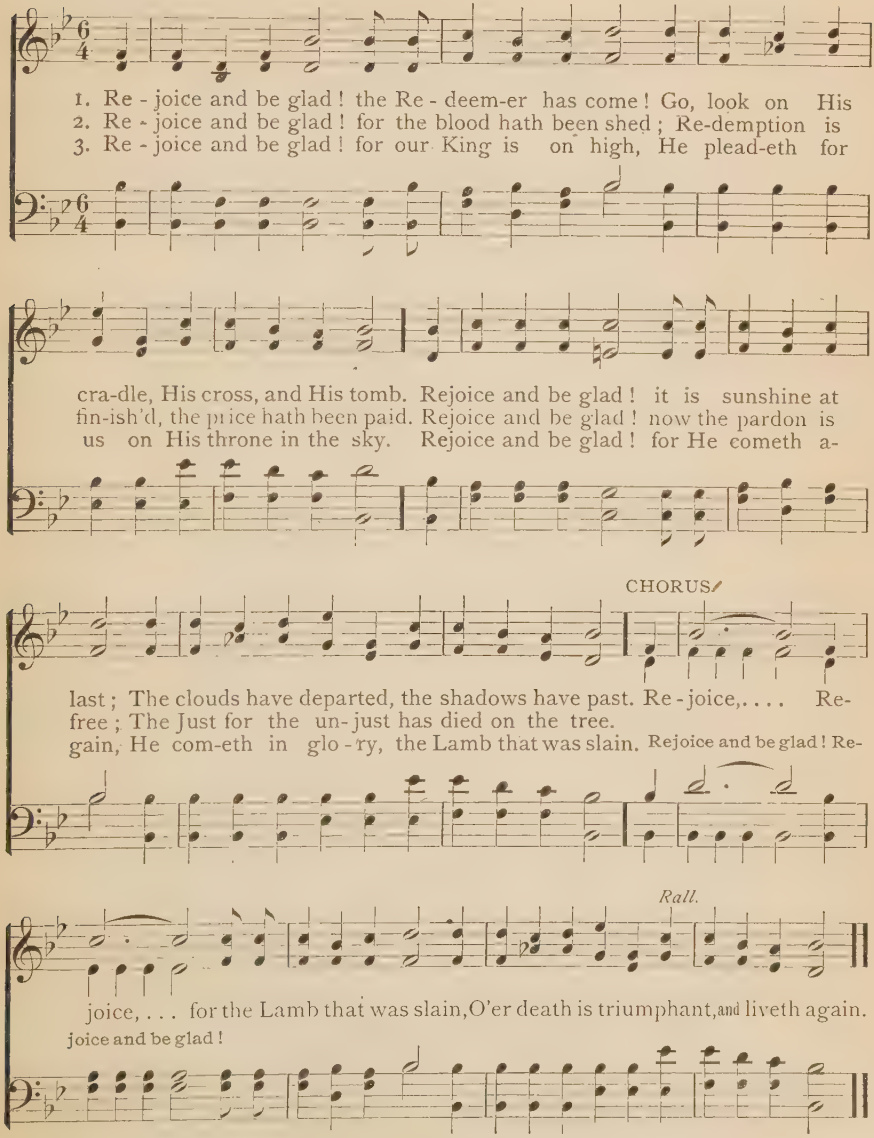
REJOICE AND BE GLAD!

HORATIUS BONAR. D. C. JOHN.


1. Re - joice and be glad! the Re - deem-er has come! Go, look on His
2. Re - joice and be glad! for the blood hath been shed; Re-demption is
3. Re - joice and be glad! for our King is on high, He plead-eth for
cra-dle, His cross, and His tomb. Rejoice and be glad! it is sunshine at
fin-ish'd, the price hath been paid. Rejoice and be glad! now the pardon is
us on His throne in the sky. Rejoice and be glad! for He cometh a-
CHORUS.
last; The clouds have departed, the shadows have past. Re - joice,.... Re-
free; The Just for the un - just has died on the tree.
gain, He com-eth in glo - ry, the Lamb that was slain. Rejoice and be glad! Re-
Rall.
joice, ... for the Lamb that was slain, O'er death is triumphant, and liveth again.
joice and be glad!

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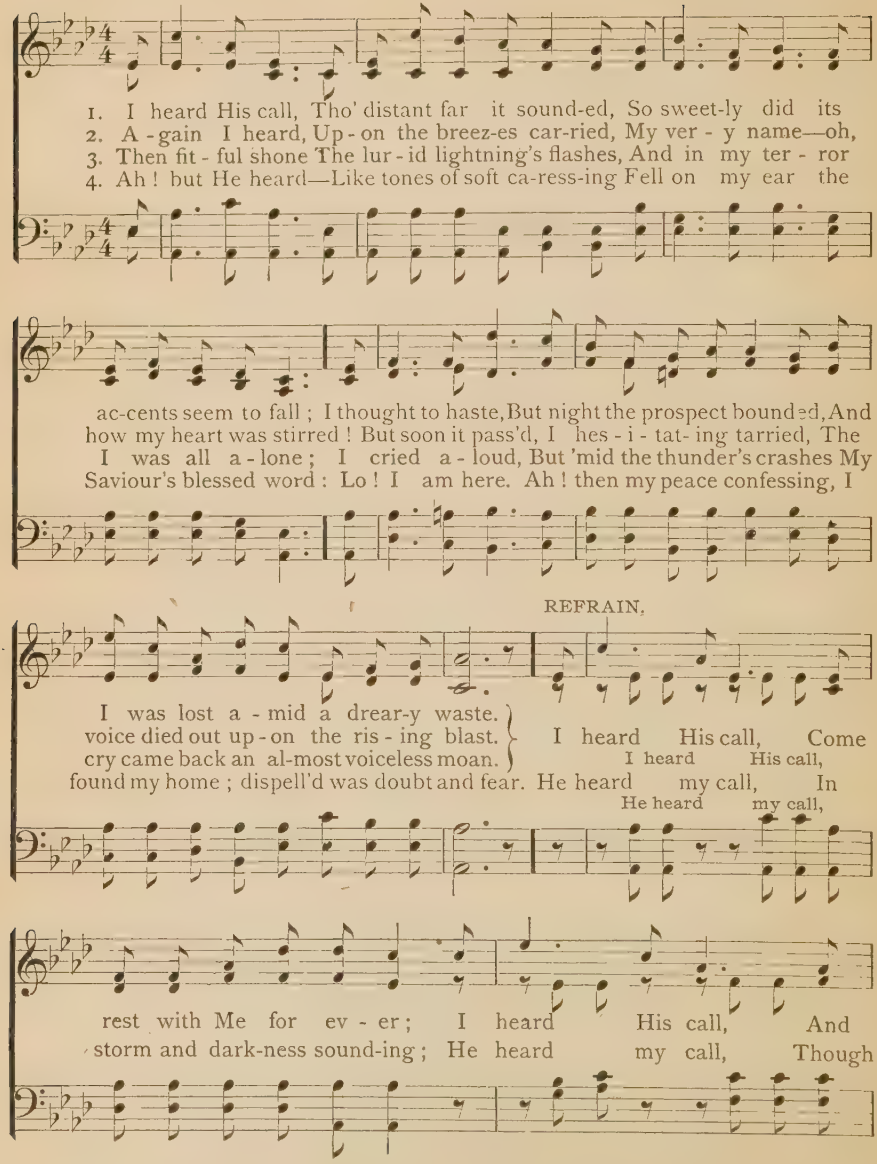
I HEARD HIS CALL.

MARIAN FROELICH. G. FROELICH.


1. I heard His call, Tho' distant far it sound-ed, So sweet-ly did its
2. A-gain I heard, Up-on the breez-es car-ried, My ver-y name—oh,
3. Then fit-ful shone The lur-id lightning's flashes, And in my ter-ror
4. Ah! but He heard—Like tones of soft ca-ress-ing Fell on my ear the
ac-cents seem to fall; I thought to haste, But night the prospect bounded, And
how my heart was stirred! But soon it pass'd, I hes-i-tat-ing tarried, The
I was all a-lone; I cried a-loud, But 'mid the thunder's crashes My
Saviour's blessed word: Lo! I am here. Ah! then my peace confessing, I
REFRAIN.
I was lost a-mid a drear-y waste.
voice died out up-on the ris-ing blast.
cry came back an al-most voiceless moan.
I heard His call, Come
found my home; dispell'd was doubt and fear. He heard my call, In
I heard His call,
He heard my call,
rest with Me for ev-er; I heard His call, And
storm and dark-ness sound-ing; He heard my call, Though

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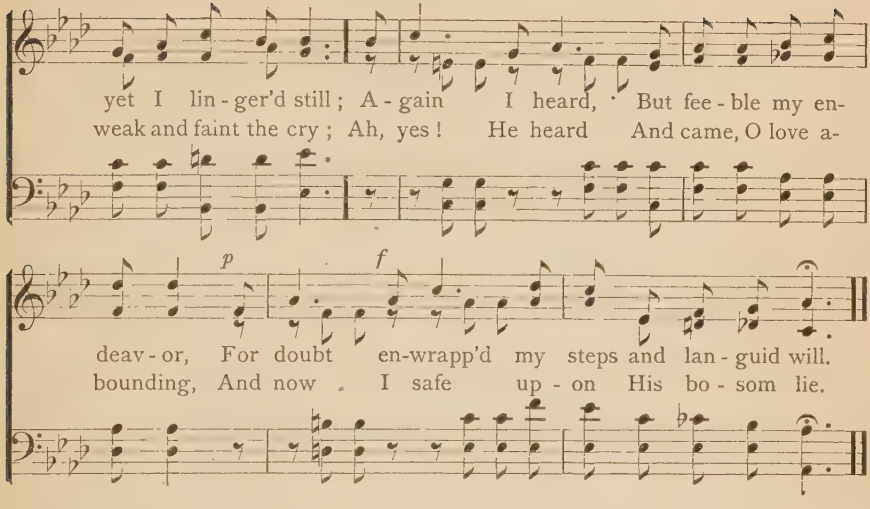
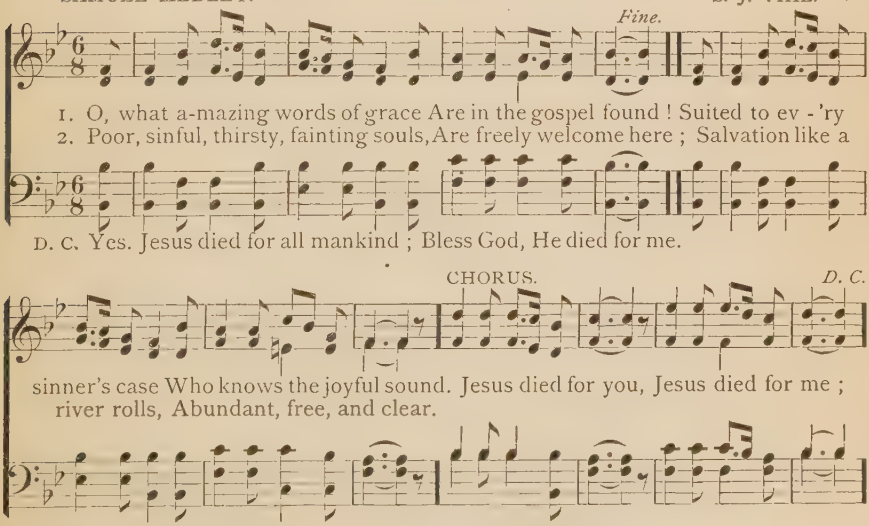

yet I lin - ger'd still ; A - gain I heard, But fee - ble my en-
weak and faint the cry ; Ah, yes ! He heard And came, O love a-
p
f
deav - or, For doubt en-wrapp'd my steps and lan - guid will.
bounding, And now I safe up - on His bo - som lie.

JESUS DIED FOR YOU.

SAMUEL MEDLEY. S. J. VAIL.

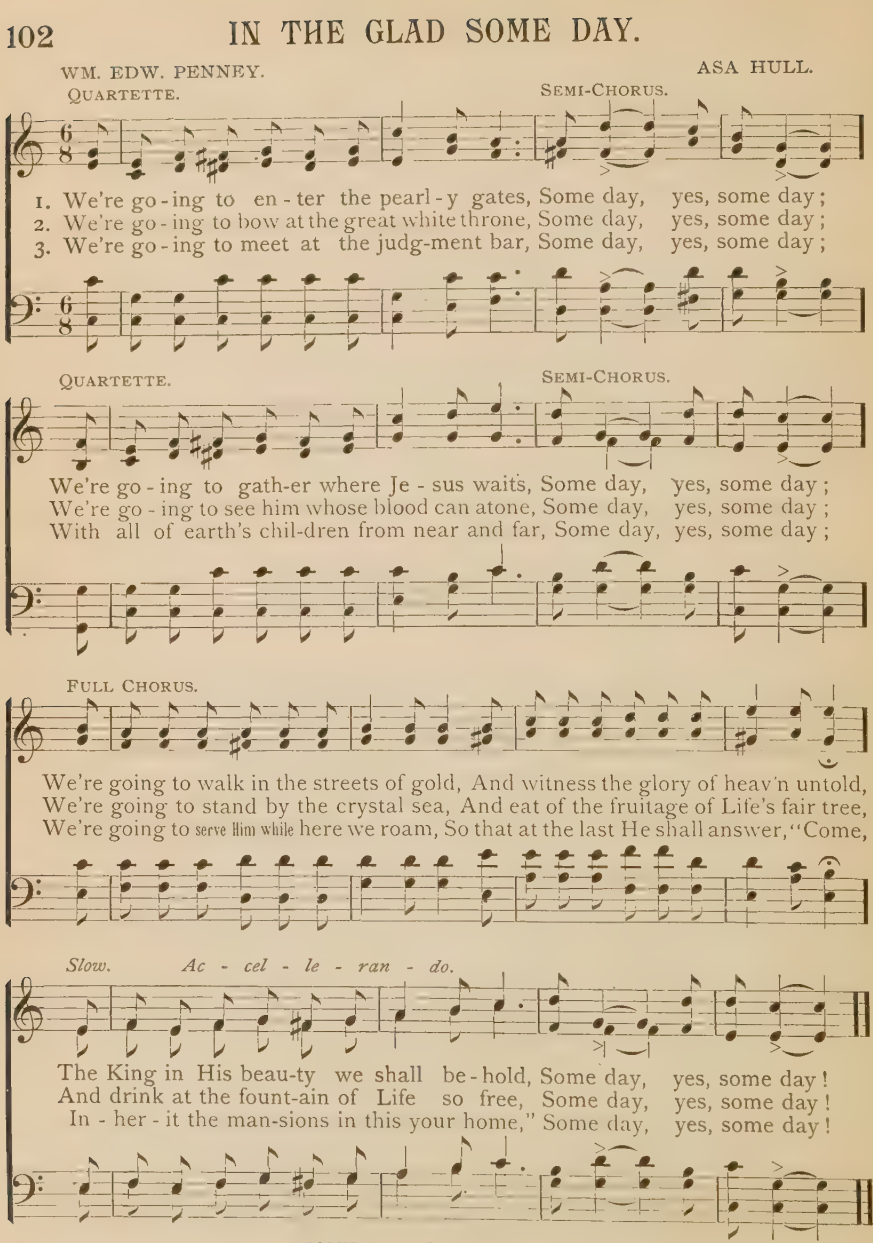

Fine.
1. O, what a-mazing words of grace Are in the gospel found ! Suited to ev - 'ry
2. Poor, sinful, thirsty, fainting souls, Are freely welcome here ; Salvation like a
D. C. Yes. Jesus died for all mankind ; Bless God, He died for me.
CHORUS.
D. C.
sinner's case Who knows the joyful sound. Jesus died for you, Jesus died for me ;
river rolls, Abundant, free, and clear.

3 Come, then, with all your wants and wounds,
Your every burden bring ;
Here love, unchanging love abounds,—
A deep, celestial spring.

4 Millions of sinners vile as you,
Have here found life and peace ;
Come, then, and prove its virtues too,
And drink, adore, and bless.

IN THE GLAD SOME DAY.

WM. EDW. PENNEY. ASA HULL.


QUARTETTE.
SEMI-CHORUS.
1. We're go-ing to en-ter the pearl-y gates, Some day, yes, some day;
2. We're go-ing to bow at the great white throne, Some day, yes, some day;
3. We're go-ing to meet at the judg-ment bar, Some day, yes, some day;
QUARTETTE.
SEMI-CHORUS.
We're go-ing to gath-er where Je-sus waits, Some day, yes, some day;
We're go-ing to see him whose blood can atone, Some day, yes, some day;
With all of earth's chil-dren from near and far, Some day, yes, some day;
FULL CHORUS.
We're going to walk in the streets of gold, And witness the glory of heav'n untold,
We're going to stand by the crystal sea, And eat of the fruitage of Life's fair tree,
We're going to serve Him while here we roam, So that at the last He shall answer, "Come,
Slow. Ac-cel-le-ran-do.
The King in His beau-ty we shall be-hold, Some day, yes, some day!
And drink at the fount-ain of Life so free, Some day, yes, some day!
In-her-it the man-sions in this your home," Some day, yes, some day!

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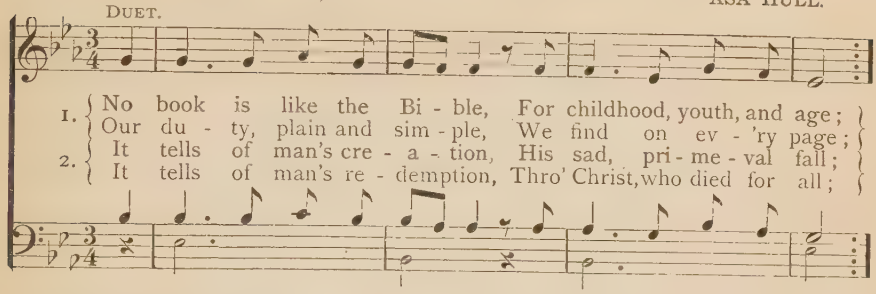
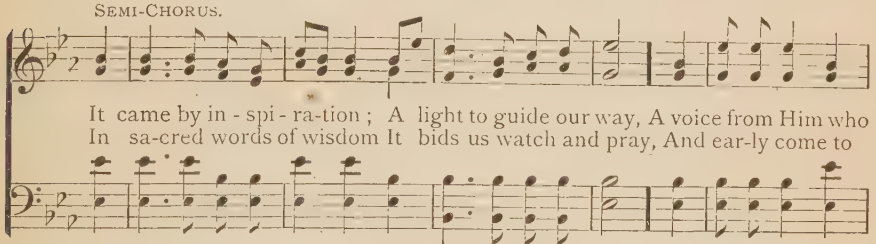
NO BOOK IS LIKE THE BIBLE.

FANNY J. CROSBY. ASA HULL.

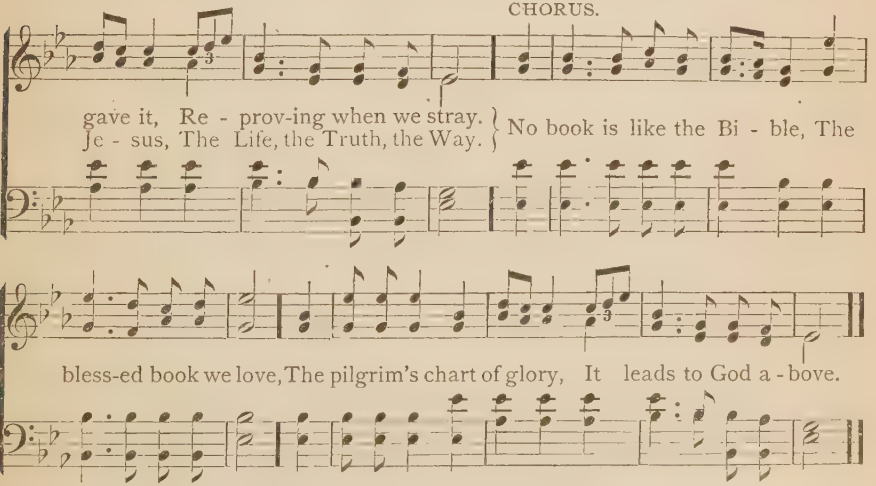
DUET.


1. No book is like the Bi - ble, For childhood, youth, and age;
Our du - ty, plain and sim - ple, We find on ev - 'ry page;
2. It tells of man's cre - a - tion, His sad, pri - me - val fall;
It tells of man's re - demption, Thro' Christ, who died for all;

SEMI-CHORUS.


It came by in - spi - ra-tion; A light to guide our way, A voice from Him who
In sa-cred words of wisdom It bids us watch and pray, And ear-ly come to

CHORUS.


gave it, Re - prov-ing when we stray.
Je - sus, The Life, the Truth, the Way.
No book is like the Bi - ble, The
bless-ed book we love, The pilgrim's chart of glory, It leads to God a - bove.

3 Oh, let us love the Bible,
And praise it more and more;
Our life is like a shadow,
Our days will soon be o'er;
But if we closely follow
The counsel God has given,
We then may hope with angels
To sing His praise in heaven.

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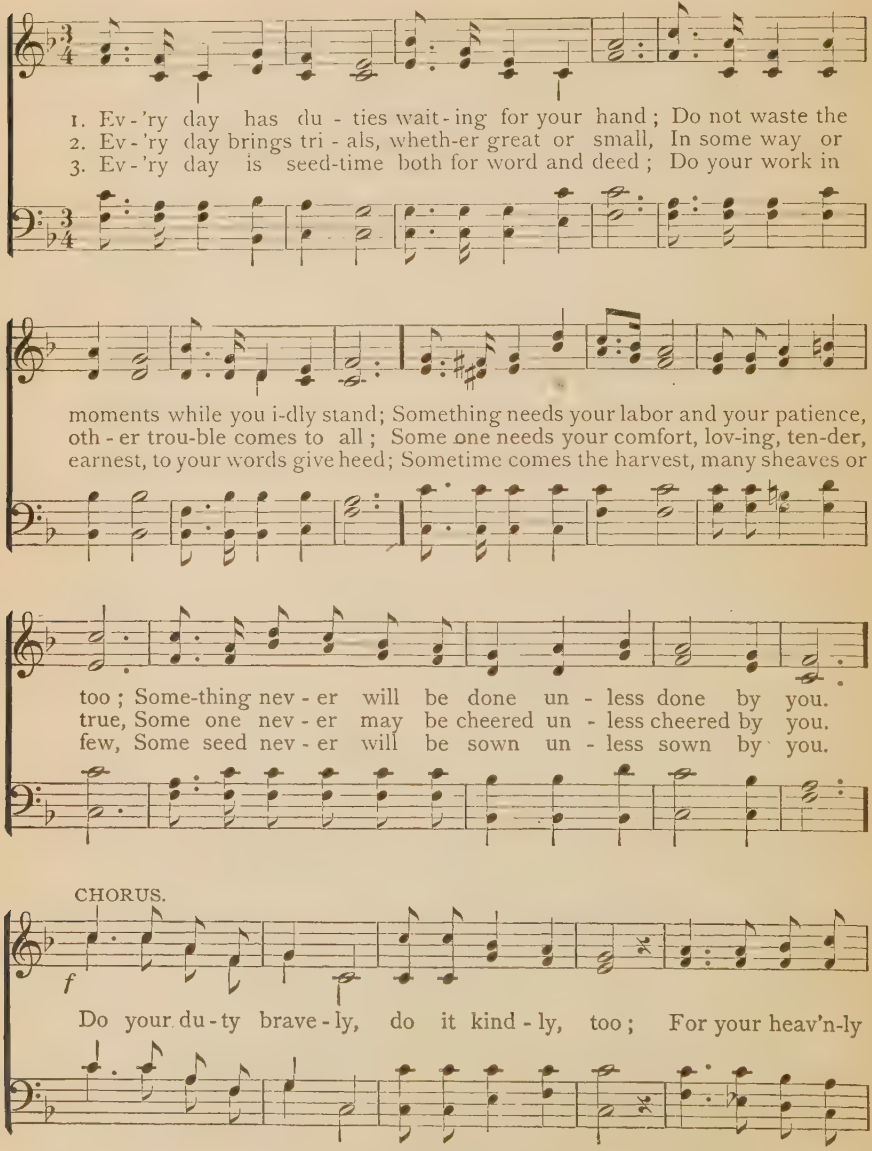
SOMETHING EVERY DAY.

ROBERT DREW ATHERLY. JOHN GREENE.


1. Ev-'ry day has du-ties wait-ing for your hand; Do not waste the
2. Ev-'ry day brings tri-als, wheth-er great or small, In some way or
3. Ev-'ry day is seed-time both for word and deed; Do your work in
moments while you i-dly stand; Something needs your labor and your patience,
oth-er trou-ble comes to all; Some one needs your comfort, lov-ing, ten-der,
earnest, to your words give heed; Sometime comes the harvest, many sheaves or
too; Some-thing nev-er will be done un-less done by you.
true, Some one nev-er may be cheered un-less cheered by you.
few, Some seed nev-er will be sown un-less sown by you.
CHORUS.
f
Do your du-ty brave-ly, do it kind-ly, too; For your heav'n-ly

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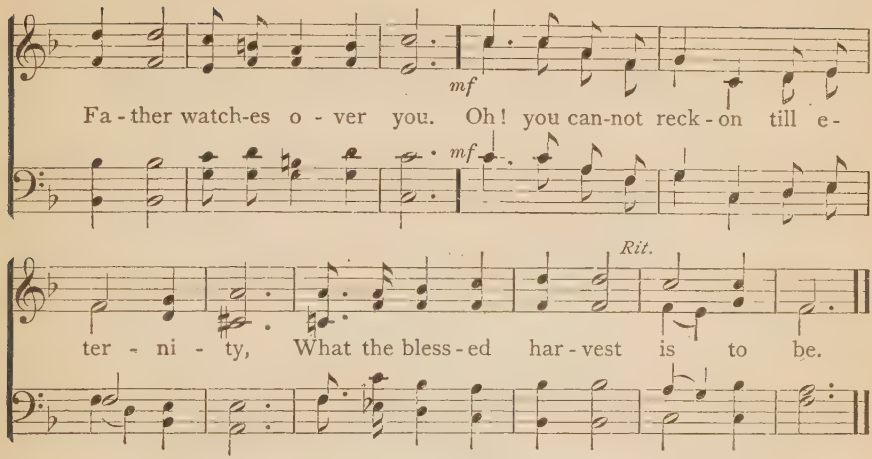
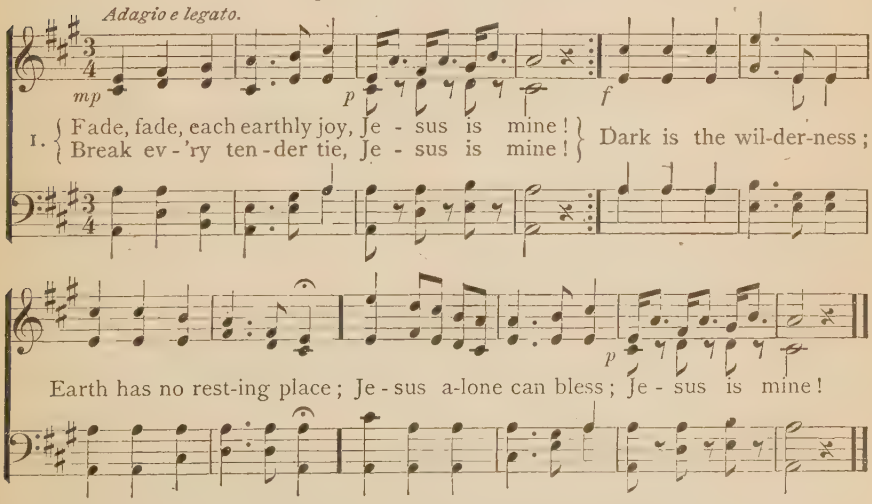


JESUS IS MINE.

ARRANGED.

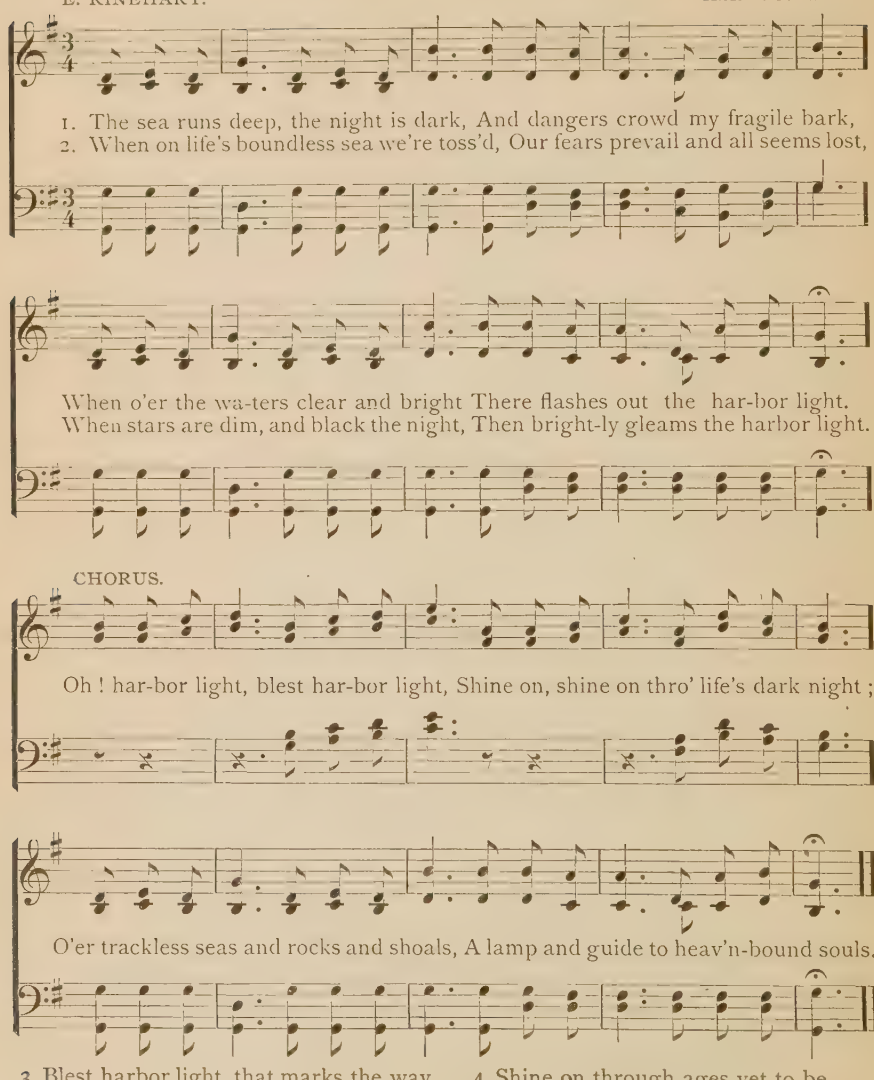

Adagio e legato.
mp
p
f
1. { Fade, fade, each earthly joy, Je - sus is mine! } Dark is the wil-der-ness;
{ Break ev - 'ry ten - der tie, Je - sus is mine! }
p
Earth has no rest-ing place; Je - sus a-lone can bless; Je - sus is mine!

2 Tempt not my soul away;
Jesus is mine!
Here would I ever stay;
Jesus is mine!
Perishing things of clay,
Born but for one brief day,
Pass from my heart away;
Jesus is mine!

3 Farewell, ye dreams of night,
Jesus is mine!
Lost in this dawning bright,
Jesus is mine!
All that my soul has tried
Left but a dismal void;
Jesus has satisfied;
Jesus is mine!

THE HARBOR LIGHT.

E. RINEHART. ASA HULL.


1. The sea runs deep, the night is dark, And dangers crowd my fragile bark,
2. When on life's boundless sea we're toss'd, Our fears prevail and all seems lost,
When o'er the wa-ters clear and bright There flashes out the har-bor light.
When stars are dim, and black the night, Then bright-ly gleams the harbor light.
CHORUS.
Oh ! har-bor light, blest har-bor light, Shine on, shine on thro' life's dark night ;
O'er trackless seas and rocks and shoals, A lamp and guide to heav'n-bound souls.

3 Blest harbor light, that marks the way
Into the broad and quiet bay,
Where storm-tossed souls shall ever rest
Upon its shore among the blest.

4 Shine on through ages yet to be,
Oh ! harbor light on Calvary,
And let thy beams illume the way
From earth to God's eternal day.

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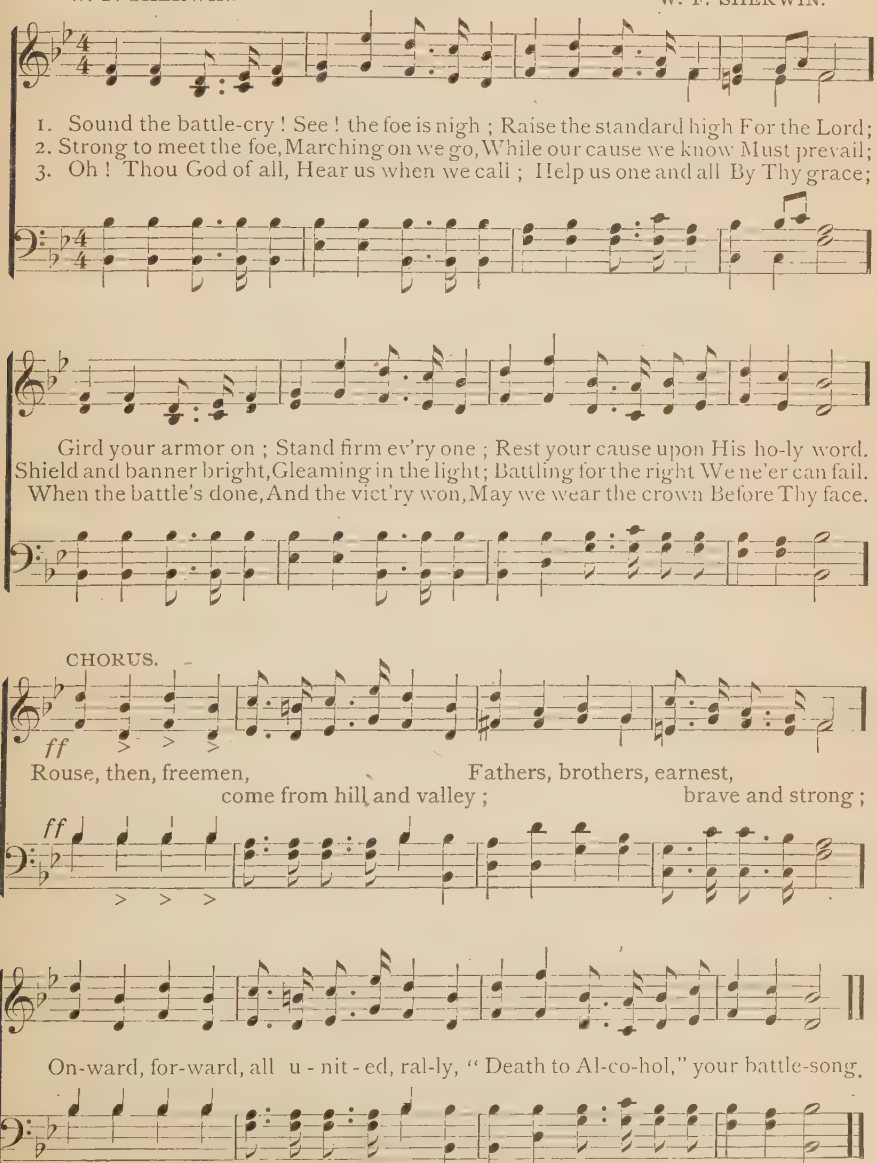
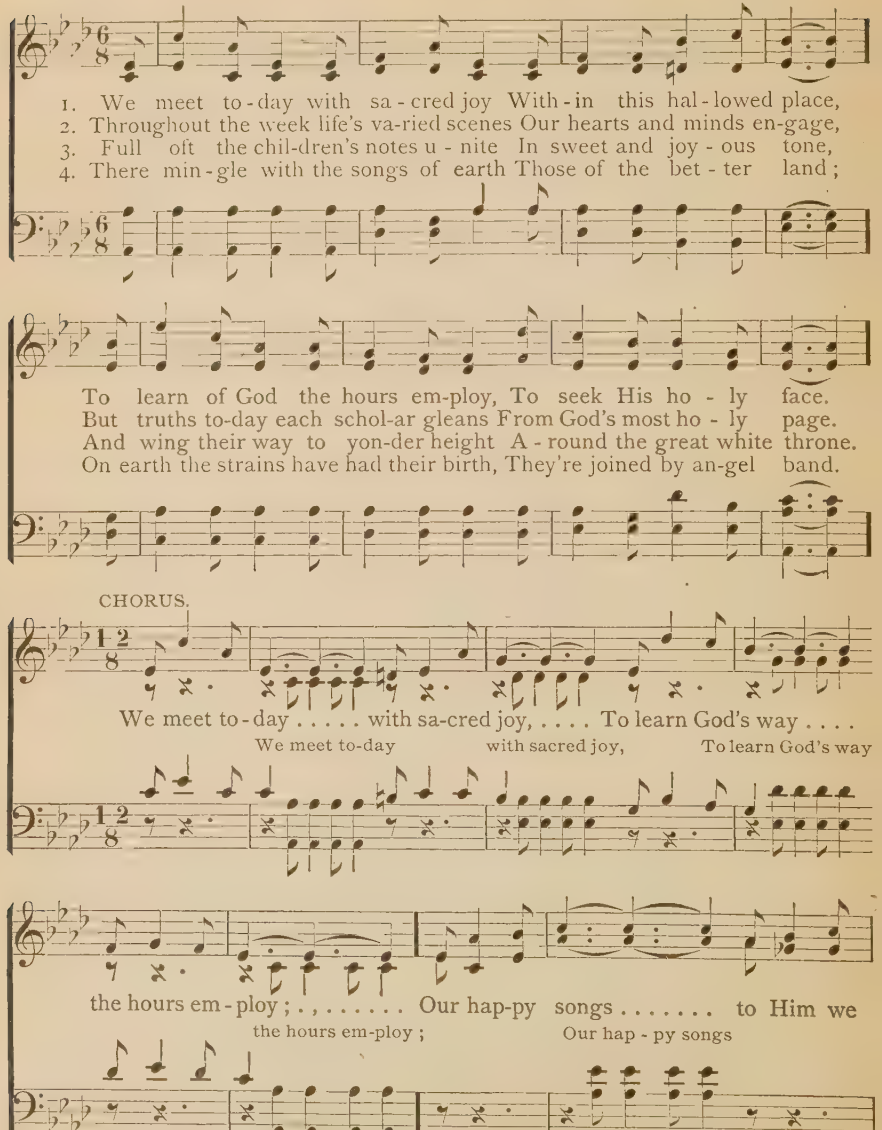
SOUND THE BATTLE-CRY.

W. F. SHERWIN. W. F. SHERWIN.


1. Sound the battle-cry ! See ! the foe is nigh ; Raise the standard high For the Lord;
2. Strong to meet the foe, Marching on we go, While our cause we know Must prevail;
3. Oh ! Thou God of all, Hear us when we call ; Help us one and all By Thy grace;
Gird your armor on ; Stand firm ev'ry one ; Rest your cause upon His ho-ly word.
Shield and banner bright, Gleaming in the light; Battling for the right We ne'er can fail.
When the battle's done, And the vict'ry won, May we wear the crown Before Thy face.
CHORUS.
ff
Rouse, then, freemen, come from hill and valley ;
Fathers, brothers, earnest, brave and strong ;
ff
On-ward, for-ward, all u - nit - ed, ral-ly, " Death to Al-co-hol," your battle-song.

MARIAN FROELICH. G. FROELICH.


1. We meet to-day with sa-cred joy With-in this hal-lowed place,
2. Throughout the week life's va-ried scenes Our hearts and minds en-gage,
3. Full oft the chil-dren's notes u-nite In sweet and joy-ous tone,
4. There min-gle with the songs of earth Those of the bet-ter land;
To learn of God the hours em-ploy, To seek His ho-ly face.
But truths to-day each schol-ar gleans From God's most ho-ly page.
And wing their way to yon-der height A-round the great white throne.
On earth the strains have had their birth, They're joined by an-gel band.
CHORUS.
We meet to-day . . . . . with sa-cred joy, ... To learn God's way . . . .
We meet to-day with sacred joy, To learn God's way
the hours em-ploy; . . . . . Our hap-py songs . . . . . to Him we
the hours em-ploy; Our hap-py songs

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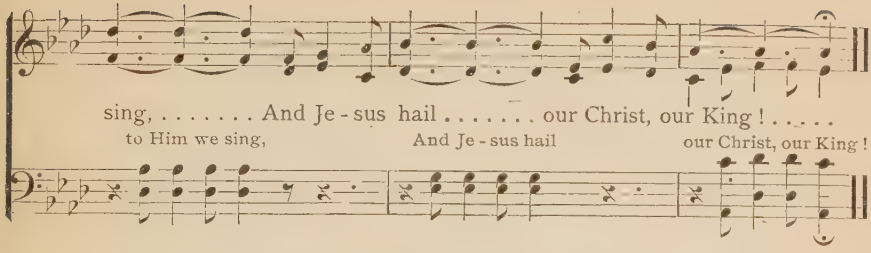
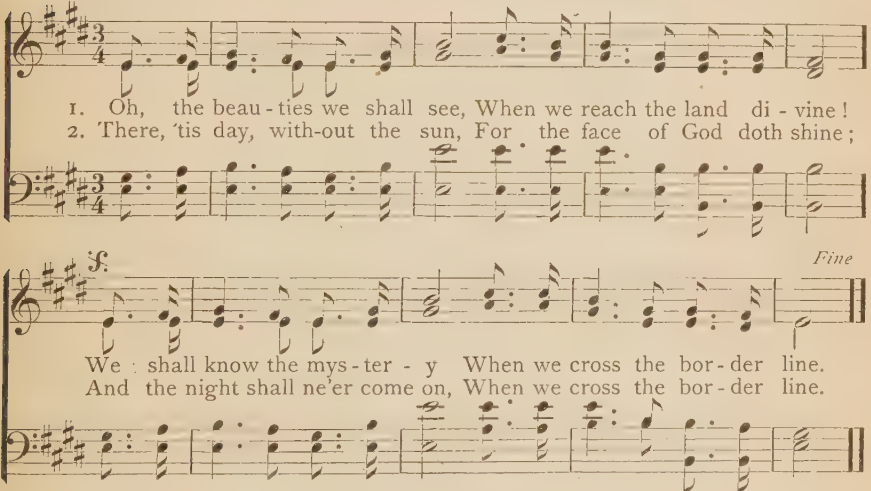
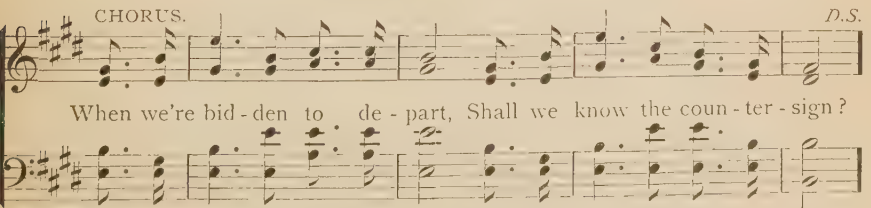


THE BORDER LINE.

E. R. LATTA. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.


1. Oh, the beau - ties we shall see, When we reach the land di - vine !
2. There, 'tis day, with-out the sun, For the face of God doth shine ;
f.
Fine
We shall know the mys - ter - y When we cross the bor - der line.
And the night shall ne'er come on, When we cross the bor - der line.
D.S. With a glad - ness of the heart Shall we cross the bor - der line ?



3 There, we shall no burden bear,
And our hearts shall ne'er repine ;
We shall never know a care,
When we cross the border line.

4 Help us Lord, to pray the prayer,
"Not my will be done, but Thine !"
We will praise Thee, over there,
When we cross the border line.

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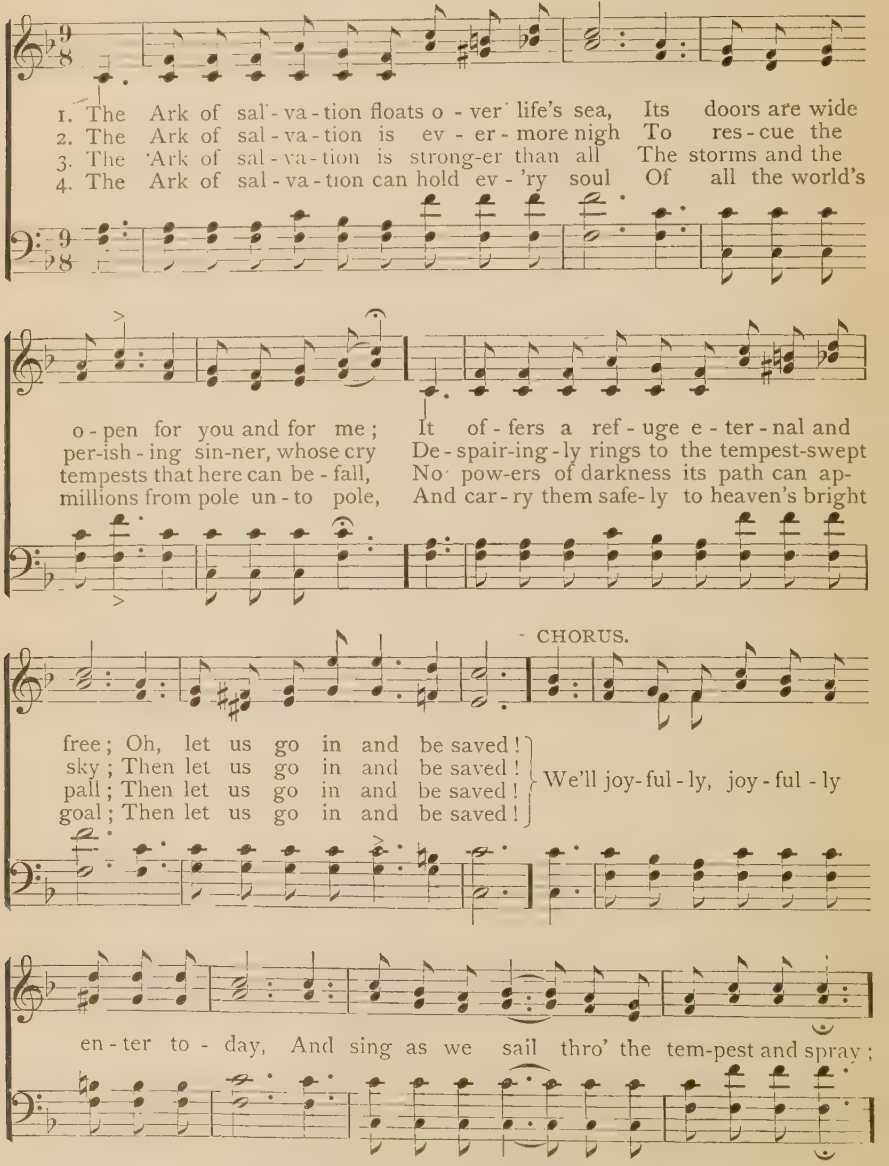
THE ARK OF SALVATION.

WM. EDW. PENNEY. ASA HULL.


1. The Ark of sal-va-tion floats o-ver life's sea, Its doors are wide
2. The Ark of sal-va-tion is ev-er-more nigh To res-cue the
3. The Ark of sal-va-tion is strong-er than all The storms and the
4. The Ark of sal-va-tion can hold ev-'ry soul Of all the world's
o-pen for you and for me; It of-fers a ref-uge e-ter-nal and
per-ish-ing sin-ner, whose cry De-spair-ing-ly rings to the tempest-swept
tempests that here can be-fall, No pow-ers of darkness its path can ap-
millions from pole un-to pole, And car-ry them safe-ly to heaven's bright
CHORUS.
free; Oh, let us go in and be saved!
sky; Then let us go in and be saved!
pall; Then let us go in and be saved!
goal; Then let us go in and be saved!
We'll joy-ful-ly, joy-ful-ly
en-ter to-day, And sing as we sail thro' the tem-pest and spray;

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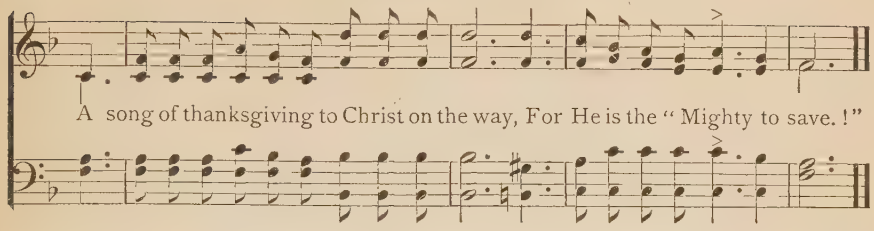
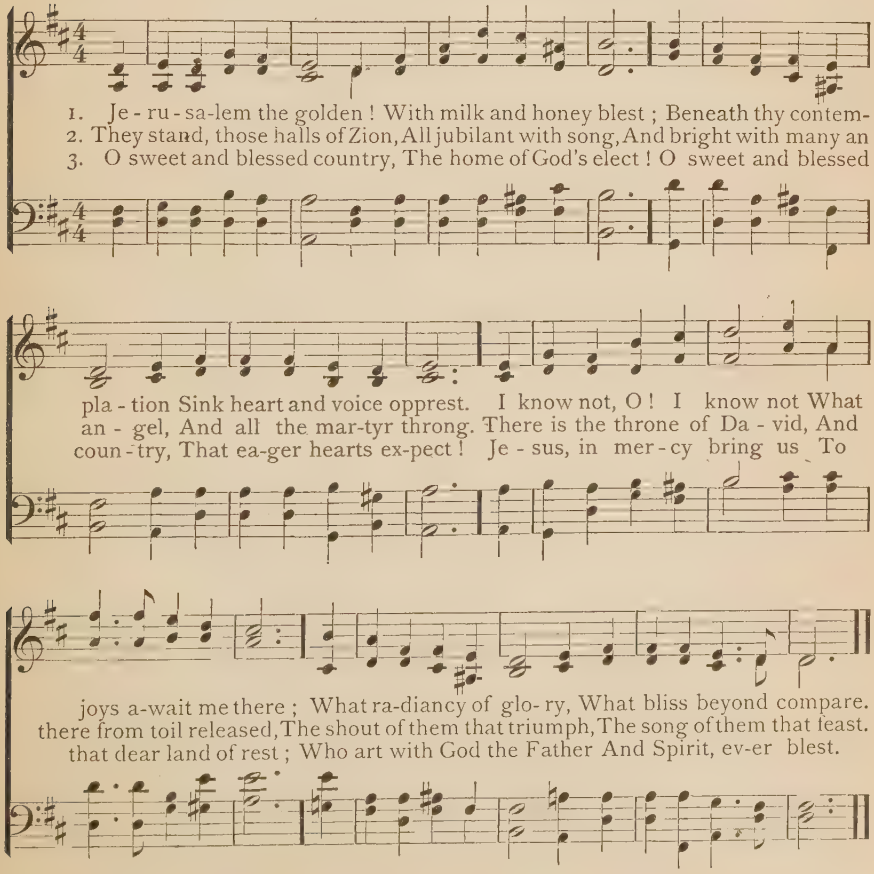


JERUSALEM, THE GOLDEN.

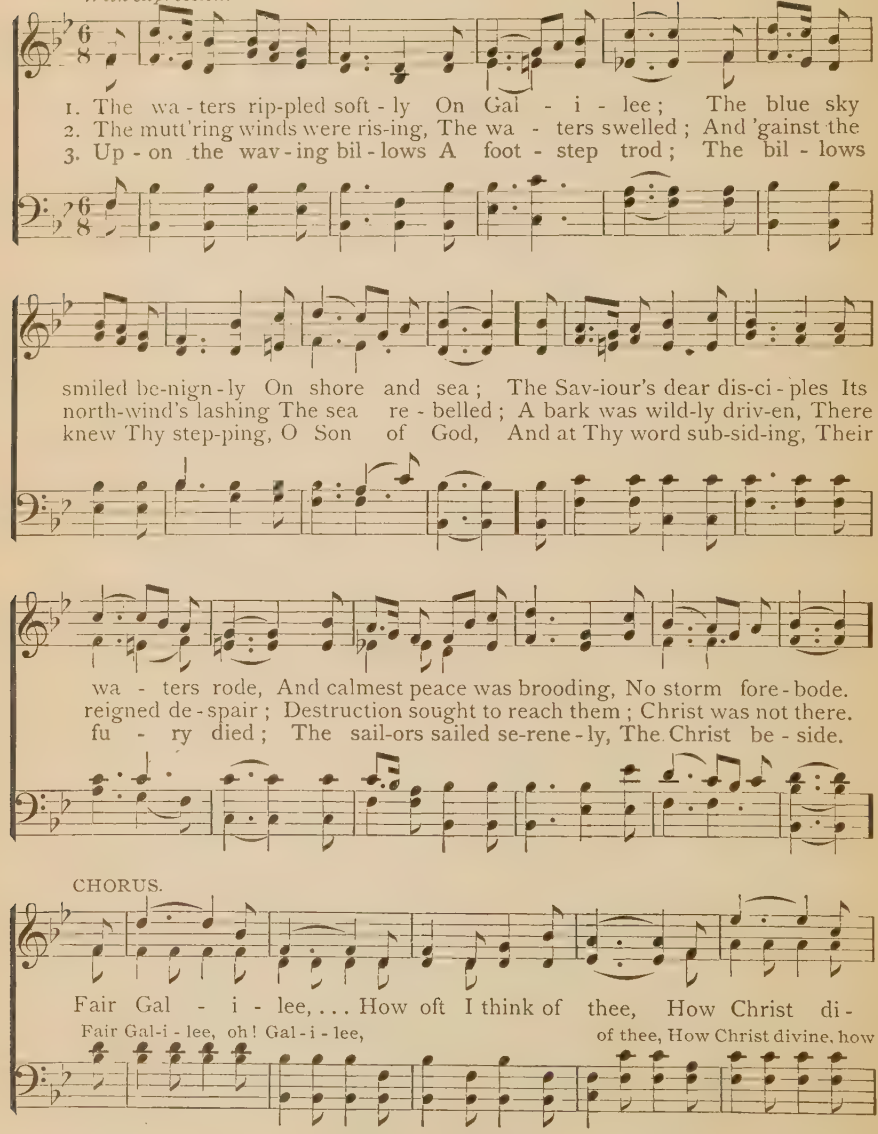
J. M. NEALE. REV. H. L. JENNER.


1. Je - ru - sa-lem the golden ! With milk and honey blest ; Beneath thy contem-
2. They stand, those halls of Zion, All jubilant with song, And bright with many an
3. O sweet and blessed country, The home of God's elect ! O sweet and blessed
pla - tion Sink heart and voice opprest. I know not, O ! I know not What
an - gel, And all the mar-tyr throng. There is the throne of Da - vid, And
coun - try, That ea-ger hearts ex-pect ! Je - sus, in mer - cy bring us To
joys a-wait me there ; What ra-diancy of glo - ry, What bliss beyond compare.
there from toil released, The shout of them that triumph, The song of them that feast.
that dear land of rest ; Who art with God the Father And Spirit, ev-er blest.

FAIR GALILEE.

MARIAN FROELICH. G. FROELICH.

With expression.


1. The wa - ters rip-pled soft - ly On Gal - i - lee; The blue sky
2. The mutt'ring winds were ris-ing, The wa - ters swelled; And 'gainst the
3. Up - on the wav - ing bil - lows A foot - step trod; The bil - lows
smiled be-nign - ly On shore and sea; The Sav-iour's dear dis-ci - ples Its
north-wind's lashing The sea re - belled; A bark was wild-ly driv-en, There
knew Thy step-ping, O Son of God, And at Thy word sub-sid-ing, Their
wa - ters rode, And calmest peace was brooding, No storm fore - bode.
reigned de - spair; Destruction sought to reach them; Christ was not there.
fu - ry died; The sail-ors sailed se-rene - ly, The Christ be - side.
CHORUS.
Fair Gal - i - lee, . . . How oft I think of thee, How Christ di -
Fair Gal-i - lee, oh! Gal - i - lee, of thee, How Christ divine, how

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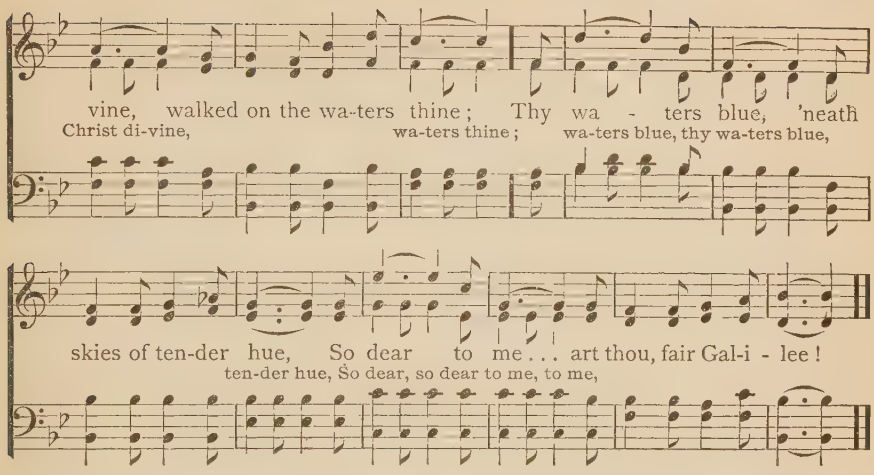
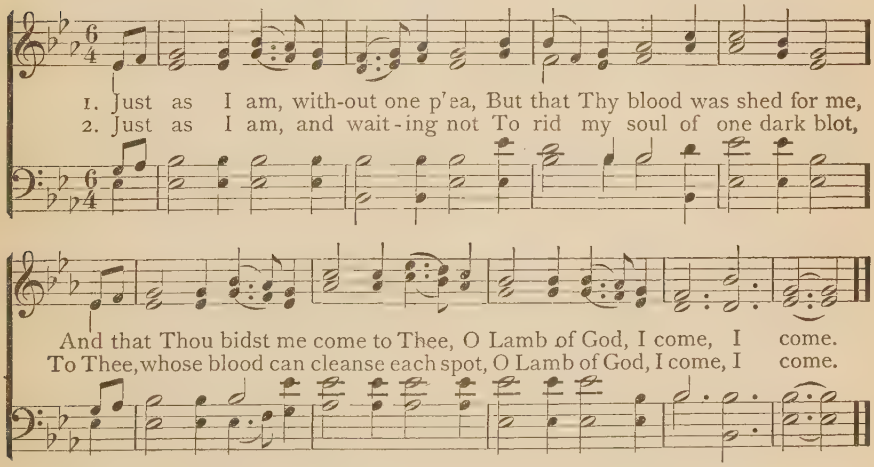

vine, walked on the wa-ters thine; Thy wa - ters blue, 'neath
Christ di-vine, wa-ters thine; wa-ters blue, thy wa-ters blue,
skies of ten-der hue, So dear to me . . . art thou, fair Gal-i - lee!
ten-der hue, So dear, so dear to me, to me,

JUST AS I AM.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT. WM. B. BRADBURY.


1. Just as I am, with-out one p'ea, But that Thy blood was shed for me,
2. Just as I am, and wait-ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot,
And that Thou bidst me come to Thee, O Lamb of God, I come, I come.
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

3 Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind,
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need in Thee I find;
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

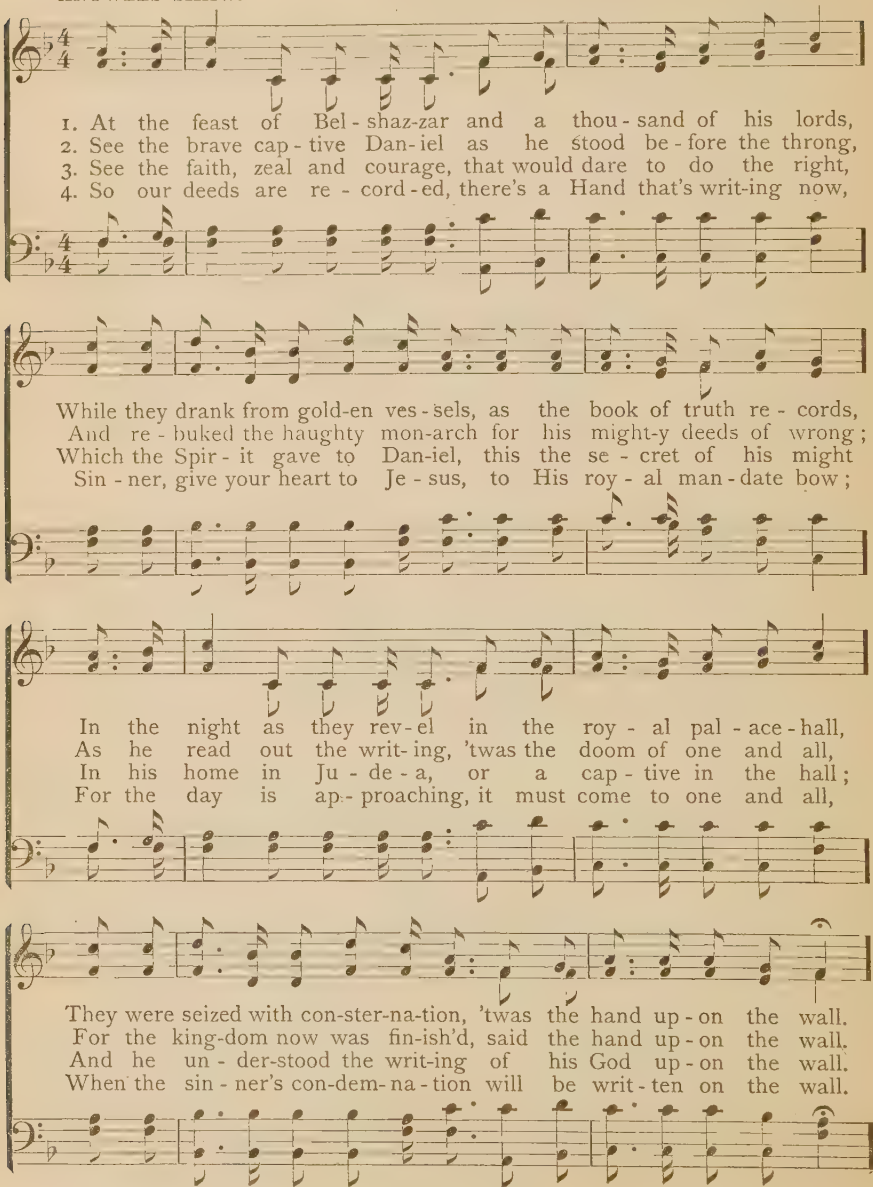
4 Just as I am, though toss'd about,
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings within, and fears without,—
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

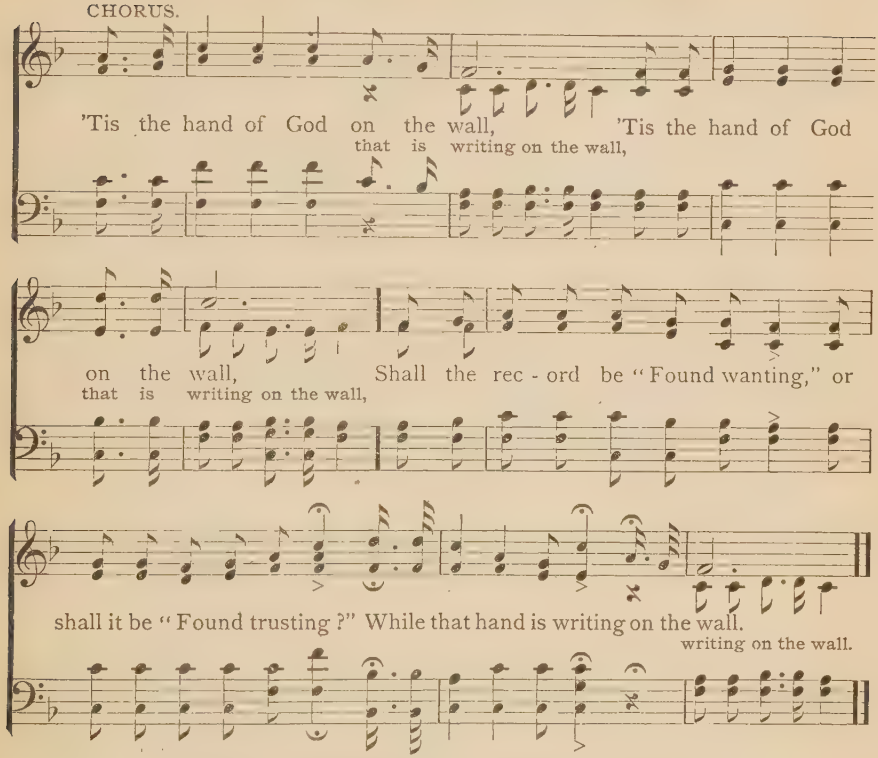
5 Just as I am Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

6 Just as I am, Thy love unknown
Hath broken every barrier down;
Now to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

THE HANDWRITING ON THE WALL.

KNOWLES SHAW. KNOWLES SHAW. By Per.


1. At the feast of Bel - shaz-zar and a thou - sand of his lords,
2. See the brave cap - tive Dan - iel as he stood be - fore the throng,
3. See the faith, zeal and courage, that would dare to do the right,
4. So our deeds are re - cord - ed, there's a Hand that's writ-ing now,
While they drank from gold-en ves - sels, as the book of truth re - cords,
And re - buked the haughty mon-arch for his might-y deeds of wrong;
Which the Spir - it gave to Dan-iel, this the se - cret of his might
Sin - ner, give your heart to Je - sus, to His roy - al man - date bow;
In the night as they rev - el in the roy - al pal - ace - hall,
As he read out the writ- ing, 'twas the doom of one and all,
In his home in Ju - de - a, or a cap - tive in the hall;
For the day is ap - proaching, it must come to one and all,
They were seized with con-ster-na-tion, 'twas the hand up - on the wall.
For the king-dom now was fin-ish'd, said the hand up - on the wall.
And he un - der-stood the writ-ing of his God up - on the wall.
When the sin - ner's con-dem- na - tion will be writ - ten on the wall.


CHORUS.
'Tis the hand of God on the wall, 'Tis the hand of God
that is writing on the wall,
on the wall, Shall the rec - ord be "Found wanting," or
that is writing on the wall,
shall it be "Found trusting?" While that hand is writing on the wall.
writing on the wall.

WORK, FOR THE NIGHT IS COMING.

1 WORK, for the night is coming,
Work through the morning hours,
Work while the dew is sparkling,
Work 'mid springing flow'rs;
Work, when the day grows brighter,
Work in the glowing sun;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man's work is done.

2 Work, for the night is coming,
Work through the sunny noon;
Fill brightest hours with labor,—
Rest comes sure and soon:
Give ev'ry flying minute
Something to keep in store;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man works no more.

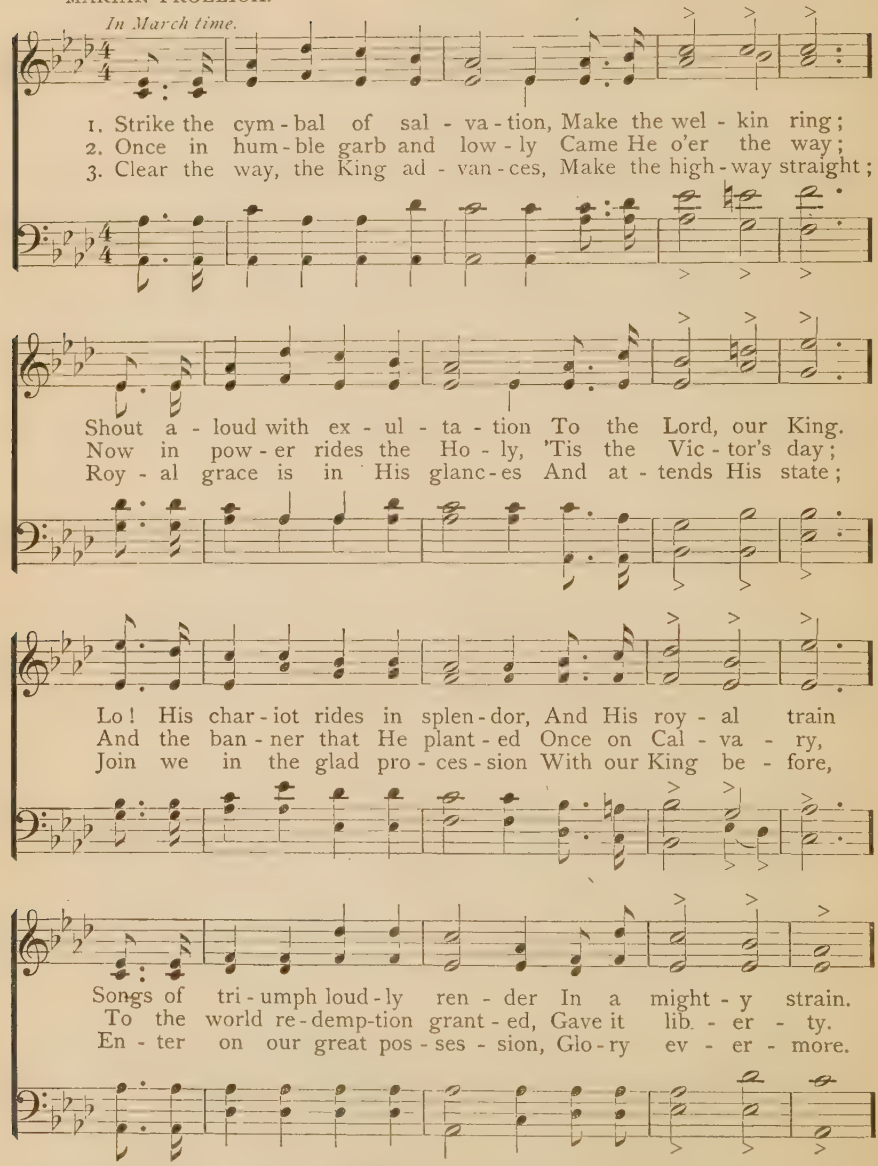
3 Work, for the night is coming,
Under the sunset skies;
While their bright tints are glowing,
Work, for the daylight flies;
Work, till the last beam fadeth,
Fadeth to shine no more;
Work, while the night is dark'ning,
When man's work is o'er.

4 Work, for the night is coming,
Work, while the fields are white;
Work, for thy sands are running,
Work, while hopes are bright;
Gather thy sheaves of morning;
Rest not thy hand at noon;
Labor and strive till evening;
Rest when daylight 's gone.

Sidney Dyer.

THE KING'S ADVANCE.

MARIAN FROELICH. G. FROELICH.

In March time.

1. Strike the cym - bal of sal - va - tion, Make the wel - kin ring;
2. Once in hum - ble garb and low - ly Came He o'er the way;
3. Clear the way, the King ad - van - ces, Make the high - way straight;
Shout a - loud with ex - ul - ta - tion To the Lord, our King.
Now in pow - er rides the Ho - ly, 'Tis the Vic - tor's day;
Roy - al grace is in His glanc - es And at - tends His state;
Lo! His char - iot rides in splen - dor, And His roy - al train
And the ban - ner that He plant - ed Once on Cal - va - ry,
Join we in the glad pro - ces - sion With our King be - fore,
Songs of tri - umph loud - ly ren - der In a might - y strain.
To the world re - demp - tion grant - ed, Gave it lib - er - ty.
En - ter on our great pos - ses - sion, Glo - ry ev - er - more.

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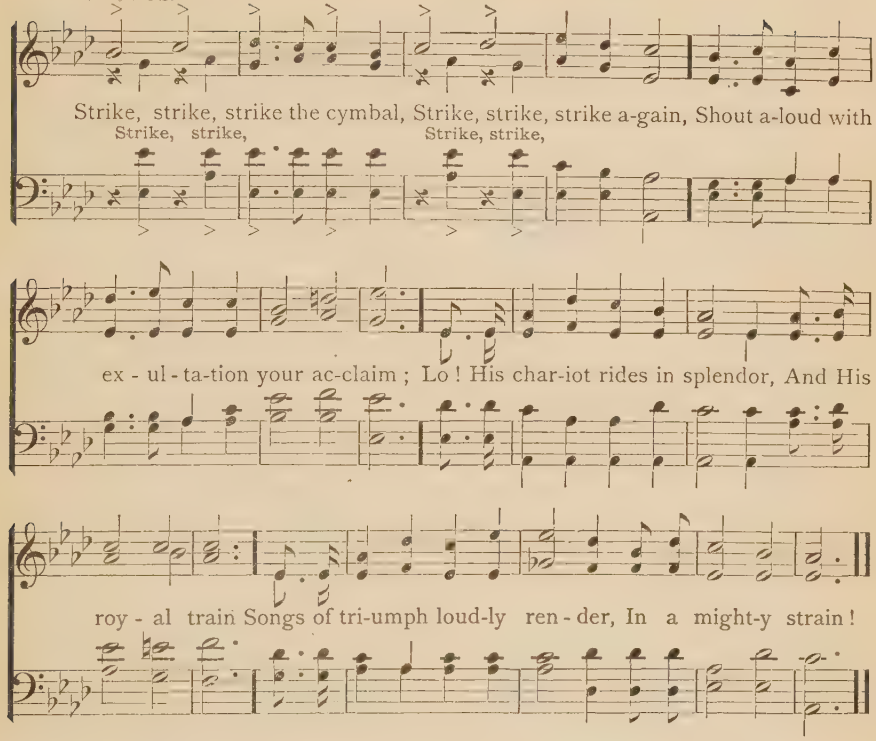
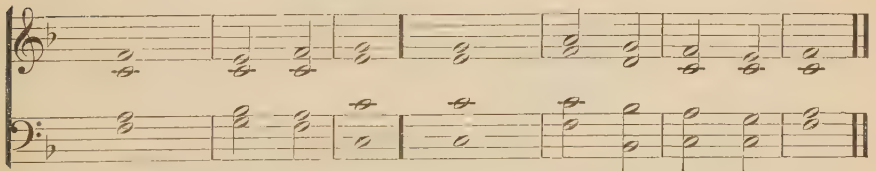
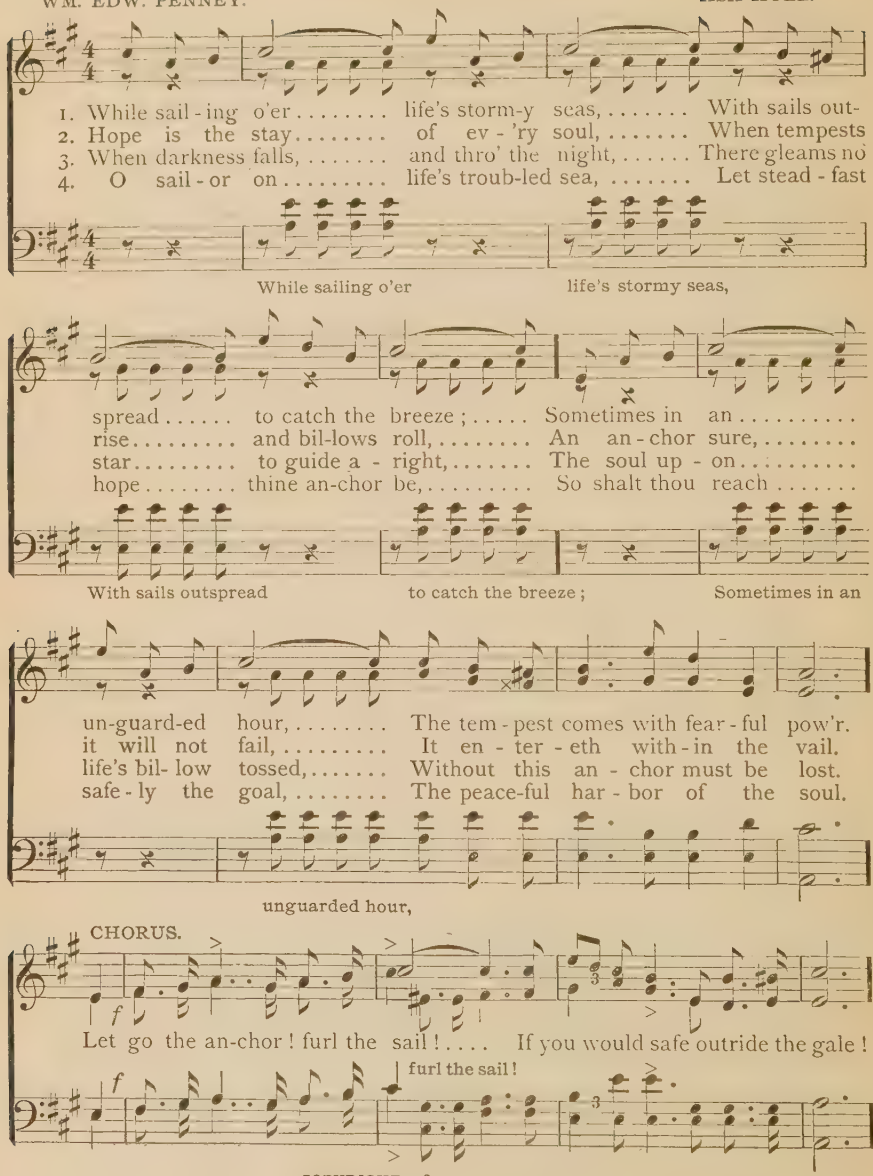
CHORUS.

Strike, strike, strike the cymbal, Strike, strike, strike a-gain, Shout a-loud with
Strike, strike,
Strike, strike,
ex - ul - ta-tion your ac-claim ; Lo ! His char-iot rides in splendor, And His
roy - al train Songs of tri-umph loud-ly ren - der, In a might-y strain !

THE LORD'S PRAYER.



1. Our Father, who art in heaven, hallowed | be Thy | name ;
   Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done on | earth, as it | is in | heaven ;
2. Give us this day our | dai-ly | bread ;
   And forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who | tres-pass a-
   gainst — | us.
3. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver | us from | evil ;
   For Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for | ever and
   ever. · A- | men.

THE ANCHOR OF HOPE.

WM. EDW. PENNEY. ASA HULL.

1. While sail - ing o'er ..... life's storm-y seas, ... With sails out-
2. Hope is the stay ..... of ev - 'ry soul, ... When tempests
3. When darkness falls, ... and thro' the night, ... There gleams no
4. O sail - or on ..... life's troub-led sea, ... Let stead - fast
While sailing o'er
life's stormy seas,
spread ..... to catch the breeze; ..... Sometimes in an .....
rise ..... and bil-lows roll, ... An an - chor sure, ...
star ..... to guide a - right, ... The soul up - on .....
hope ..... thine an-chor be, ... So shalt thou reach .....
With sails outspread
to catch the breeze;
Sometimes in an
un-guard-ed hour, ... The tem - pest comes with fear - ful pow'r.
it will not fail, ... It en - ter - eth with - in the vail.
life's bil- low tossed, ... Without this an - chor must be lost.
safe - ly the goal, ... The peace-ful har - bor of the soul.
unguarded hour,
CHORUS.
f
Let go the an-chor! furl the sail! .... If you would safe outride the gale!
furl the sail!

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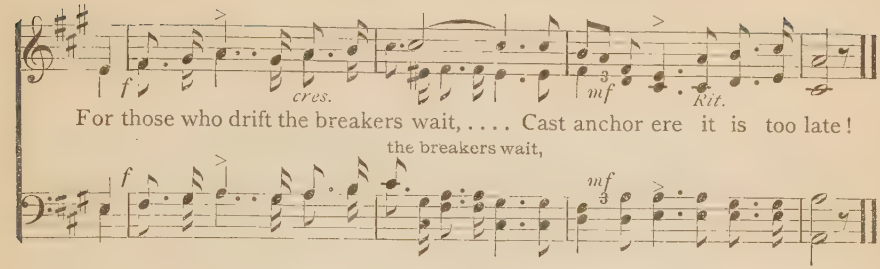
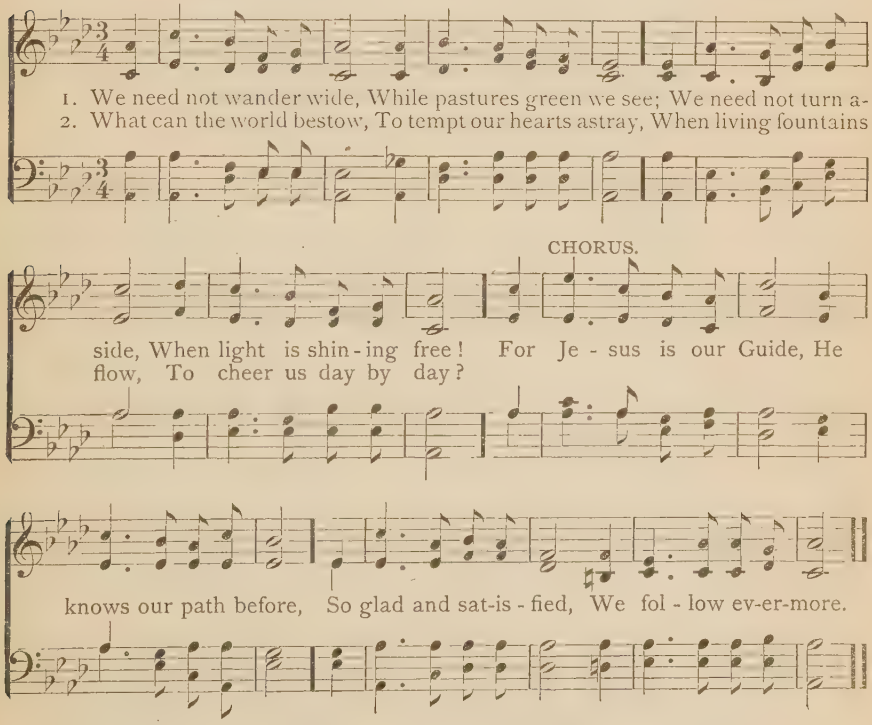


JESUS, OUR GUIDE.

MISS P. J. OWENS. JNO. R. BRYANT.


1. We need not wander wide, While pastures green we see; We need not turn a-
2. What can the world bestow, To tempt our hearts astray, When living fountains
CHORUS.
side, When light is shin-ing free! For Je-sus is our Guide, He
flow, To cheer us day by day?
knows our path before, So glad and sat-is-fied, We fol-low ev-er-more.

3 What sorrows can appall
When Jesus fills the cup?
Or should we fear and fall
While Jesus holds us up?

4 Christ is our life and light,
Our sunshine never dim,
Our shelter and our might,
So we will follow Him.

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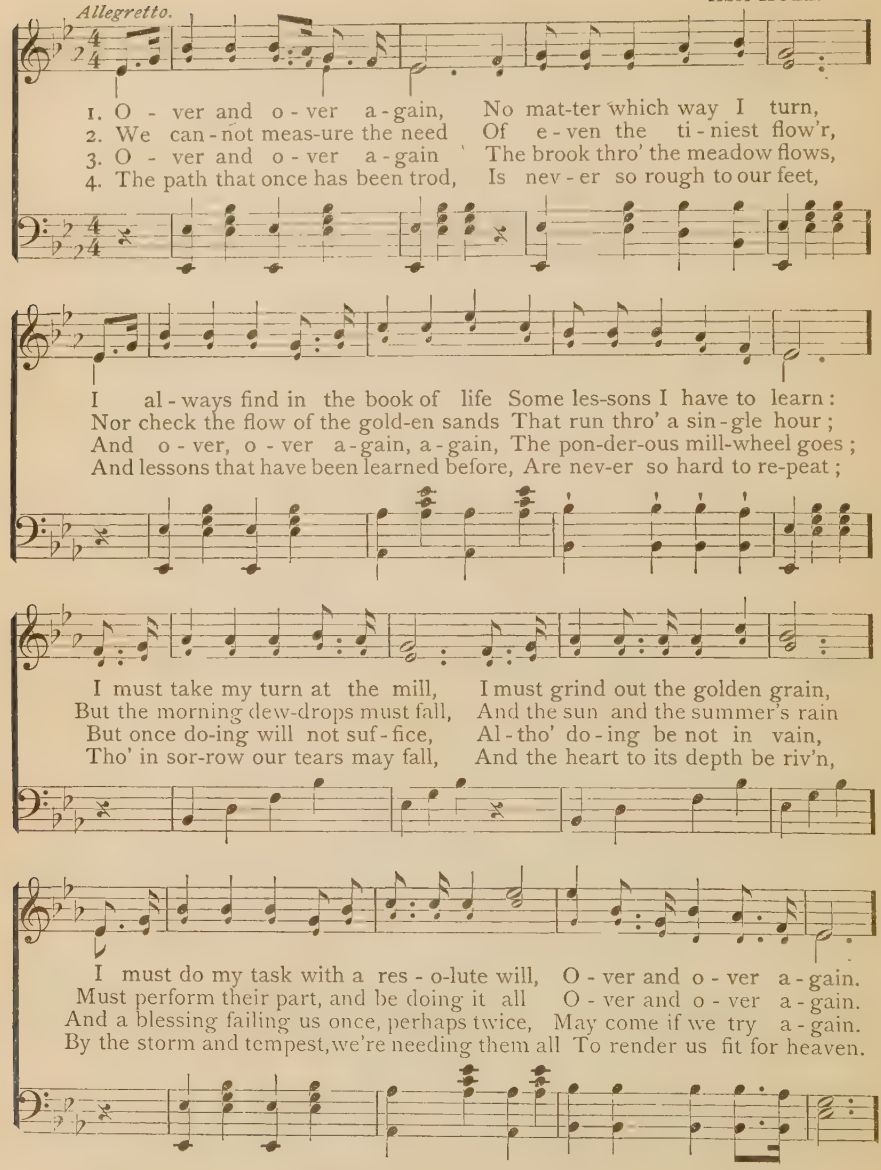
OVER AND OVER AGAIN.

ASA HULL.


Allegretto.
1. O - ver and o - ver a - gain, No mat-ter which way I turn,
2. We can - not meas-ure the need Of e - ven the ti - niest flow'r,
3. O - ver and o - ver a - gain The brook thro' the meadow flows,
4. The path that once has been trod, Is nev - er so rough to our feet,
I al - ways find in the book of life Some les-sons I have to learn:
Nor check the flow of the gold-en sands That run thro' a sin - gle hour;
And o - ver, o - ver a - gain, a - gain, The pon-der-ous mill-wheel goes;
And lessons that have been learned before, Are nev-er so hard to re-peat;
I must take my turn at the mill, I must grind out the golden grain,
But the morning dew-drops must fall, And the sun and the summer's rain
But once do-ing will not suf - fice, Al - tho' do - ing be not in vain,
Tho' in sor-row our tears may fall, And the heart to its depth be riv'n,
I must do my task with a res - o-lute will, O - ver and o - ver a - gain.
Must perform their part, and be doing it all O - ver and o - ver a - gain.
And a blessing failing us once, perhaps twice, May come if we try a - gain.
By the storm and tempest, we're needing them all To render us fit for heaven.

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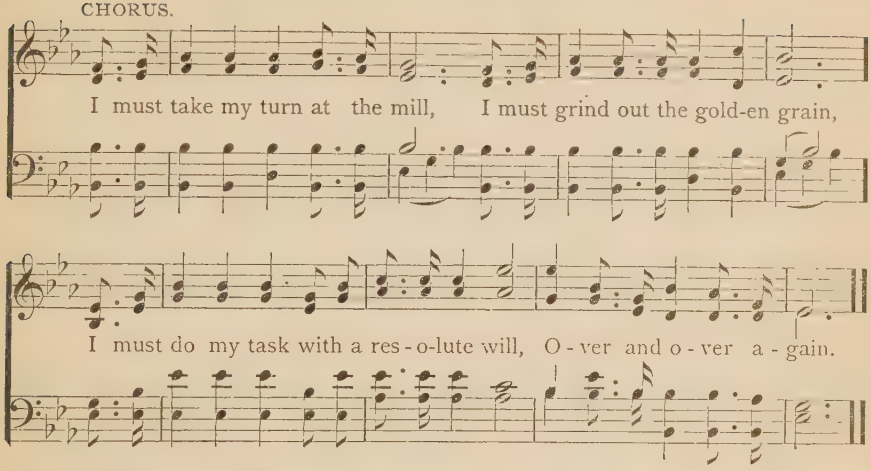
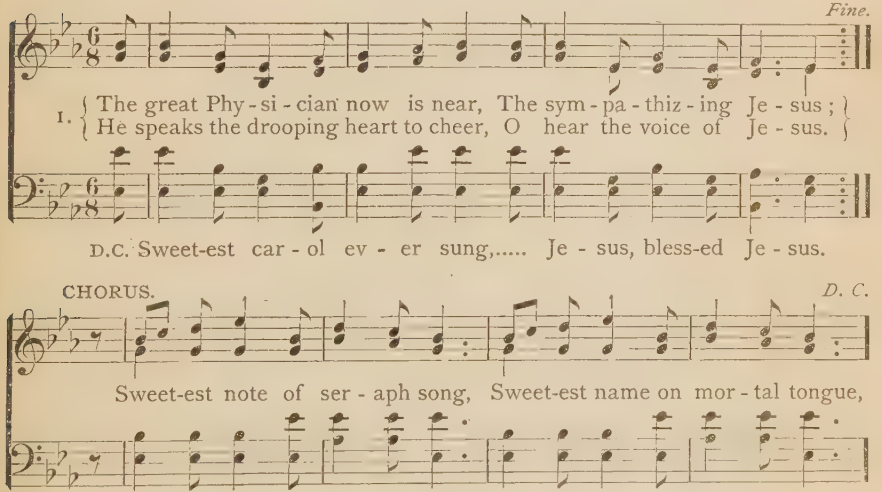
CHORUS.



THE GREAT PHYSICIAN.

Arr. by ASA HULL. REV. J. H. STOCKTON.


Fine.
1. The great Phy-si-cian now is near, The sym-pa-thiz-ing Je-sus;
He speaks the drooping heart to cheer, O hear the voice of Je-sus.
D.C. Sweet-est car-ol ev-er sung,..... Je-sus, bless-ed Je-sus.
CHORUS.
D. C.
Sweet-est note of ser-aph song, Sweet-est name on mor-tal tongue,

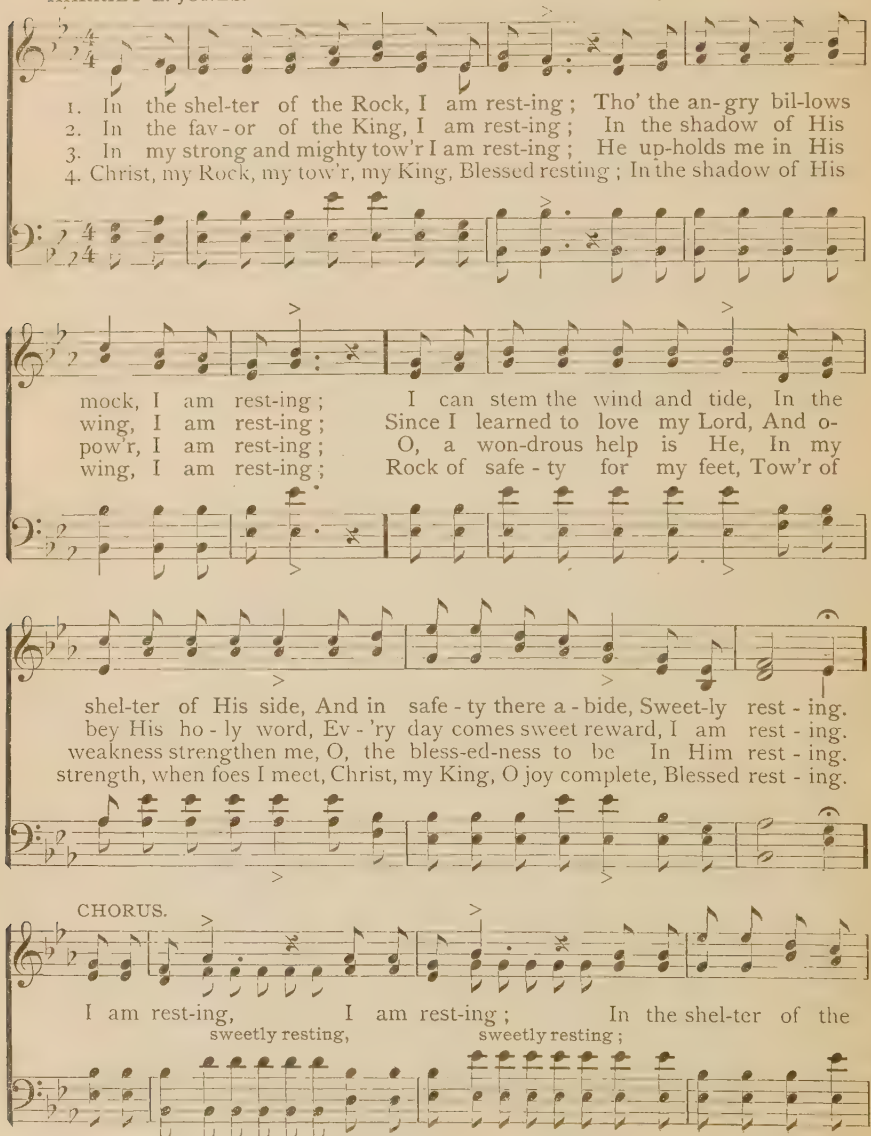
2 Your many sins are all forgiven,
O, hear the voice of Jesus;
Go on your way in peace to heaven,
And wear a crown with Jesus.

3 All glory to the dying Lamb!
I now believe in Jesus;
I love the blessed Saviour's name,
I love the name of Jesus.

4 And when to that bright world above,
We rise to see our Jesus,
We'll sing around the throne of love
His name, the name of Jesus.

RESTING, SWEETLY RESTING.

HARRIET E. JONES. JNO. R. BRYANT.


1. In the shel-ter of the Rock, I am rest-ing; Tho' the an-gry bil-lows
2. In the fav-or of the King, I am rest-ing; In the shadow of His
3. In my strong and mighty tow'r I am rest-ing; He up-holds me in His
4. Christ, my Rock, my tow'r, my King, Blessed resting; In the shadow of His
mock, I am rest-ing; I can stem the wind and tide, In the
wing, I am rest-ing; Since I learned to love my Lord, And o-
pow'r, I am rest-ing; O, a won-drous help is He, In my
wing, I am rest-ing; Rock of safe-ty for my feet, Tow'r of
shel-ter of His side, And in safe-ty there a-bide, Sweet-ly rest-ing.
bey His ho-ly word, Ev-'ry day comes sweet reward, I am rest-ing.
weakness strengthen me, O, the bless-ed-ness to be In Him rest-ing.
strength, when foes I meet, Christ, my King, O joy complete, Blessed rest-ing.
CHORUS.
I am rest-ing, I am rest-ing; In the shel-ter of the
sweetly resting, sweetly resting;

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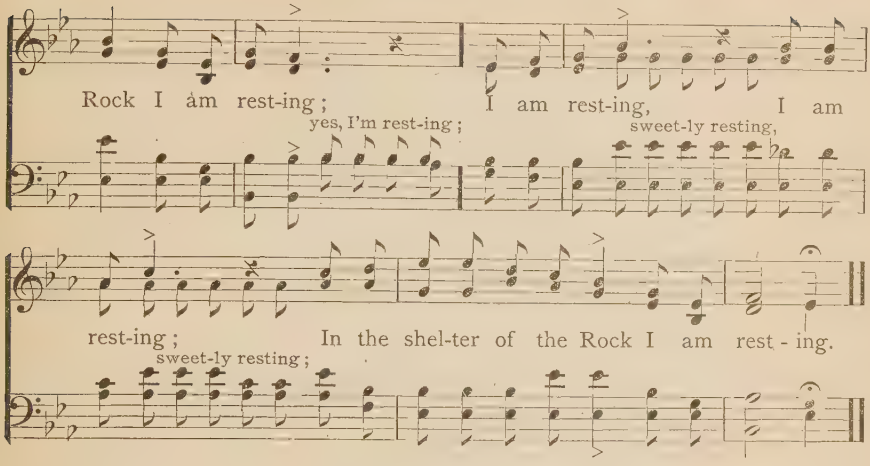
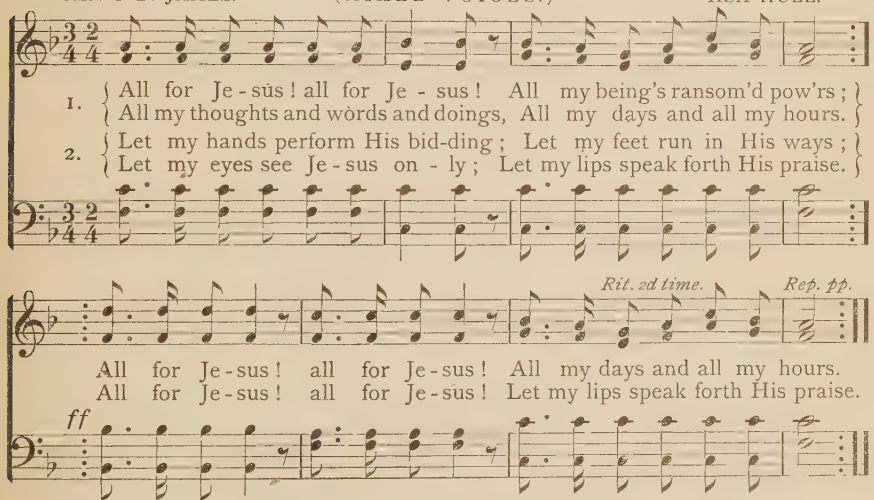

Rock I am rest-ing; I am rest-ing, I am
yes, I'm rest-ing;
sweet-ly resting,
rest-ing; In the shel-ter of the Rock I am rest - ing.
sweet-ly resting;

ALL FOR JESUS.

MARY D. JAMES. (MIXED VOICES.) ASA HULL.

1. All for Je - sus! all for Je - sus! All my being's ransom'd pow'rs;
All my thoughts and words and doings, All my days and all my hours.
2. Let my hands perform His bid-ding; Let my feet run in His ways;
Let my eyes see Je - sus on - ly; Let my lips speak forth His praise.
Rit. 2d time.
Rep. pp.
All for Je-sus! all for Je-sus! All my days and all my hours.
All for Je-sus! all for Je-sus! Let my lips speak forth His praise.
ff

3 Worldlings prize their gems of beauty,
Cling to gilded toys of dust,
Boast of wealth, and fame, and pleasure;
Only Jesus will I trust.
Only Jesus! only Jesus!
Only Jesus will I trust.

4 O, what wonder! how amazing!
Jesus, glorious King of kings,
Deigns to call me His beloved,
Lets me rest beneath His wings.
All for Jesus! all for Jesus!
Resting now beneath His wings.

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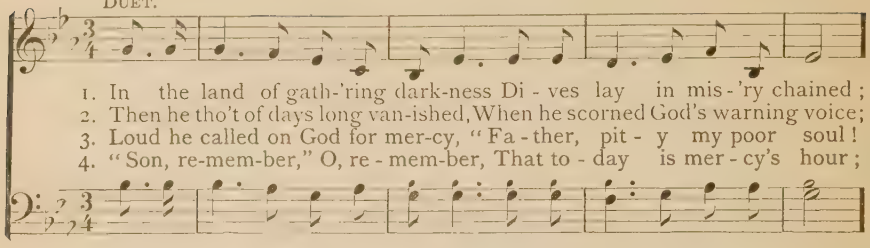
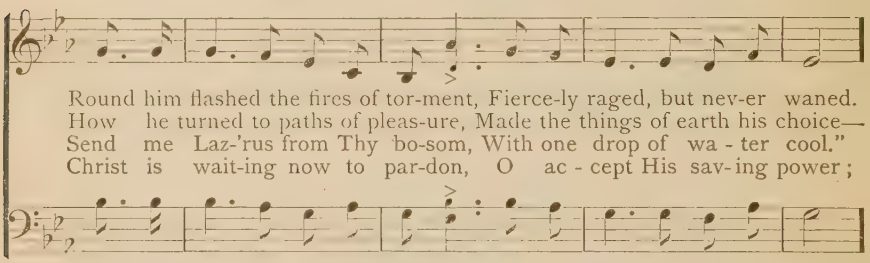
SON, REMEMBER.

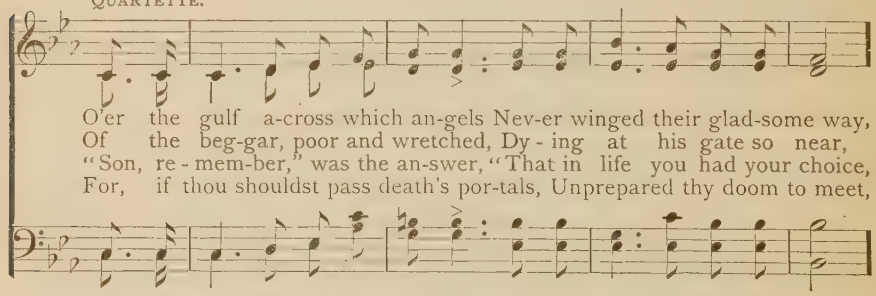
A. W. SPOONER.
DUET.

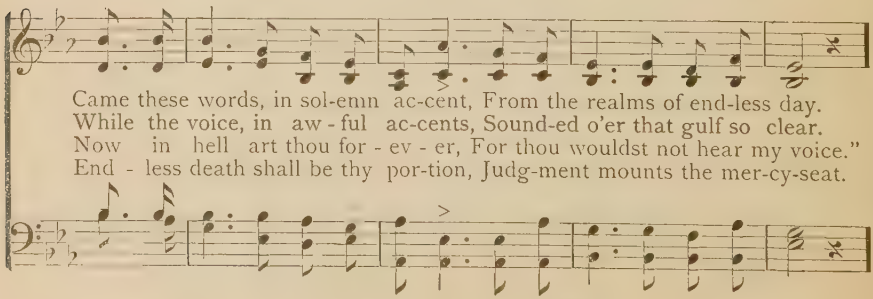
REV. A. W. SPOONER.


1. In the land of gath-'ring dark-ness Di - ves lay in mis - 'ry chained;
2. Then he tho't of days long van-ished, When he scorned God's warning voice;
3. Loud he called on God for mer-cy, "Fa - ther, pit - y my poor soul!
4. "Son, re-mem-ber," O, re - mem-ber, That to - day is mer - cy's hour;


Round him flashed the fires of tor-ment, Fierce-ly raged, but nev-er waned.
How he turned to paths of pleas-ure, Made the things of earth his choice—
Send me Laz-'rus from Thy bo-som, With one drop of wa - ter cool."
Christ is wait-ing now to par-don, O ac - cept His sav-ing power;

QUARTETTE.


O'er the gulf a-cross which an-gels Nev-er winged their glad-some way,
Of the beg-gar, poor and wretched, Dy - ing at his gate so near,
"Son, re - mem-ber," was the an-swer, "That in life you had your choice,
For, if thou shouldst pass death's por-tals, Unprepared thy doom to meet,


Came these words, in sol-emn ac-cent, From the realms of end-less day.
While the voice, in aw - ful ac-cents, Sound-ed o'er that gulf so clear.
Now in hell art thou for - ev - er, For thou wouldst not hear my voice."
End - less death shall be thy por-tion, Judg-ment mounts the mer-cy-seat.

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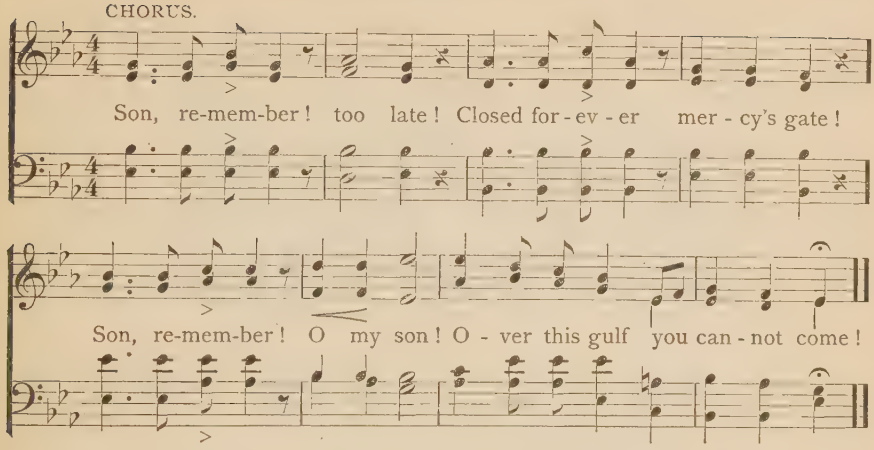
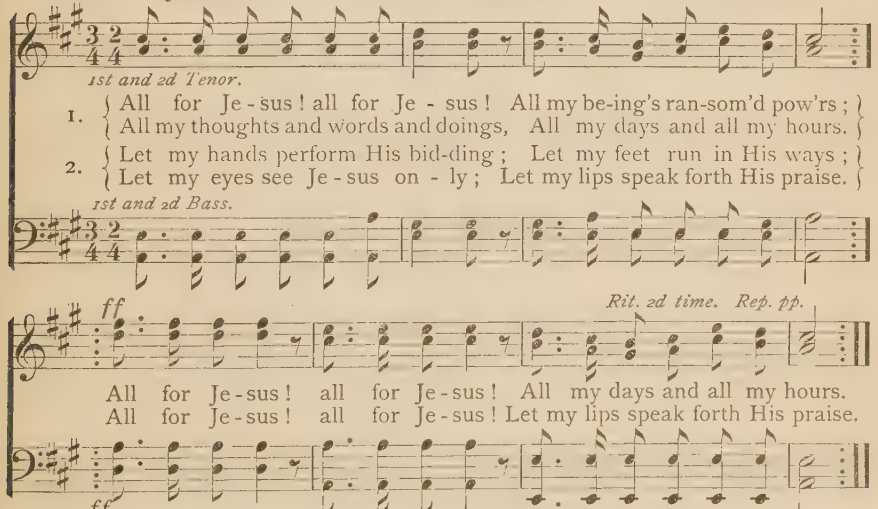
CHORUS.



ALL FOR JESUS.

MARY D. JAMES. (MALE VOICES.) ASA HULL.


1st and 2d Tenor.
1. All for Je-sus! all for Je-sus! All my be-ing's ran-som'd pow'rs; All my thoughts and words and doings, All my days and all my hours.
2. Let my hands perform His bid-ding; Let my feet run in His ways; Let my eyes see Je-sus on-ly; Let my lips speak forth His praise.
1st and 2d Bass.
ff
Rit. 2d time. Rep. pp.
All for Je-sus! all for Je-sus! All my days and all my hours.
All for Je-sus! all for Je-sus! Let my lips speak forth His praise.
ff

3 Worldlings prize their gems of beauty,
Cling to gilded toys of dust,
Boast of wealth, and fame, and pleasure;
Only Jesus will I trust.
Only Jesus! only Jesus!
Only Jesus will I trust.

4 O, what wonder! how amazing!
Jesus, glorious King of kings,
Deigns to call me His beloved,
Lets me rest beneath His wings.
All for Jesus! all for Jesus!
Resting now beneath His wings.

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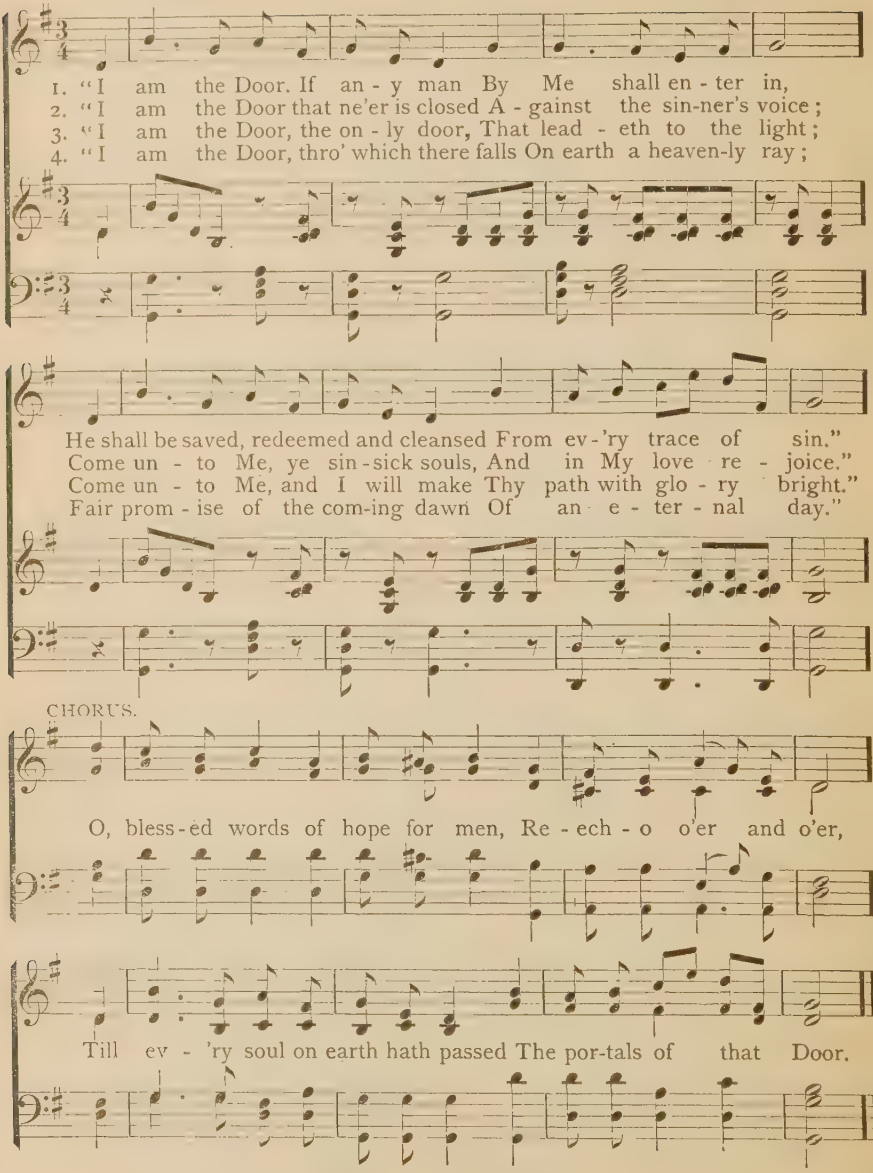
I AM THE DOOR.

WM. EDW. PENNEY. ASA HULL.


1. "I am the Door. If an - y man By Me shall en - ter in,
2. "I am the Door that ne'er is closed A - gainst the sin-ner's voice;
3. "I am the Door, the on - ly door, That lead - eth to the light;
4. "I am the Door, thro' which there falls On earth a heaven-ly ray;
He shall be saved, redeemed and cleansed From ev - 'ry trace of sin."
Come un - to Me, ye sin - sick souls, And in My love re - joice."
Come un - to Me, and I will make Thy path with glo - ry bright."
Fair prom - ise of the com-ing dawn Of an e - ter - nal day."
CHORUS.
O, bless - ed words of hope for men, Re - ech - o o'er and o'er,
Till ev - 'ry soul on earth hath passed The por-tals of that Door.

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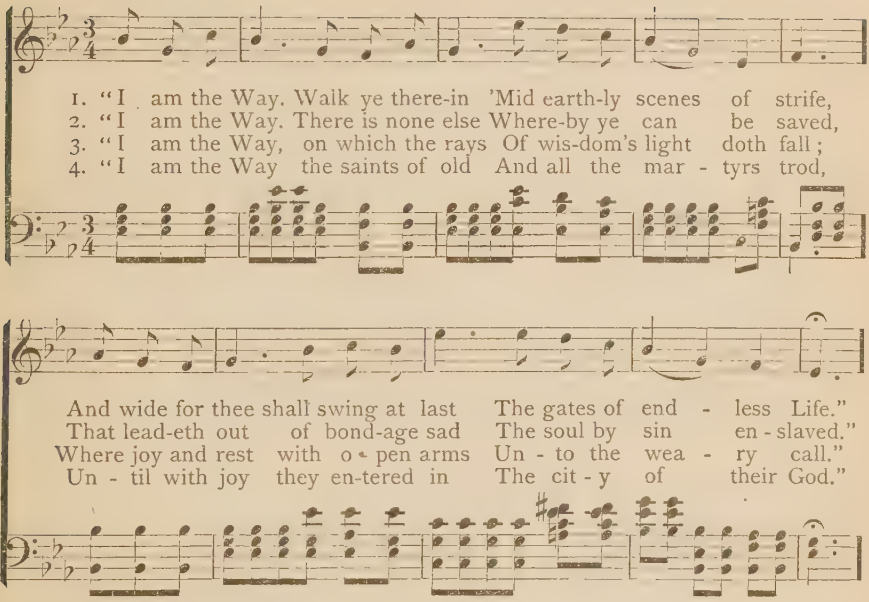
I AM THE WAY.

WM. EDW. PENNEY. ASA HULL.


1. "I am the Way. Walk ye there-in 'Mid earth-ly scenes of strife,
2. "I am the Way. There is none else Where-by ye can be saved,
3. "I am the Way, on which the rays Of wis-dom's light doth fall;
4. "I am the Way the saints of old And all the mar - tyrs trod,
And wide for thee shall swing at last The gates of end - less Life."
That lead-eth out of bond-age sad The soul by sin en - slaved."
Where joy and rest with o - pen arms Un - to the wea - ry call."
Un - til with joy they en-tered in The cit - y of their God."
CHORUS.
O bless - ed Way, where Thou dost end E - ter - nal glo - ry waits;
rit.
We'll fol - low Thee un - til we reach, And pass the shin - ing gates.

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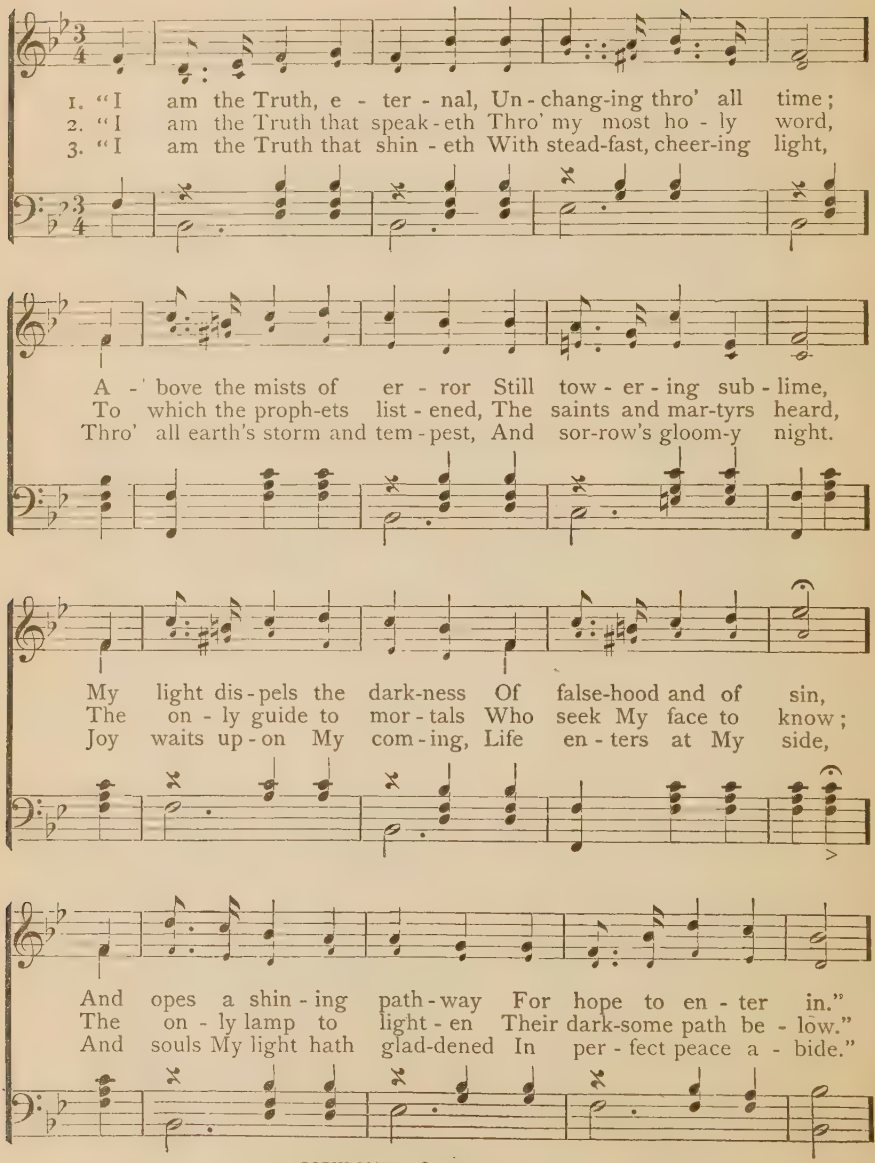
I AM THE TRUTH.

WM. EDW. PENNEY. ASA HULL.


1. "I am the Truth, e - ter - nal, Un - chang-ing thro' all time;
2. "I am the Truth that speak - eth Thro' my most ho - ly word,
3. "I am the Truth that shin - eth With stead-fast, cheer-ing light,
A - bove the mists of er - ror Still tow - er - ing sub - lime,
To which the proph-ets list - ened, The saints and mar-tyrs heard,
Thro' all earth's storm and tem - pest, And sor-row's gloom-y night.
My light dis - pels the dark-ness Of false-hood and of sin,
The on - ly guide to mor - tals Who seek My face to know;
Joy waits up - on My com - ing, Life en - ters at My side,
And opes a shin - ing path - way For hope to en - ter in."
The on - ly lamp to light - en Their dark-some path be - low."
And souls My light hath glad-dened In per - fect peace a - bide."

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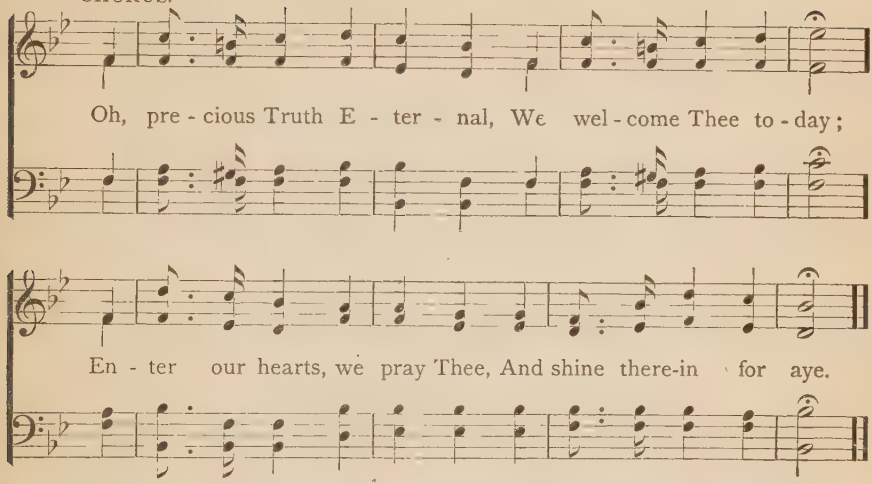
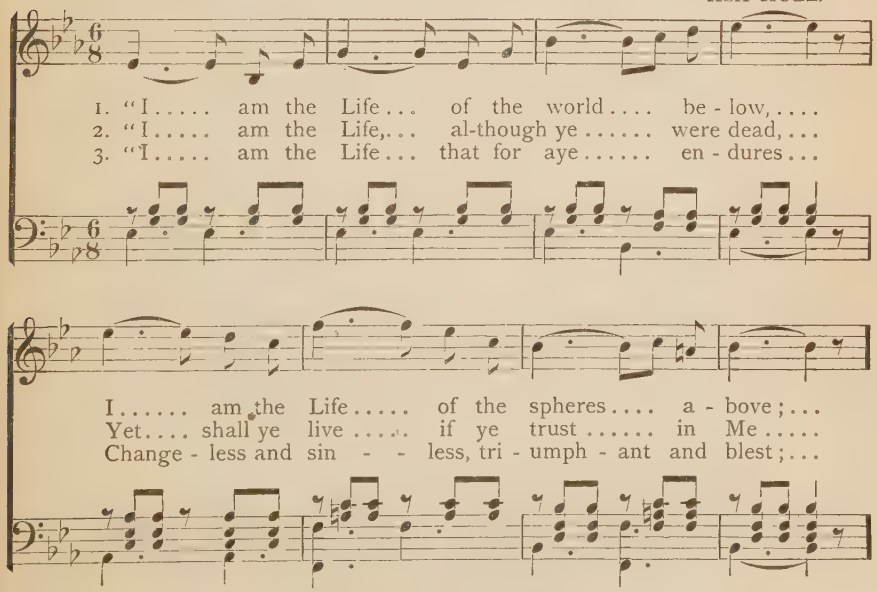
CHORUS.



I AM THE LIFE.

WM. EDW. PENNEY. ASA HULL.


1. "I..... am the Life... of the world.... be - low,....
2. "I..... am the Life,... al-though ye ..... were dead,...
3. "I..... am the Life... that for aye..... en - dures...
I..... am the Life..... of the spheres.... a - bove;...
Yet.... shall ye live..... if ye trust..... in Me.....
Change - less and sin - - less, tri - umph - ant and blest;...

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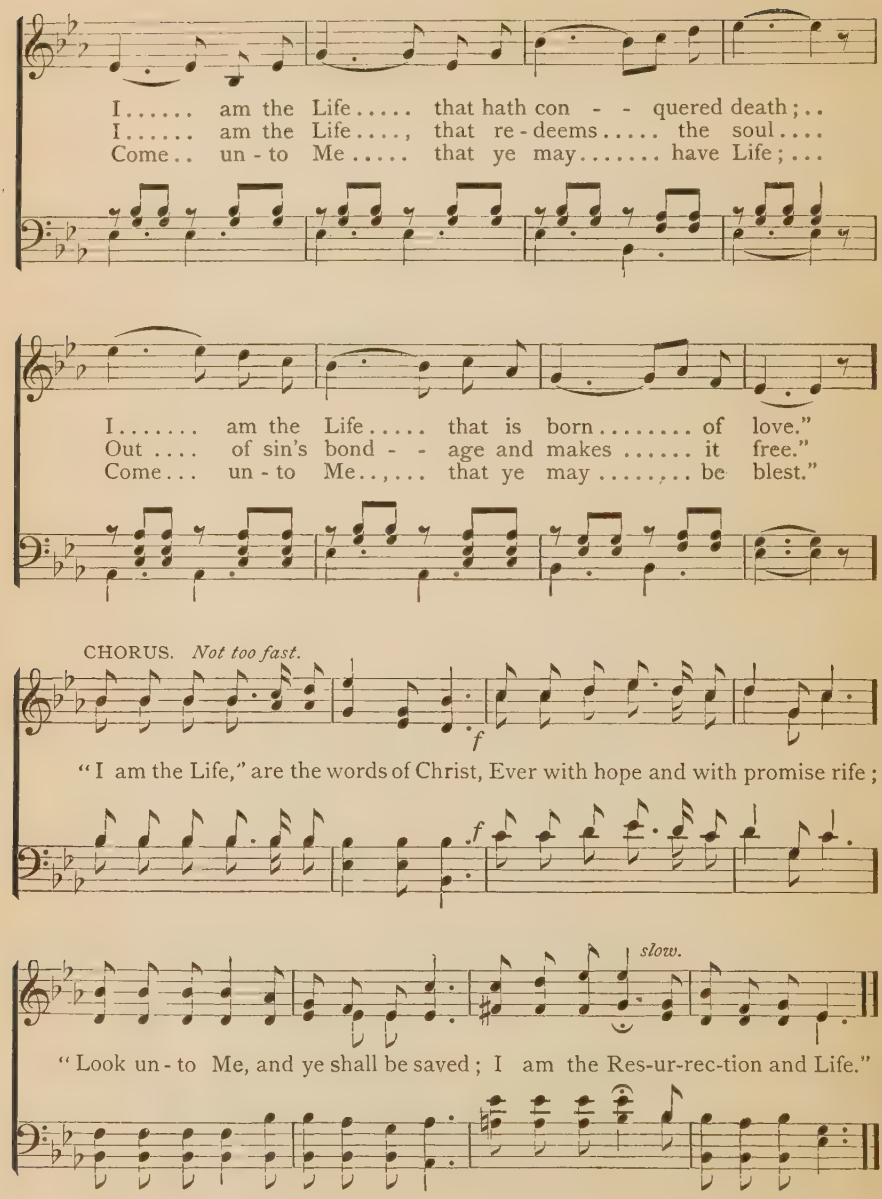
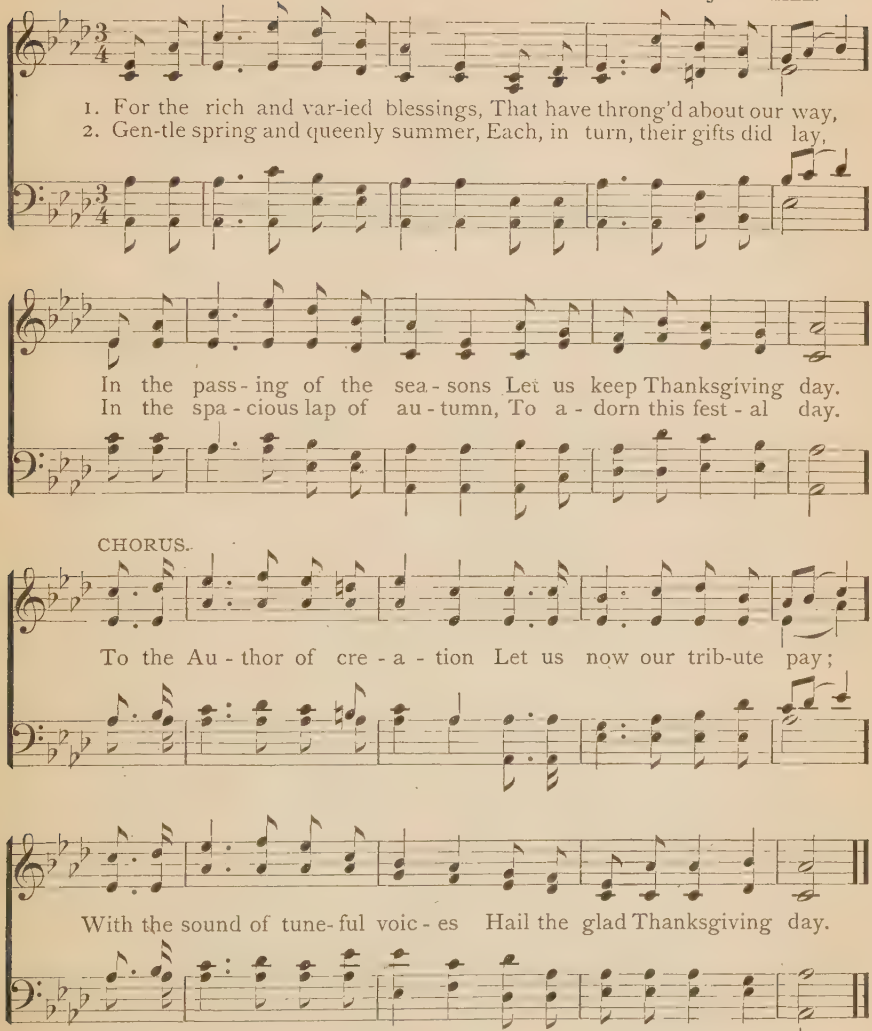

I..... am the Life..... that hath con - - quered death;..
I..... am the Life...., that re-deems..... the soul....
Come.. un-to Me..... that ye may..... have Life;...
I..... am the Life..... that is born..... of love."
Out .... of sin's bond - - age and makes ..... it free."
Come... un-to Me..,... that ye may ....,... be blest."
CHORUS. Not too fast.
f
"I am the Life," are the words of Christ, Ever with hope and with promise rife;
f
slow.
"Look un-to Me, and ye shall be saved; I am the Res-ur-rec-tion and Life."

THANKSGIVING HYMN.

E. R. LATTA. J. E. HALL.

1. For the rich and var-ied blessings, That have throng'd about our way,
2. Gen-tle spring and queenly summer, Each, in turn, their gifts did lay,
In the pass-ing of the sea-sons Let us keep Thanksgiving day.
In the spa-cious lap of au-tumn, To a-dorn this fest-al day.
CHORUS.
To the Au-thor of cre-a-tion Let us now our trib-ute pay;
With the sound of tune-ful voic-es Hail the glad Thanksgiving day.

3 For the sunshine and the showers
That have wrought this grand display;
For the grain, and fruits delicious,
Let us keep Thanksgiving day.

4 For the friends that still are left us,
And for hope's inspiring ray,
With glad hearts, and sunny faces,
Let us keep this festal day.

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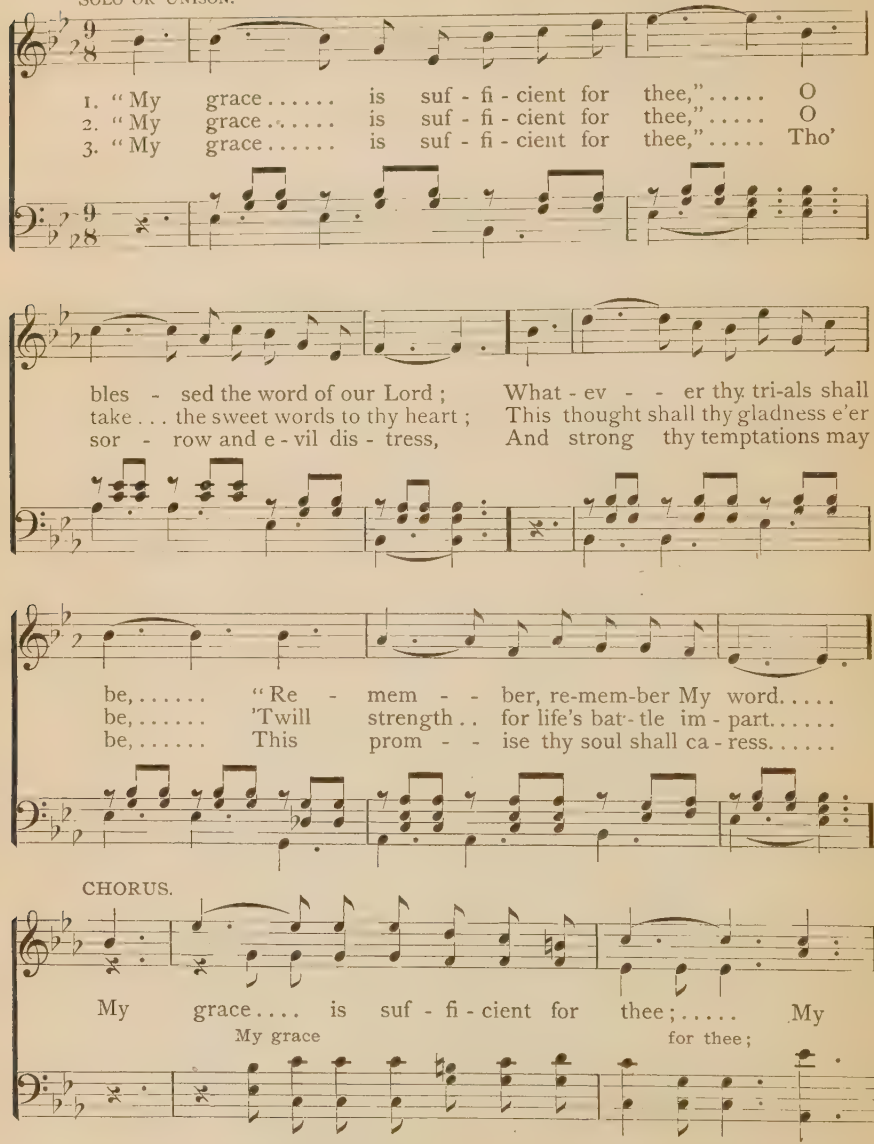
MY GRACE IS SUFFICIENT.

IDA L. REED. JNO. R. BRYANT.

SOLO OR UNISON.


1. "My grace . . . . . is suf - fi - cient for thee," . . . . . O
2. "My grace . . . . . is suf - fi - cient for thee," . . . . . O
3. "My grace . . . . . is suf - fi - cient for thee," . . . . . Tho'
bles - sed the word of our Lord ; What - ev - - er thy tri-als shall
take . . . the sweet words to thy heart ; This thought shall thy gladness e'er
sor - row and e - vil dis - tress, And strong thy temptations may
be, ... "Re - mem - - ber, re-mem-ber My word. . . . .
be, ... 'Twill strength . . for life's bat - tle im - part. . . . . .
be, ... This prom - - ise thy soul shall ca - ress. . . . . .
CHORUS.
My grace . . . . is suf - fi - cient for thee ; . . . . . My
My grace
for thee ;

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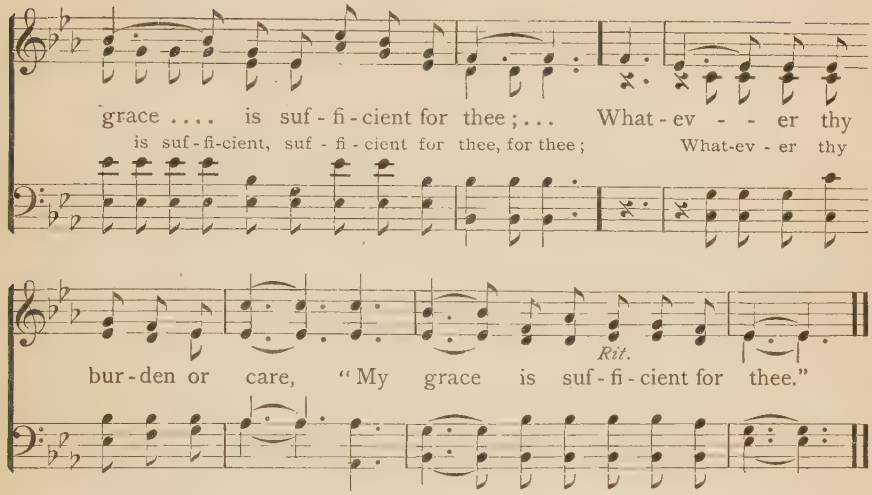
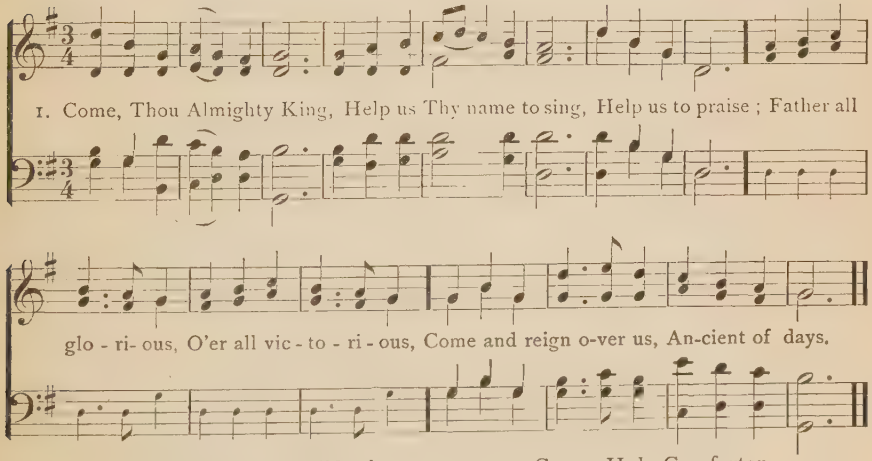

grace .... is suf - fi - cient for thee; ... What - ev - - er thy
is suf - fi-cient, suf - fi - cient for thee, for thee; What-ev - er thy
Rit.
bur - den or care, "My grace is suf - fi - cient for thee."

ITALIAN HYMN.

CHARLES WESLEY. F. GIARDINI.

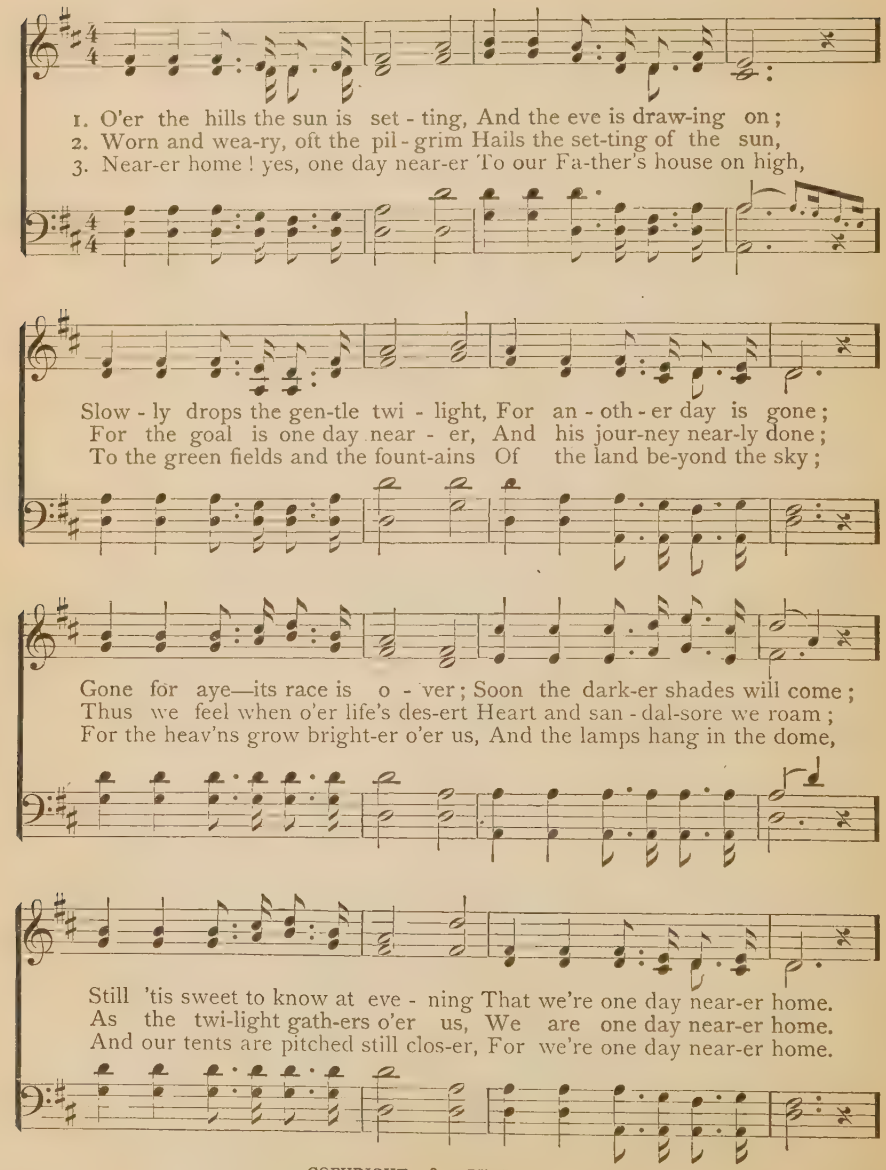

1. Come, Thou Almighty King, Help us Thy name to sing, Help us to praise; Father all
glo - ri - ous, O'er all vic - to - ri - ous, Come and reign o-ver us, An-cient of days.

2 Come Thou Incarnate Word,
Gird on Thy mighty sword,
Our prayer attend;
Come and Thy people bless,
And give Thy word success;
Spirit of holiness,
On us descend.

3 Come, Holy Comforter,
Thy sacred witness bear,
In this glad hour;
Thou who almighty art,
Now rule in every heart,
And ne'er from us depart,
Spirit of power.

ONE DAY NEARER HOME.

FROM S. S. GEM. ASA HULL.


1. O'er the hills the sun is set - ting, And the eve is draw-ing on;
2. Worn and wea-ry, oft the pil - grim Hails the set-ting of the sun,
3. Near-er home! yes, one day near-er To our Fa-ther's house on high,
Slow - ly drops the gen-tle twi - light, For an - oth - er day is gone;
For the goal is one day near - er, And his jour-ney near-ly done;
To the green fields and the fount-ains Of the land be-yond the sky;
Gone for aye—its race is o - ver; Soon the dark-er shades will come;
Thus we feel when o'er life's des-ert Heart and san - dal-sore we roam;
For the heav'ns grow bright-er o'er us, And the lamps hang in the dome,
Still 'tis sweet to know at eve - ning That we're one day near-er home.
As the twi-light gath-ers o'er us, We are one day near-er home.
And our tents are pitched still clos-er, For we're one day near-er home.

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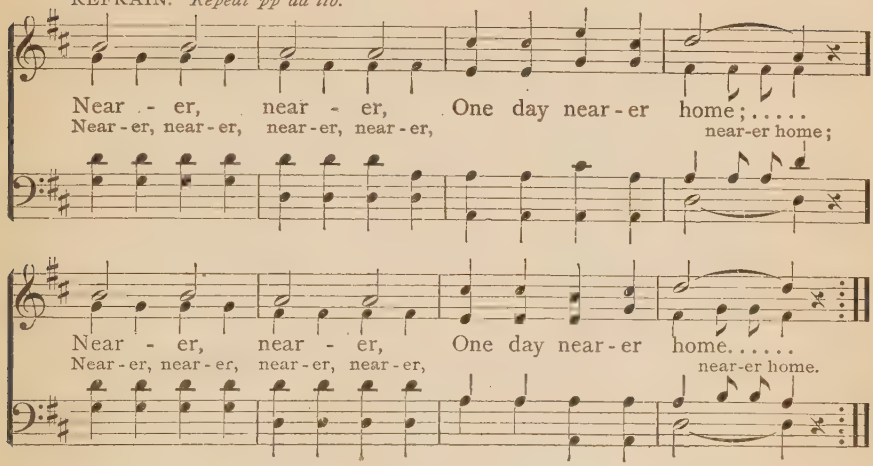
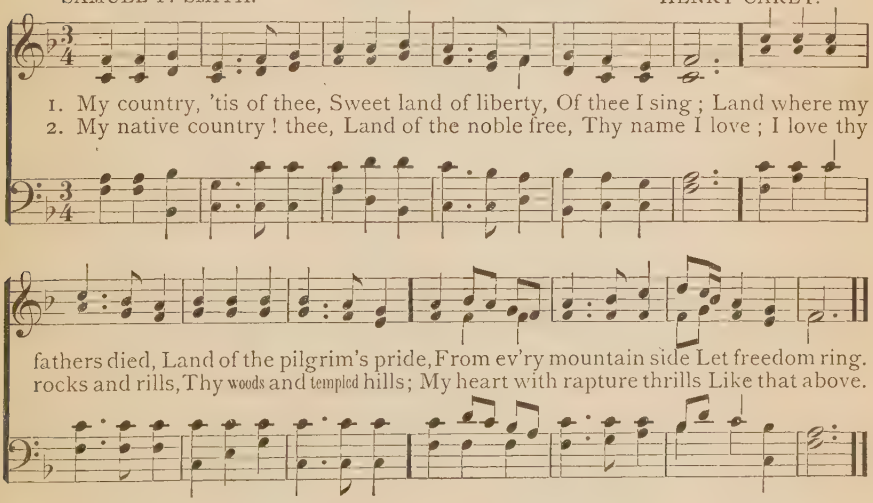
REFRAIN. *Repeat pp ad lib.*


Near - er, near - er, One day near - er home;.....
Near - er, near - er, near - er, near - er, near - er home;
Near - er, near - er, One day near - er home.....
Near - er, near - er, near - er, near - er, near - er home.

NATIONAL HYMN.

SAMUEL F. SMITH. HENRY CAREY.

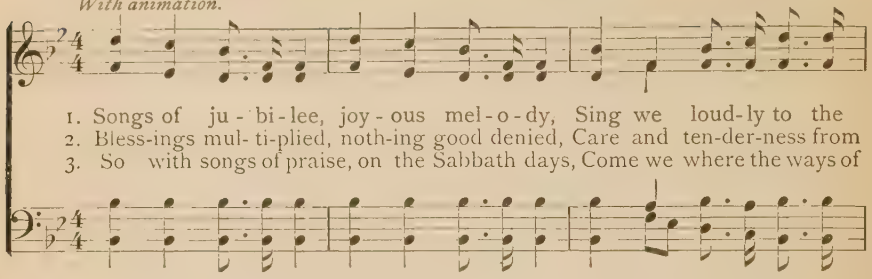

1. My country, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of liberty, Of thee I sing; Land where my
2. My native country! thee, Land of the noble free, Thy name I love; I love thy
fathers died, Land of the pilgrim's pride, From ev'ry mountain side Let freedom ring.
rocks and rills, Thy woods and templed hills; My heart with rapture thrills Like that above.

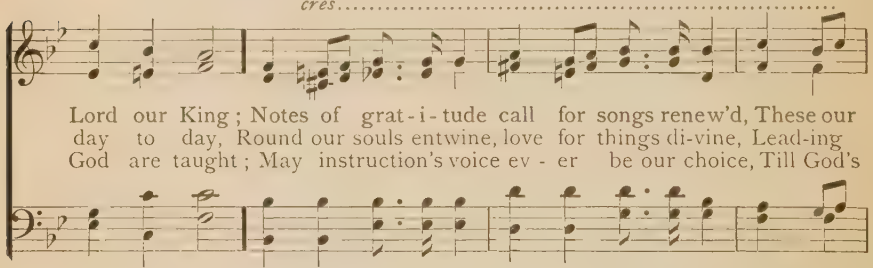
3 Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song!
Let mortal tongues awake;
Let all that breathe partake;
Let rocks their silence break;
The sound prolong!

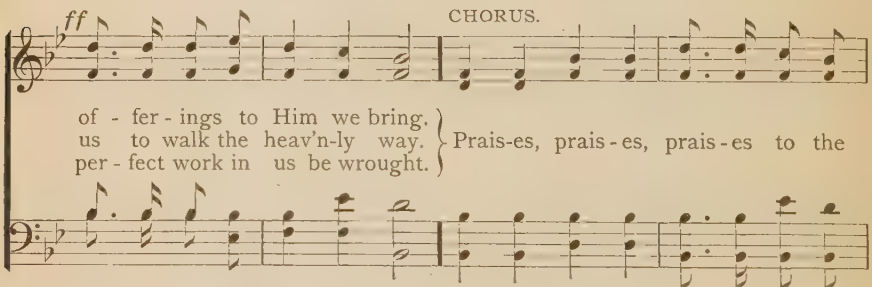
4 Our father's God! to Thee,
Author of liberty,
To Thee we sing:
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by Thy might,
Great God, our King!

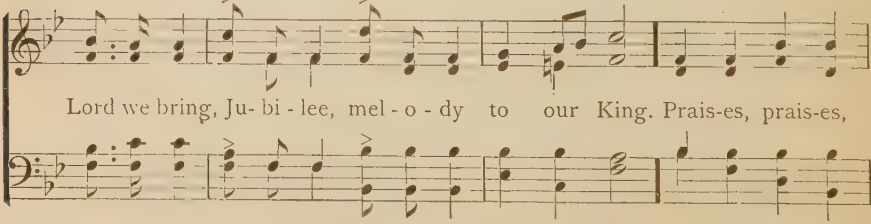
MARIAN FROELICH. G. FROELICH.

With animation.


1. Songs of ju - bi - lee, joy - ous mel - o - dy, Sing we loud - ly to the
2. Bless-ings mul- ti-plied, noth-ing good denied, Care and ten-der-ness from
3. So with songs of praise, on the Sabbath days, Come we where the ways of


cres.....
Lord our King; Notes of grat - i - tude call for songs renew'd, These our
day to day, Round our souls entwine, love for things di-vine, Lead-ing
God are taught; May instruction's voice ev - er be our choice, Till God's


ff
CHORUS.
of - fer - ings to Him we bring.
us to walk the heav'n-ly way.
per - fect work in us be wrought.
Prais-es, prais - es, prais - es to the



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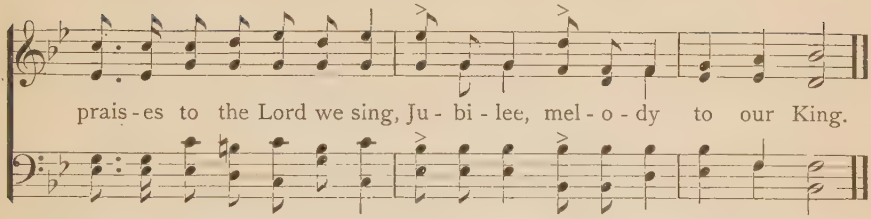
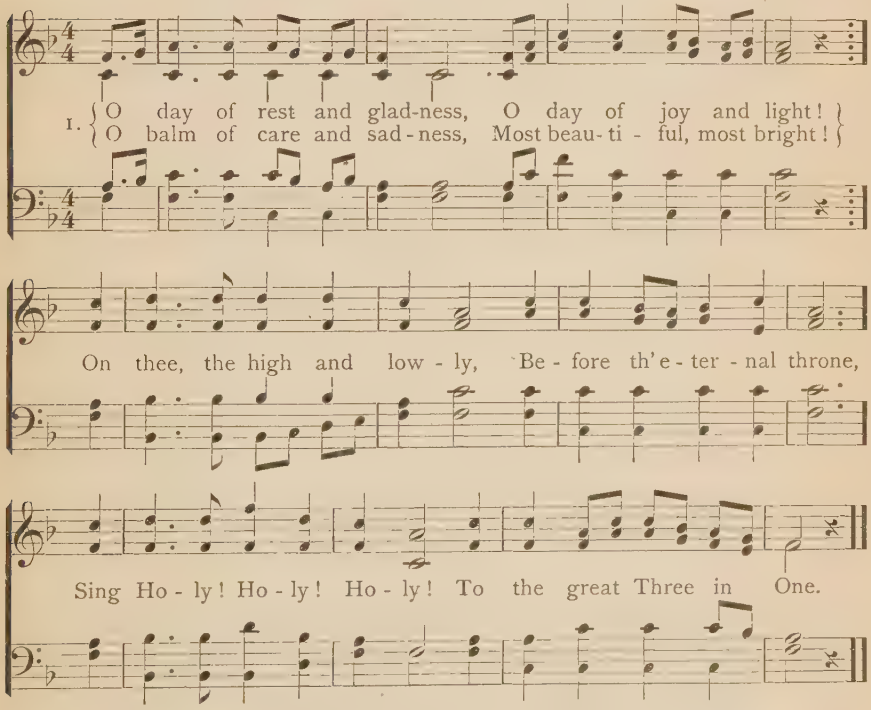


O DAY OF REST.

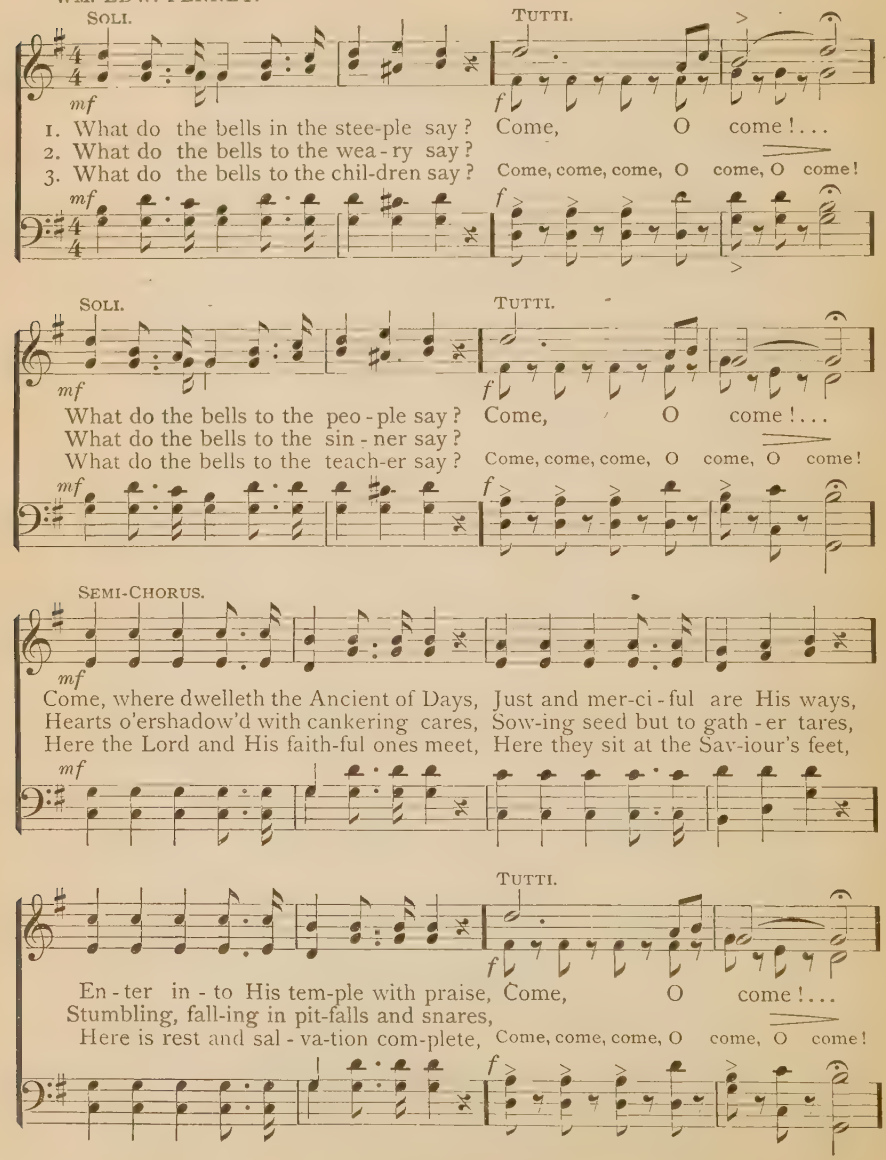
C. WORDSWORTH. GERMAN. ARR. BY L. MASON.


1. O day of rest and glad-ness, O day of joy and light!
O balm of care and sad-ness, Most beau-ti-ful, most bright!
On thee, the high and low-ly, Be-fore th'e-ter-nal throne,
Sing Ho-ly! Ho-ly! Ho-ly! To the great Three in One.

2 On thee, at the creation,
The light first had its birth;
On thee, for our salvation,
Christ rose from depths of earth,
On thee, our Lord, victorious,
The Spirit sent from heaven,
And thus on thee most glorious,
A triple light was given.

3 New graces ever gaining
From this our day of rest,
We reach the rest remaining
To spirits of the blest;
To Holy Ghost be praises,
To Father and to Son;
The Church her voice upraises
To Thee, blest Three in One.

WHAT DO THE BELLS SAY?

WM. EDW. PENNEY. ASA HULL.

SOLI.
TUTTI.
mf
f
1. What do the bells in the stee-ple say? Come, O come!...
2. What do the bells to the wea-ry say?
3. What do the bells to the chil-dren say? Come, come, come, O come, O come!
SOLI.
TUTTI.
What do the bells to the peo-ple say? Come, O come!...
What do the bells to the sin-ner say?
What do the bells to the teach-er say? Come, come, come, O come, O come!
SEMI-CHORUS.
Come, where dwelleth the Ancient of Days, Just and mer-ci-ful are His ways,
Hearts o'ershadow'd with cankering cares, Sow-ing seed but to gath-er tares,
Here the Lord and His faith-ful ones meet, Here they sit at the Sav-iour's feet,
TUTTI.
En-ter in-to His tem-ple with praise, Come, O come!...
Stumbling, fall-ing in pit-falls and snares,
Here is rest and sal-va-tion com-plete, Come, come, come, O come, O come!

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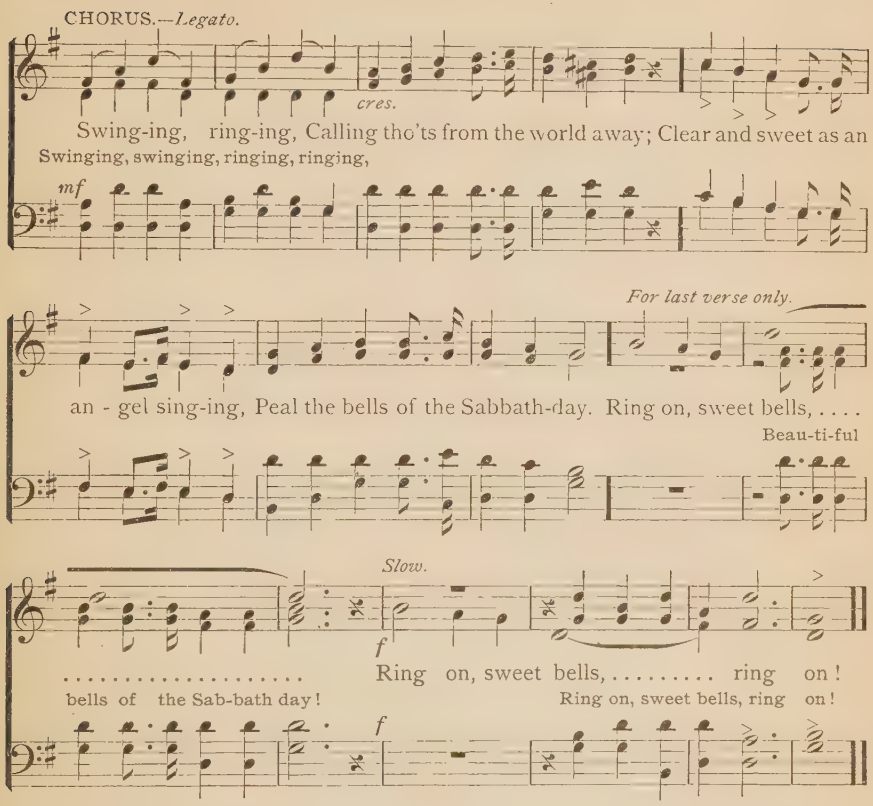

CHORUS.—*Legato.*
cres.
Swing-ing, ring-ing, Calling tho'ts from the world away; Clear and sweet as an
Swinging, swinging, ringing, ringing,
mf
For last verse only.
an - gel sing-ing, Peal the bells of the Sabbath-day. Ring on, sweet bells, ...
Beau-ti-ful
Slow.
f
. . . . . Ring on, sweet bells, ... ring on!
bells of the Sab-bath day!
Ring on, sweet bells, ring on!
f

EVEN ME.

1 Lord, I hear of showers of blessing
Thou art scatt'ring full and free;
Showers the thirsty land refreshing;—
Let some droppings fall on me,—
Even me, even me,
Let some droppings fall on me.

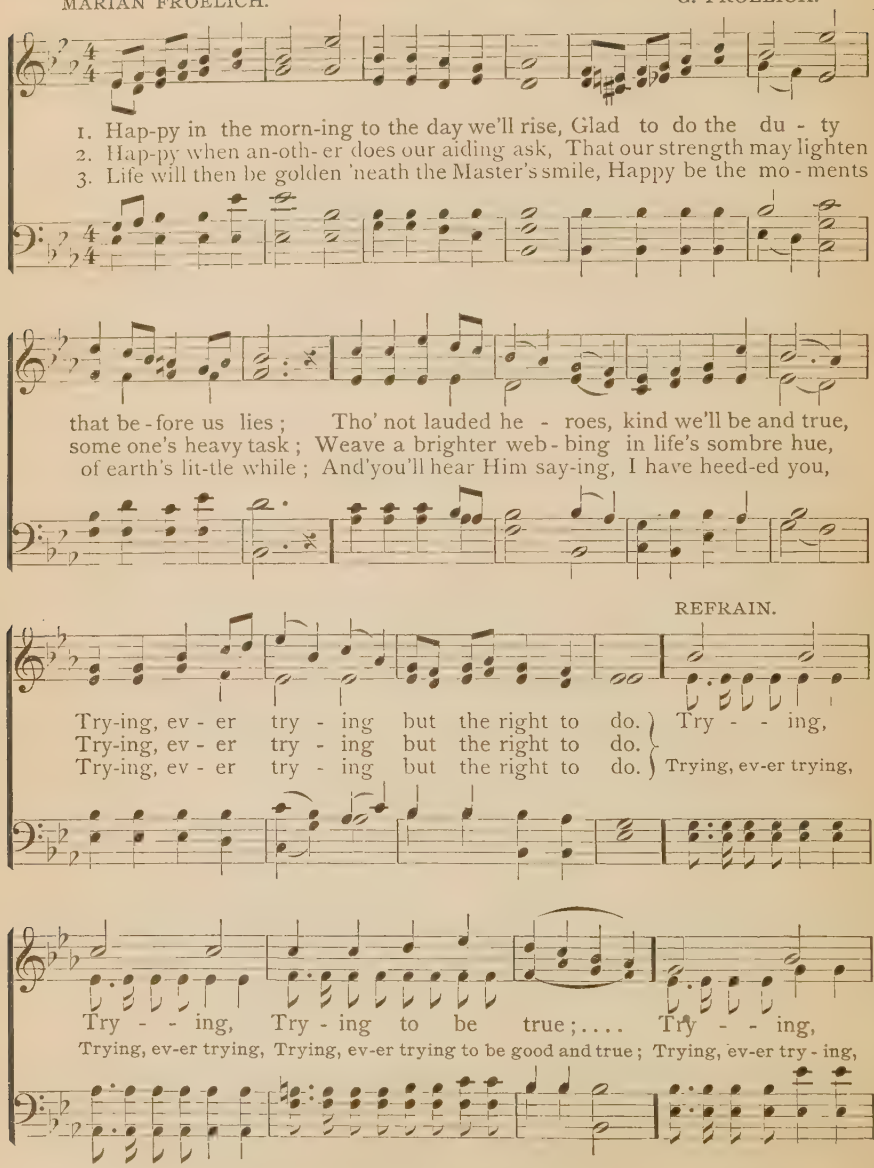
2 Pass me not, O gracious Saviour,
Let me live and cling to Thee;
Fain I'm longing for Thy favor;
Whilst Thou'rt calling, call for me;
Even me, even me,
Whilst Thou'rt calling, call for me.

3 Pass me not, O mighty Spirit,
Thou canst make the blind to see;
Witnesses of Jesus' merit,
Speak some word of power to me;
Even me, even me,
Speak some word of power to me.

4 Pass me not, the lost one bringing,
Bind my heart, O Lord, to Thee;
Whilst the streams of life are springing,
Blessing others, O bless me;
Even me, even me,
Blessing others, O bless me.

TRYING, EVER TRYING.

MARIAN FROELICH. G. FROELICH.


1. Hap-py in the morn-ing to the day we'll rise, Glad to do the du - ty
2. Hap-py when an-oth-er does our aiding ask, That our strength may lighten
3. Life will then be golden 'neath the Master's smile, Happy be the mo - ments
that be-fore us lies; Tho' not lauded he - roes, kind we'll be and true,
some one's heavy task; Weave a brighter web-bing in life's sombre hue,
of earth's lit-tle while; And you'll hear Him say-ing, I have heed-ed you,
REFRAIN.
Try-ing, ev-er try-ing but the right to do.
Try-ing, ev-er try-ing but the right to do.
Try-ing, ev-er try-ing but the right to do.
Try - - ing,
Trying, ev-er trying,
Try - - ing, Try-ing to be true;.... Try - - ing,
Trying, ev-er trying, Trying, ev-er trying to be good and true; Trying, ev-er try-ing,

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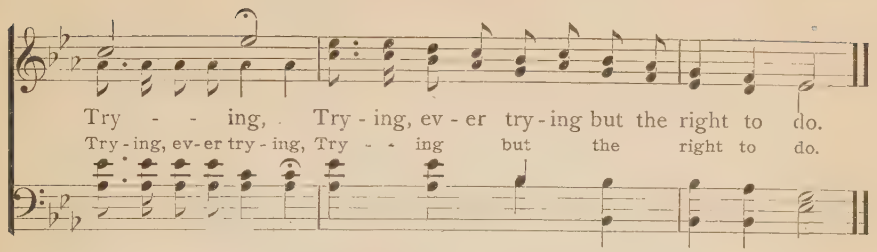
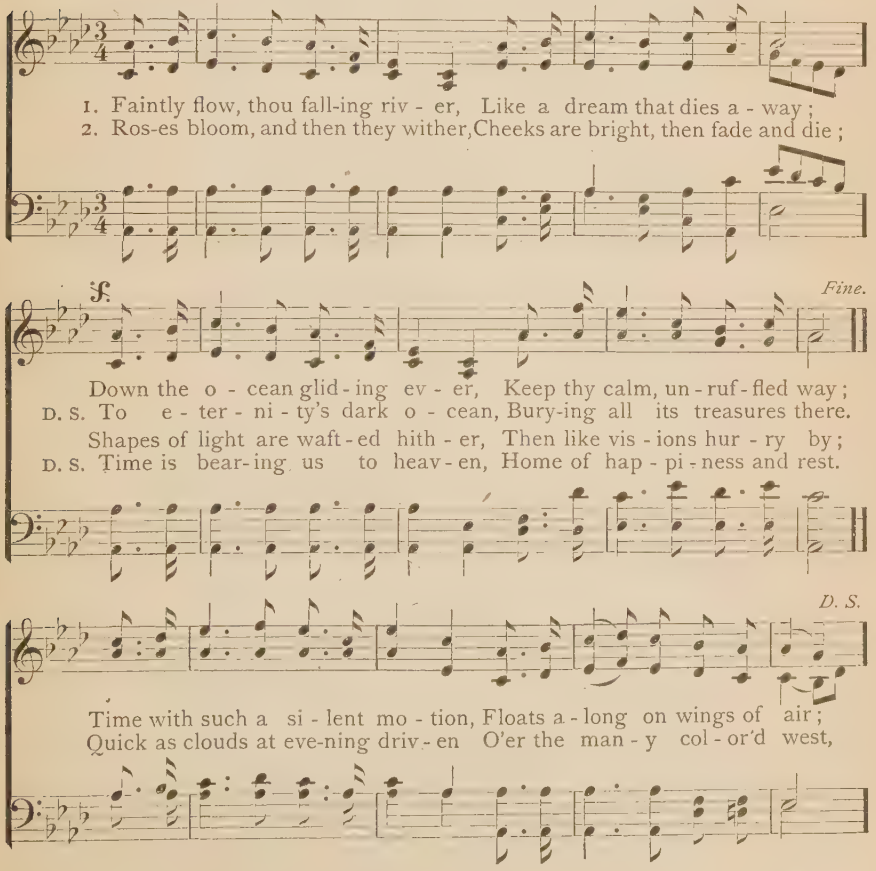
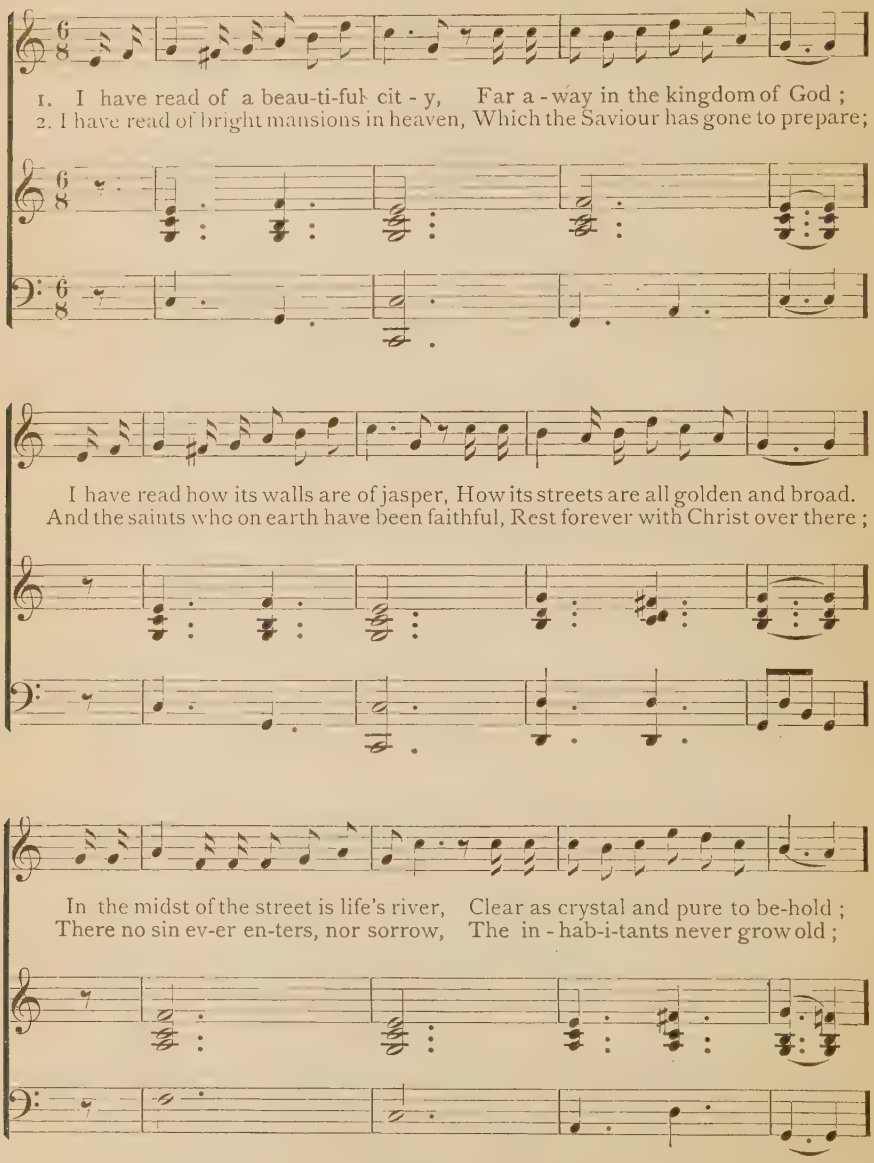
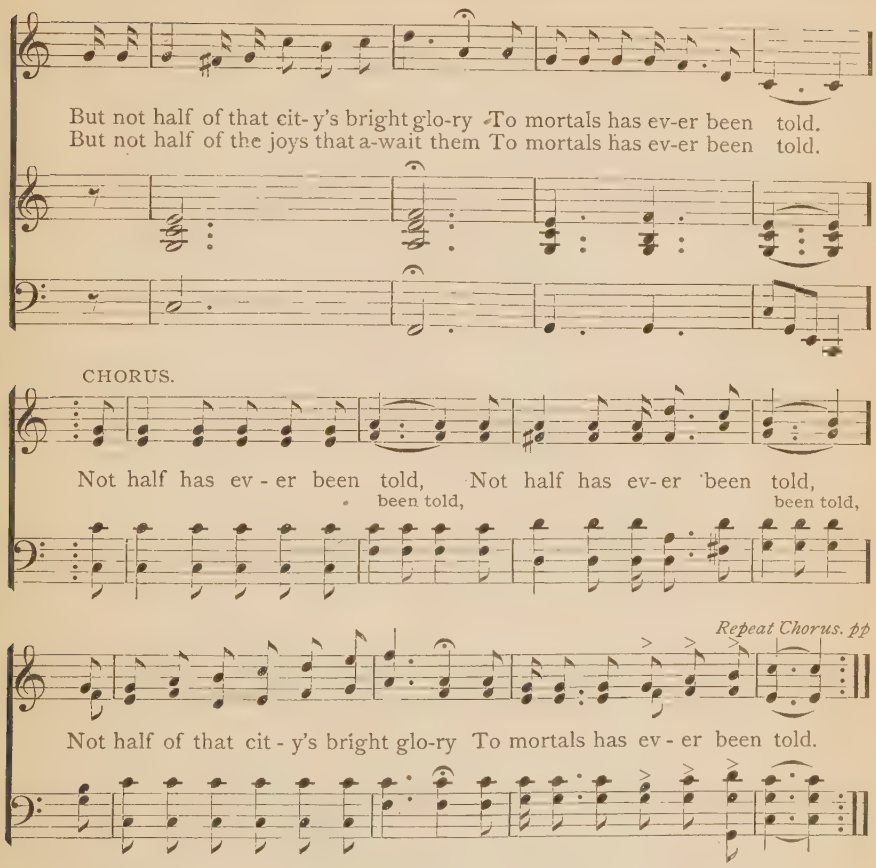


LIFE'S FLOWING RIVER.

J. G. PERCIVAL. ARR. BY ASA HULL.


1. Faintly flow, thou fall-ing riv - er, Like a dream that dies a - way;
2. Ros-es bloom, and then they wither, Cheeks are bright, then fade and die;
f.
Fine.
Down the o - cean glid - ing ev - er, Keep thy calm, un - ruf - fled way;
D. S. To e - ter - ni - ty's dark o - cean, Bury-ing all its treasures there.
Shapes of light are waft - ed hith - er, Then like vis - ions hur - ry by;
D. S. Time is bear-ing us to heav - en, Home of hap - pi - ness and rest.
D. S.
Time with such a si - lent mo - tion, Floats a - long on wings of air;
Quick as clouds at eve-ning driv - en O'er the man - y col - or'd west,

NOT HALF HAS EVER BEEN TOLD.

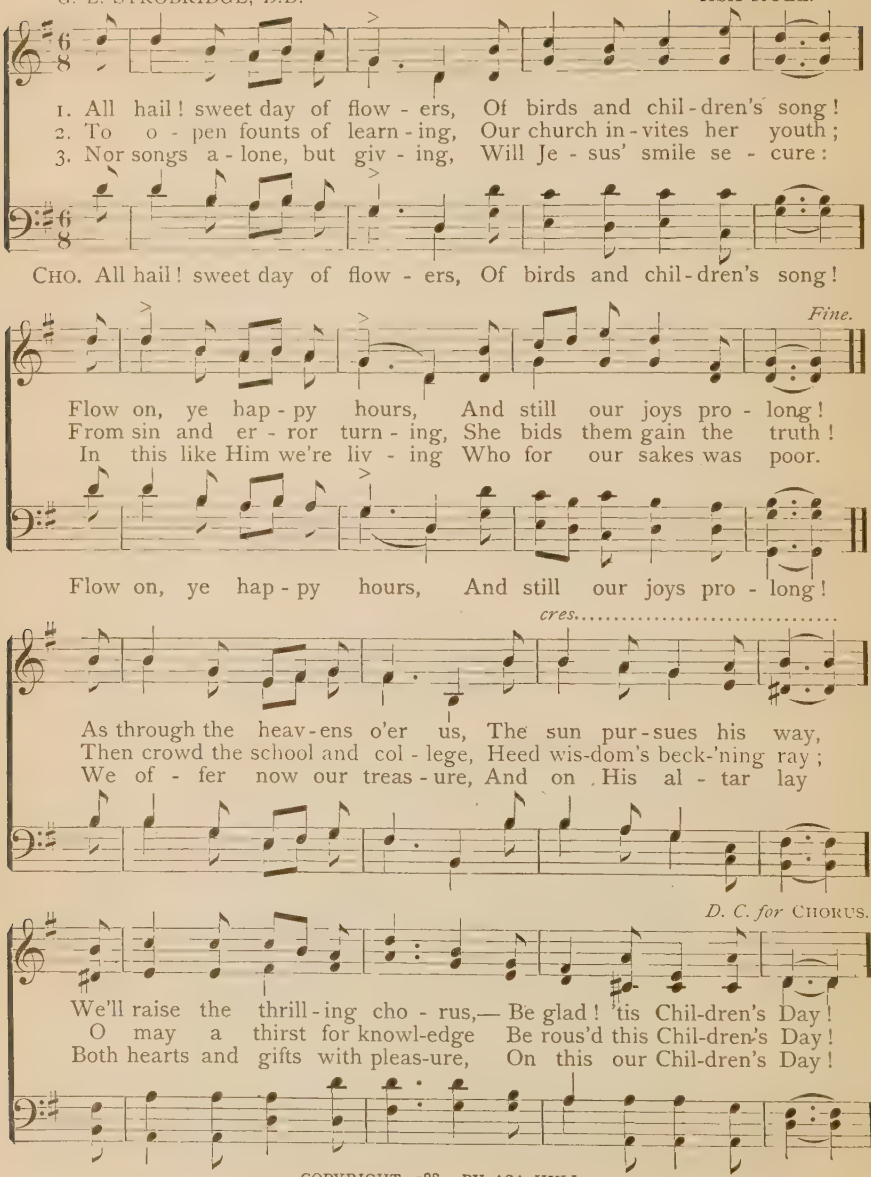
REV. J. B. ATCHINSON. O. F. PRESBREY. By Per.

1. I have read of a beau-ti-ful cit - y, Far a - way in the kingdom of God ;
2. I have read of bright mansions in heaven, Which the Saviour has gone to prepare;
I have read how its walls are of jasper, How its streets are all golden and broad.
And the saints who on earth have been faithful, Rest forever with Christ over there ;
In the midst of the street is life's river, Clear as crystal and pure to be-hold ;
There no sin ev-er en-ters, nor sorrow, The in - hab-i-tants never grow old ;

But not half of that cit-y's bright glo-ry To mortals has ev-er been told.
But not half of the joys that a-wait them To mortals has ev-er been told.
CHORUS.
Not half has ev-er been told, Not half has ev-er been told,
been told, been told,
Repeat Chorus. pp
Not half of that cit-y's bright glo-ry To mortals has ev-er been told.

3 I have read of white robes for the righteous,
Of bright crowns which the glorified wear,
When our Father shall bid them "Come, enter,
And my glory eternally share;"
How the righteous are evermore blessed
As they walk through the streets of pure gold;
But not half of the wonderful story To mortals, etc.

4 I have read of a Christ so forgiving,
That vile sinners may ask and receive
Peace and pardon from every transgression,
If when asking they only believe.
I have read how He'll guide and protect us,
If for safety we'll enter His fold;
But not half of His goodness and mercy To mortals, etc.

CHILDREN'S DAY.

G. E. STROBRIDGE, D.D. ASA HULL.


1. All hail! sweet day of flow - ers, Of birds and chil - dren's song!
2. To o - pen founts of learn - ing, Our church in - vites her youth;
3. Nor songs a - lone, but giv - ing, Will Je - sus' smile se - cure:
Cho. All hail! sweet day of flow - ers, Of birds and chil - dren's song!
Fine.
Flow on, ye hap - py hours, And still our joys pro - long!
From sin and er - ror turn - ing, She bids them gain the truth!
In this like Him we're liv - ing Who for our sakes was poor.
Flow on, ye hap - py hours, And still our joys pro - long!
cres.
As through the heav - ens o'er us, The sun pur - sues his way,
Then crowd the school and col - lege, Heed wis - dom's beck - 'ning ray;
We of - fer now our treas - ure, And on His al - tar lay
D. C. for Chorus.
We'll raise the thrill - ing cho - rus,— Be glad! 'tis Chil - dren's Day!
O may a thirst for knowl - edge Be rous'd this Chil - dren's Day!
Both hearts and gifts with pleas - ure, On this our Chil - dren's Day!

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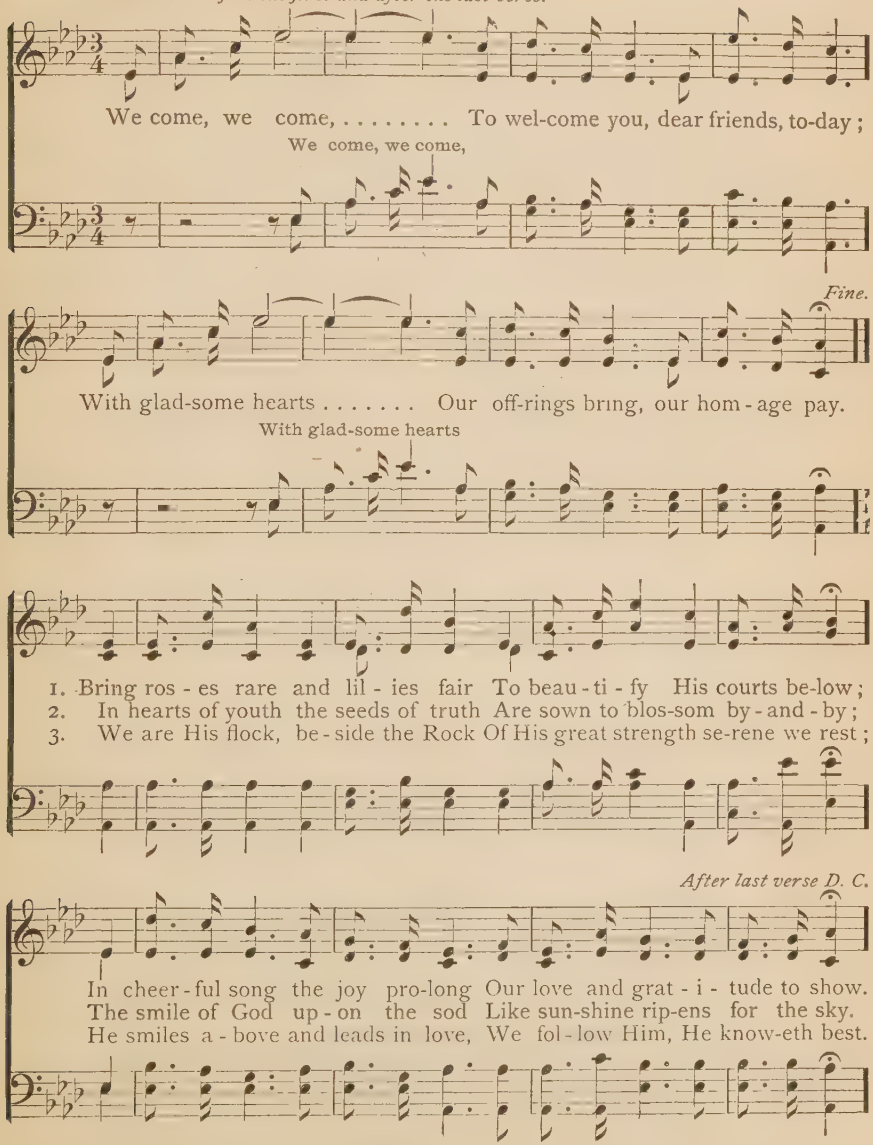
WELCOME GREETING.

WM. EDW. PENNEY. ASA HULL.

REFRAIN. *Before the first and after the last verse.*


We come, we come, ... To wel-come you, dear friends, to-day;
We come, we come,
Fine.
With glad-some hearts . . . . . Our off-rings bring, our hom-age pay.
With glad-some hearts
1. Bring ros-es rare and lil-ies fair To beau-ti-fy His courts be-low;
2. In hearts of youth the seeds of truth Are sown to blos-som by-and-by;
3. We are His flock, be-side the Rock Of His great strength se-rene we rest;
After last verse D. C.
In cheer-ful song the joy pro-long Our love and grat-i-tude to show.
The smile of God up-on the sod Like sun-shine rip-ens for the sky.
He smiles a-bove and leads in love, We fol-low Him, He know-eth best.

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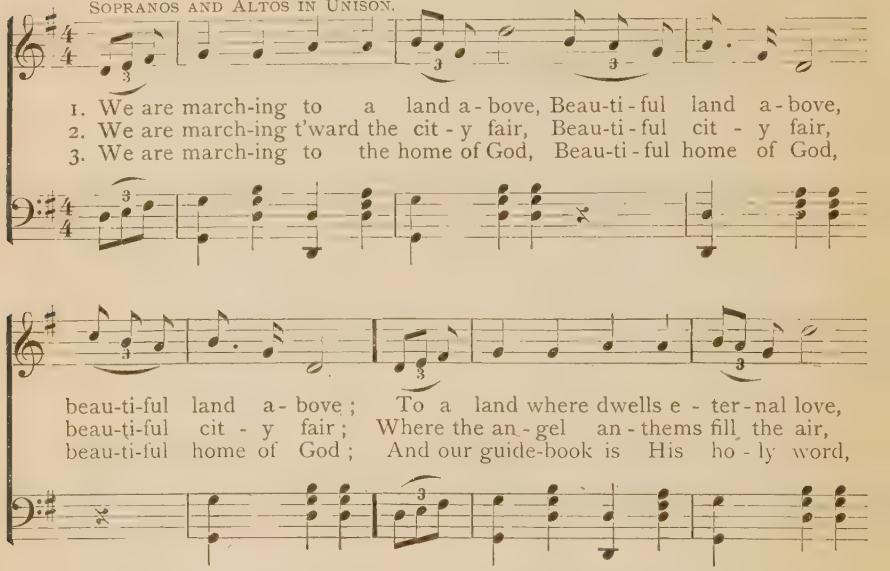
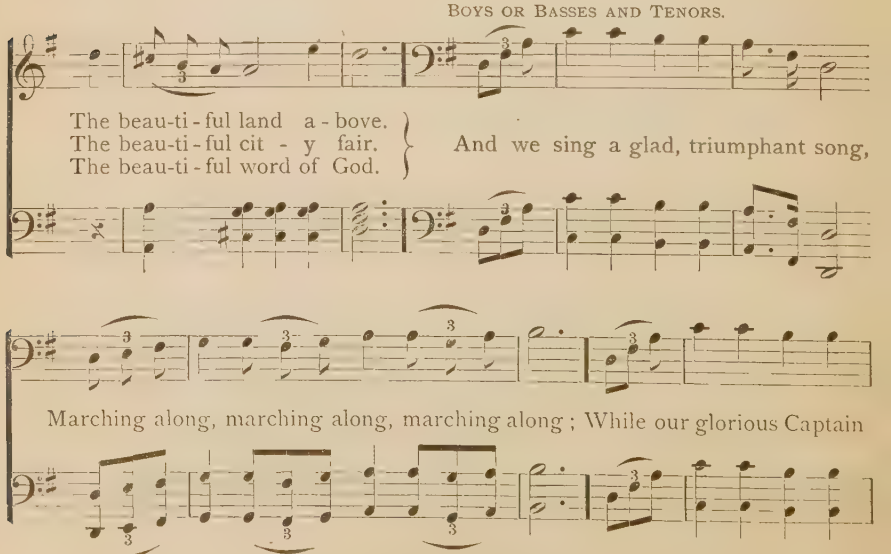
MARCHING TO THE LAND ABOVE.

MRS. W. W. SAVAGE. J. H. FILLMORE.

SOPRANOS AND ALTOS IN UNISON.


1. We are march-ing to a land a - bove, Beau-ti - ful land a - bove,
2. We are march-ing t'ward the cit - y fair, Beau-ti - ful cit - y fair,
3. We are march-ing to the home of God, Beau-ti - ful home of God,
beau-ti-ful land a - bove; To a land where dwells e - ter - nal love,
beau-ti-ful cit - y fair; Where the an - gel an - thems fill the air,
beau-ti-ful home of God; And our guide-book is His ho - ly word,

BOYS OR BASSES AND TENORS.


The beau-ti - ful land a - bove.
The beau-ti - ful cit - y fair.
The beau-ti - ful word of God.
And we sing a glad, triumphant song,
Marching along, marching along, marching along; While our glorious Captain

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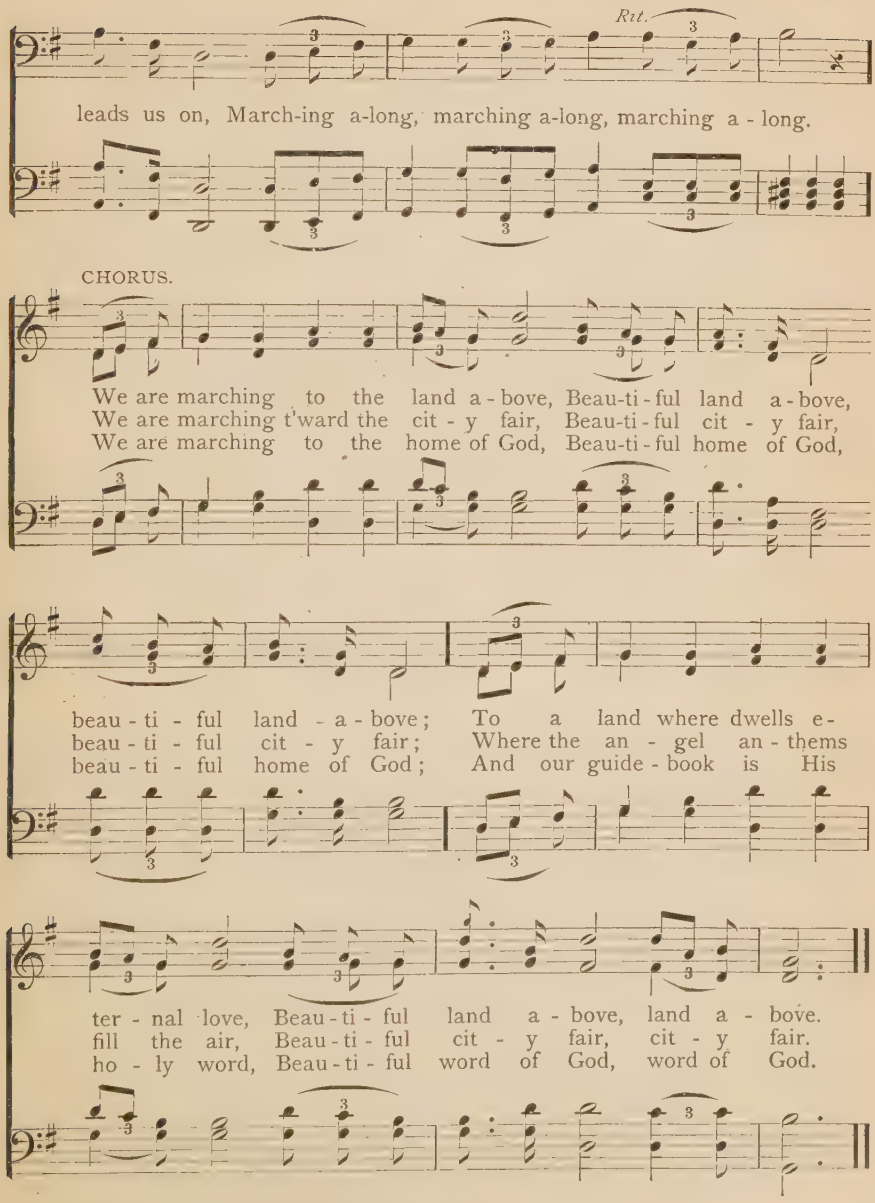
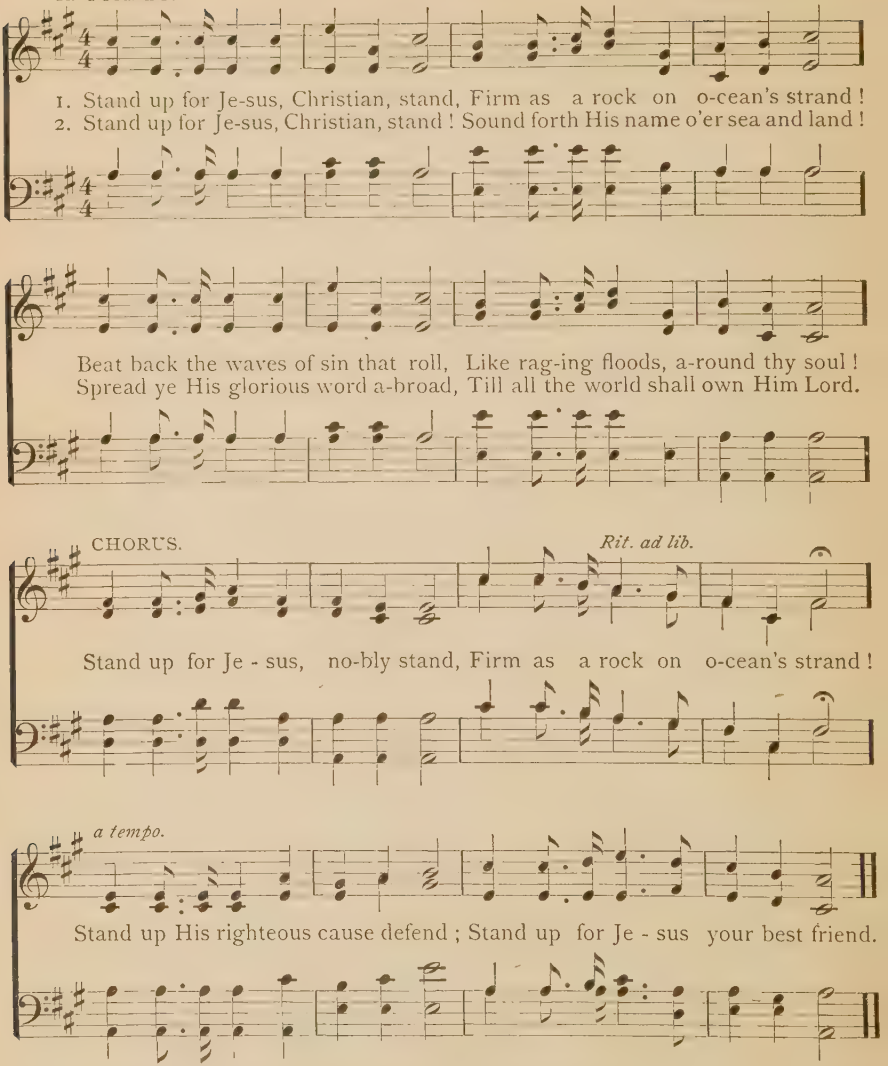

Rit.
leads us on, March-ing a-long, marching a-long, marching a - long.
CHORUS.
We are marching to the land a - bove, Beau-ti - ful land a - bove,
We are marching t'ward the cit - y fair, Beau-ti - ful cit - y fair,
We are marching to the home of God, Beau-ti - ful home of God,
beau - ti - ful land - a - bove; To a land where dwells e-
beau - ti - ful cit - y fair; Where the an - gel an - thems
beau - ti - ful home of God; And our guide - book is His
ter - nal love, Beau - ti - ful land a - bove, land a - bove.
fill the air, Beau - ti - ful cit - y fair, cit - y fair.
ho - ly word, Beau - ti - ful word of God, word of God.

STAND UP FOR JESUS.

R. TORREY. ASA HULL.

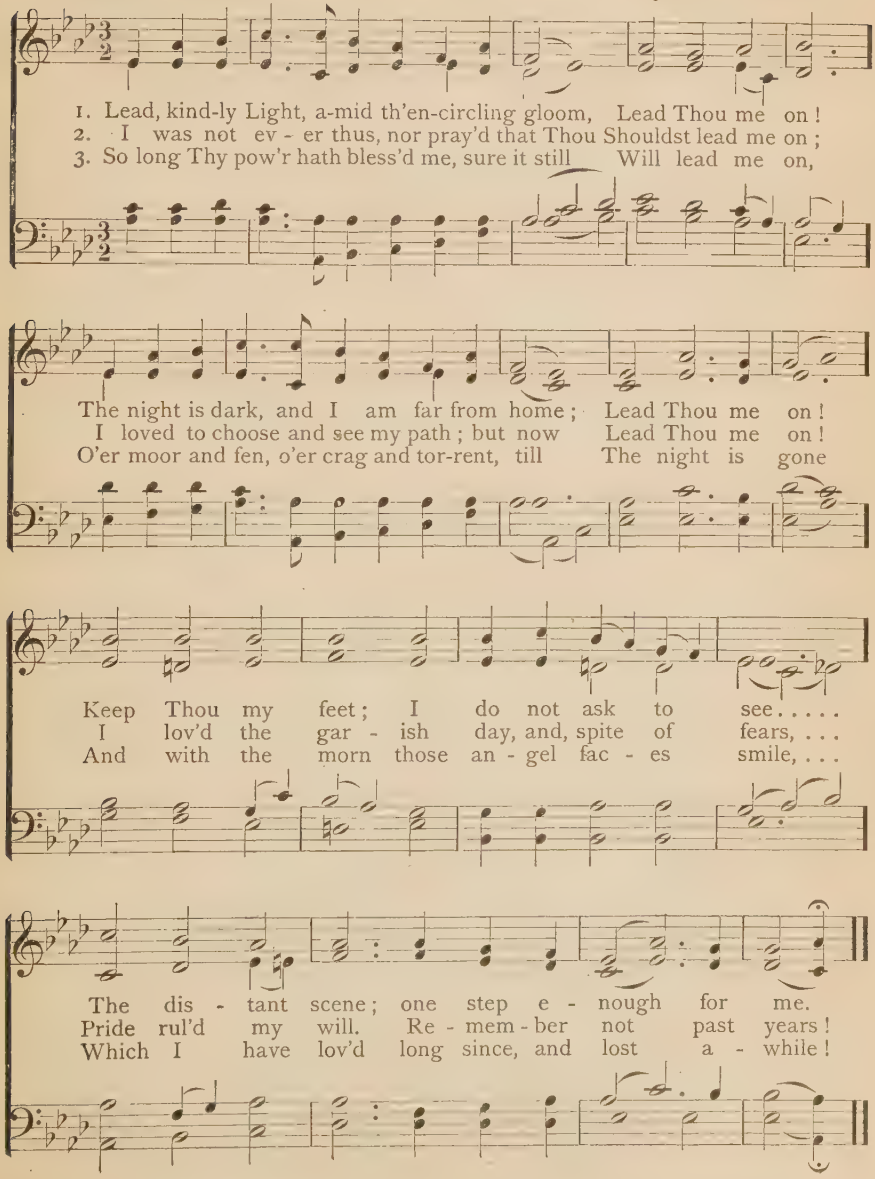

1. Stand up for Je-sus, Christian, stand, Firm as a rock on o-cean's strand!
2. Stand up for Je-sus, Christian, stand! Sound forth His name o'er sea and land!
Beat back the waves of sin that roll, Like rag-ing floods, a-round thy soul!
Spread ye His glorious word a-broad, Till all the world shall own Him Lord.
CHORUS.
Rit. ad lib.
Stand up for Je - sus, no-bly stand, Firm as a rock on o-cean's strand!
a tempo.
Stand up His righteous cause defend; Stand up for Je - sus your best friend.

3 Stand up for Jesus, Christian, stand!
Lift high the cross with steadfast hand,
Till heathen lands, with wond'ring eye,
Its rising glory shall descry.

4 Stand up for Jesus, Christian, stand!
Soon with the blest immortal band
We'll dwell for aye, life's journey o'er,
In realms of light, on heav'n's bright shore.

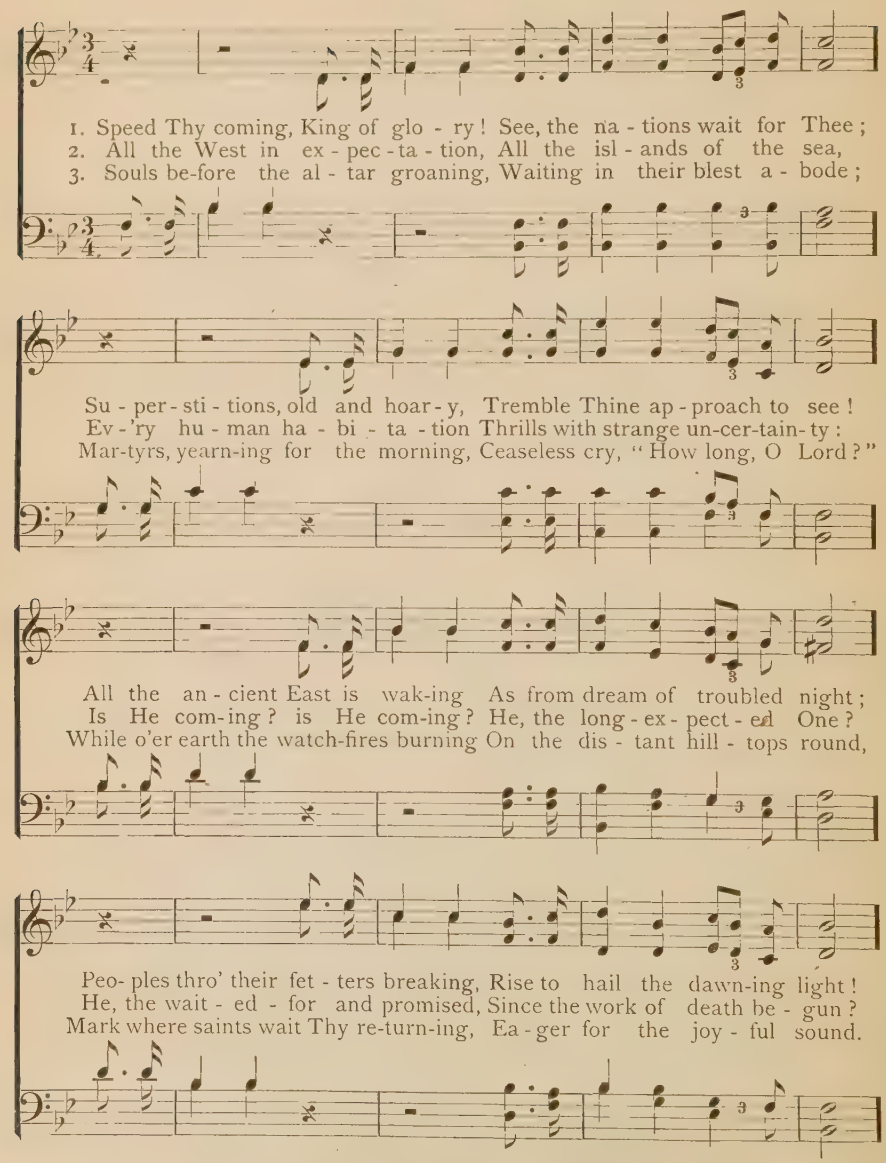
LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT.

JOHN H. NEWMAN. JOHN B. DYKES.


1. Lead, kind-ly Light, a-mid th'en-circling gloom, Lead Thou me on!
2. I was not ev - er thus, nor pray'd that Thou Shouldst lead me on;
3. So long Thy pow'r hath bless'd me, sure it still Will lead me on,
The night is dark, and I am far from home; Lead Thou me on!
I loved to choose and see my path; but now Lead Thou me on!
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and tor-rent, till The night is gone
Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see.....
I lov'd the gar - ish day, and, spite of fears, ...
And with the morn those an - gel fac - es smile, ...
The dis - tant scene; one step e - nough for me.
Pride rul'd my will. Re - mem - ber not past years!
Which I have lov'd long since, and lost a - while!

SPEED THY COMING.

REV. F. BOTTOME. HARRY SANDERS.


1. Speed Thy coming, King of glo - ry! See, the na - tions wait for Thee;
2. All the West in ex - pec - ta - tion, All the isl - ands of the sea,
3. Souls be-fore the al - tar groaning, Waiting in their blest a - bode;
Su - per - sti - tions, old and hoar - y, Tremble Thine ap - proach to see!
Ev - 'ry hu - man ha - bi - ta - tion Thrills with strange un-cer-tain-ty:
Mar-tyrs, yearn-ing for the morning, Ceaseless cry, "How long, O Lord?"
All the an - cient East is wak-ing As from dream of troubled night;
Is He com-ing? is He com-ing? He, the long - ex - pect - ed One?
While o'er earth the watch-fires burning On the dis - tant hill - tops round,
Peo- ples thro' their fet - ters breaking, Rise to hail the dawn-ing light!
He, the wait - ed - for and promised, Since the work of death be - gun?
Mark where saints wait Thy re-turn-ing, Ea - ger for the joy - ful sound.

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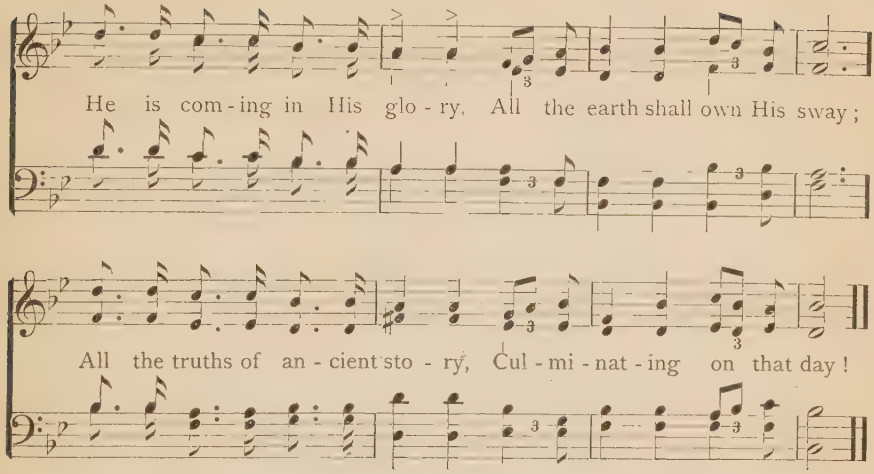
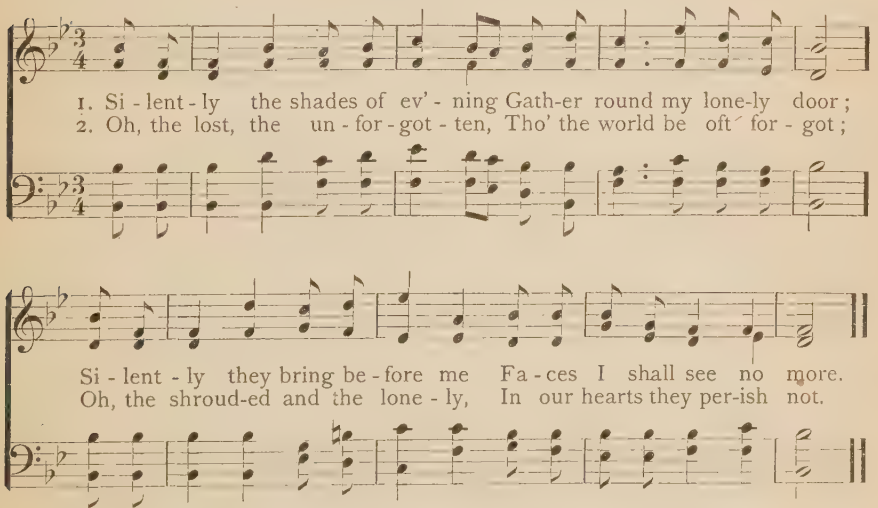
CHORUS.



THE SHADES OF EVENING.

C. C. COX. D. E. JONES.

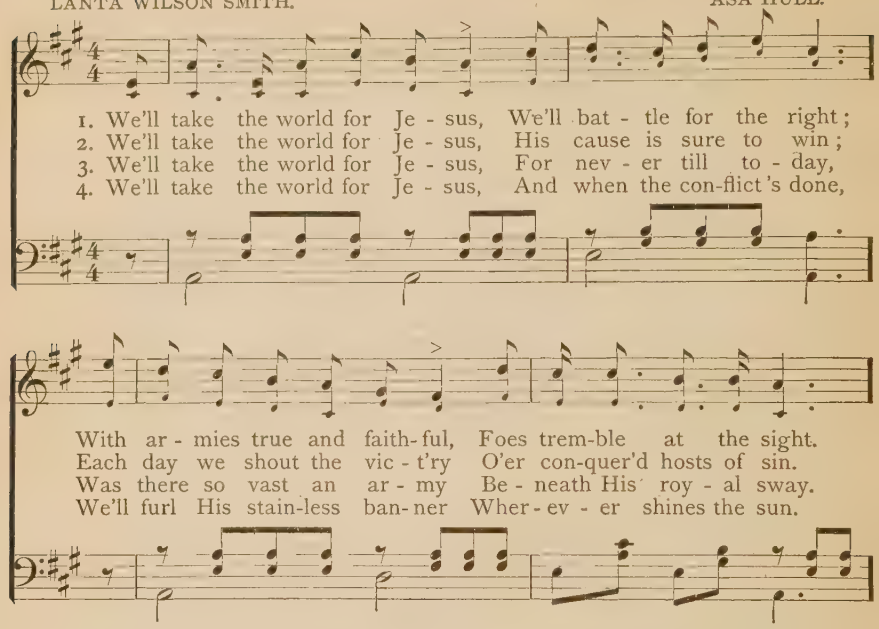

1. Si-lent-ly the shades of ev'-ning Gath-er round my lone-ly door;
2. Oh, the lost, the un-for-got-ten, Tho' the world be oft for-got;
Si-lent-ly they bring be-fore me Fa-ces I shall see no more.
Oh, the shroud-ed and the lone-ly, In our hearts they per-ish not.

3 Living in the silent hours,
Where our spirits only blend;
They unlinked from earthly trouble,
We still hoping for its end.

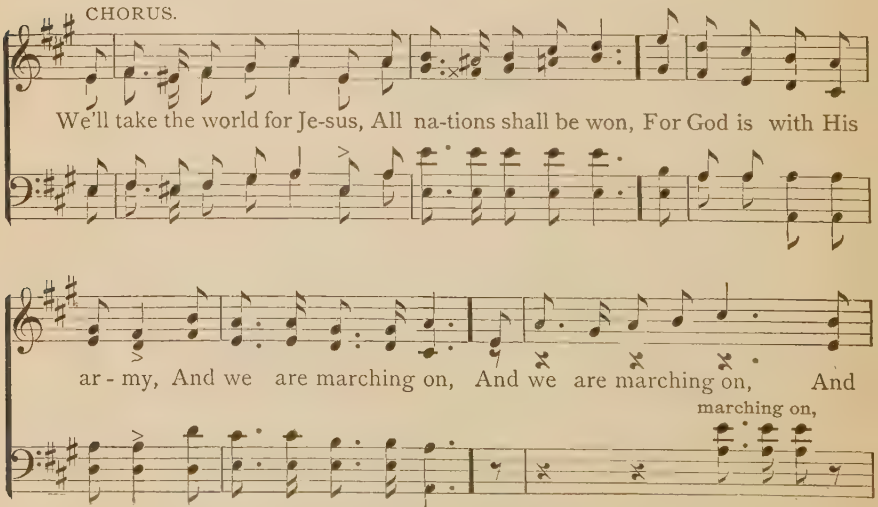
4 How such holy mem'ries cluster,
Like the stars when storms are past;
Pointing up to that fair haven,
We may hope to gain at last.

WE'LL TAKE THE WORLD FOR JESUS.

LANTA WILSON SMITH. ASA HULL.


1. We'll take the world for Je - sus, We'll bat - tle for the right;
2. We'll take the world for Je - sus, His cause is sure to win;
3. We'll take the world for Je - sus, For nev - er till to - day,
4. We'll take the world for Je - sus, And when the con-flict's done,
With ar - mies true and faith-ful, Foes trem-ble at the sight.
Each day we shout the vic - t'ry O'er con-quer'd hosts of sin.
Was there so vast an ar - my Be - neath His roy - al sway.
We'll furl His stain-less ban-ner Wher - ev - er shines the sun.

CHORUS.


We'll take the world for Je-sus, All na-tions shall be won, For God is with His
ar - my, And we are marching on, And we are marching on, And
marching on,

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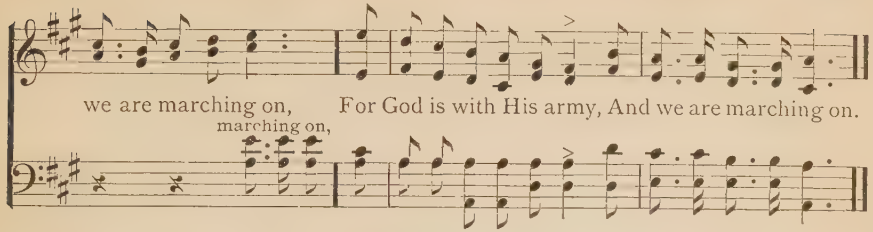
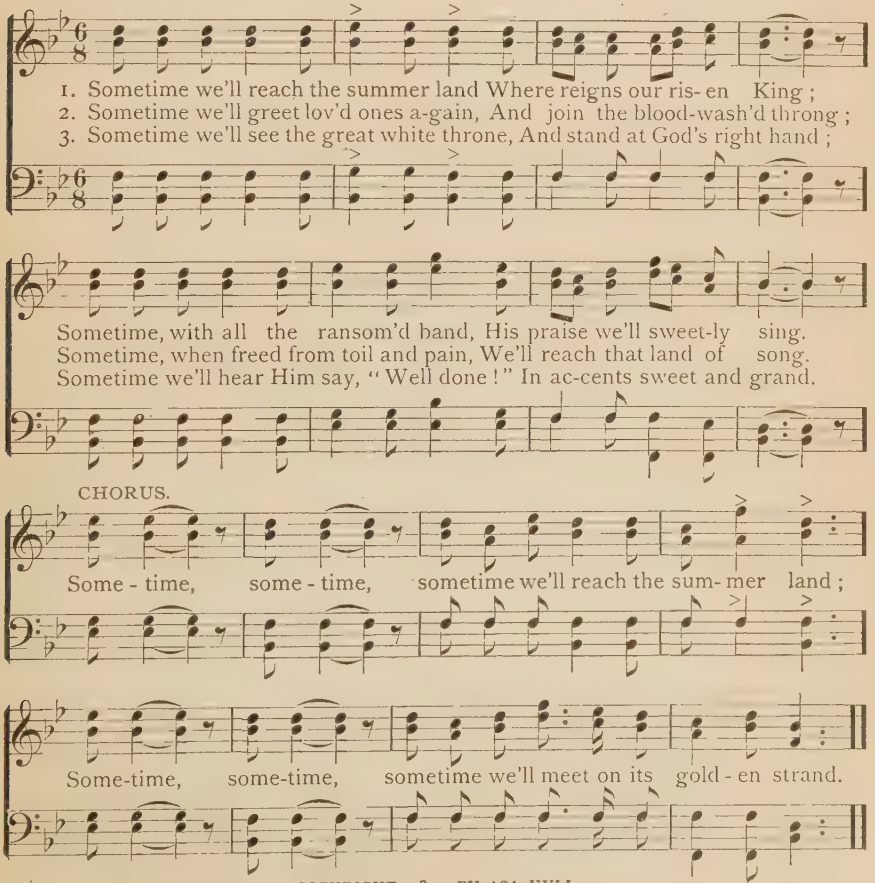


SOMETIME.

HARRIET E. JONES. (FOR MALE VOICES.) ASA HULL.

1. Sometime we'll reach the summer land Where reigns our ris- en King ;
2. Sometime we'll greet lov'd ones a-gain, And join the blood-wash'd throng ;
3. Sometime we'll see the great white throne, And stand at God's right hand ;
Sometime, with all the ransom'd band, His praise we'll sweet-ly sing.
Sometime, when freed from toil and pain, We'll reach that land of song.
Sometime we'll hear Him say, "Well done!" In ac-cents sweet and grand.
CHORUS.
Some - time, some - time, sometime we'll reach the sum- mer land ;
Some-time, some-time, sometime we'll meet on its gold - en strand.

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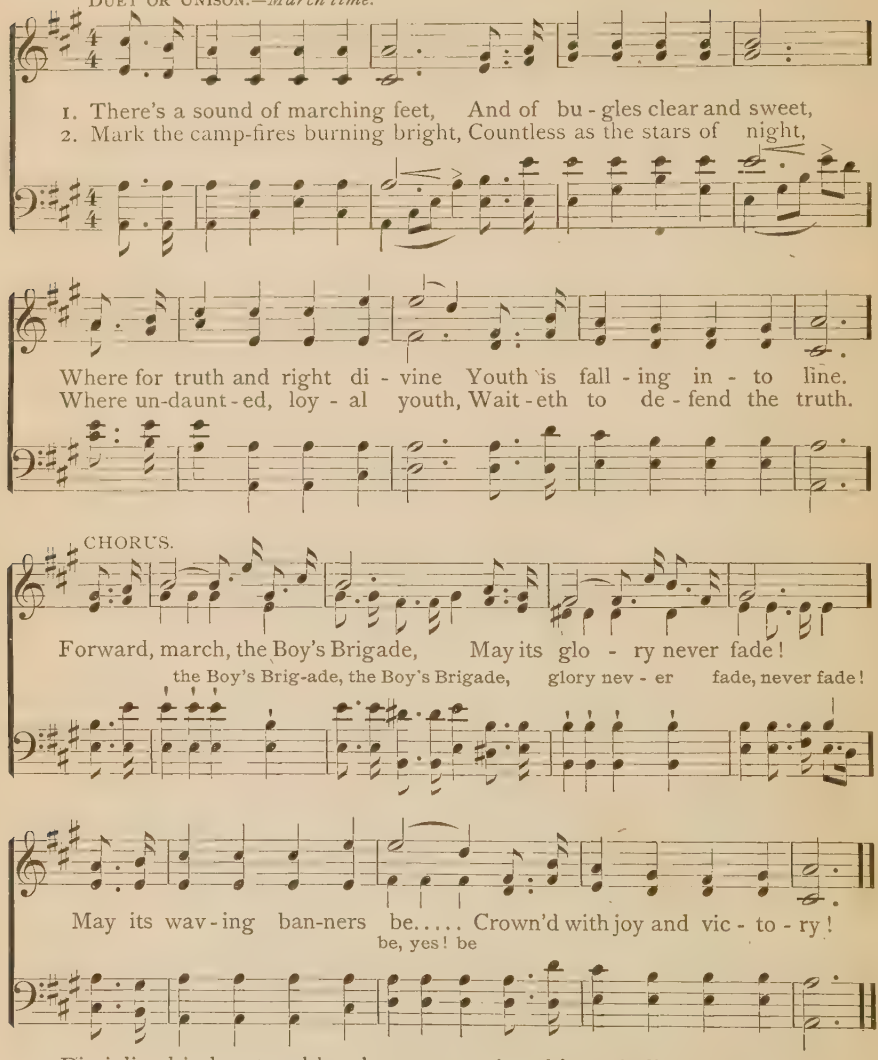
BOYS' BRIGADE HYMN.

WM. EDW. PENNEY. ASA HULL.

DUET OR UNISON.—*March time.*


1. There's a sound of marching feet, And of bu - gles clear and sweet,
2. Mark the camp-fires burning bright, Countless as the stars of night,
Where for truth and right di - vine Youth is fall - ing in - to line.
Where un-daunt - ed, loy - al youth, Wait - eth to de - fend the truth.
CHORUS.
Forward, march, the Boy's Brigade, May its glo - ry never fade!
the Boy's Brig-ade, the Boy's Brigade, glory nev - er fade, never fade!
May its wav - ing ban-ners be..... Crown'd with joy and vic - to - ry!
be, yes! be

3 Disciplined in heart and hand,
To obey and understand,
Zion's army in reserve
Eager waits her cause to serve.

4 Angel hosts in light arrayed,
Hail with joy the Boy's Brigade;
Fiends of darkness dread the sight
Of its serried legions bright.

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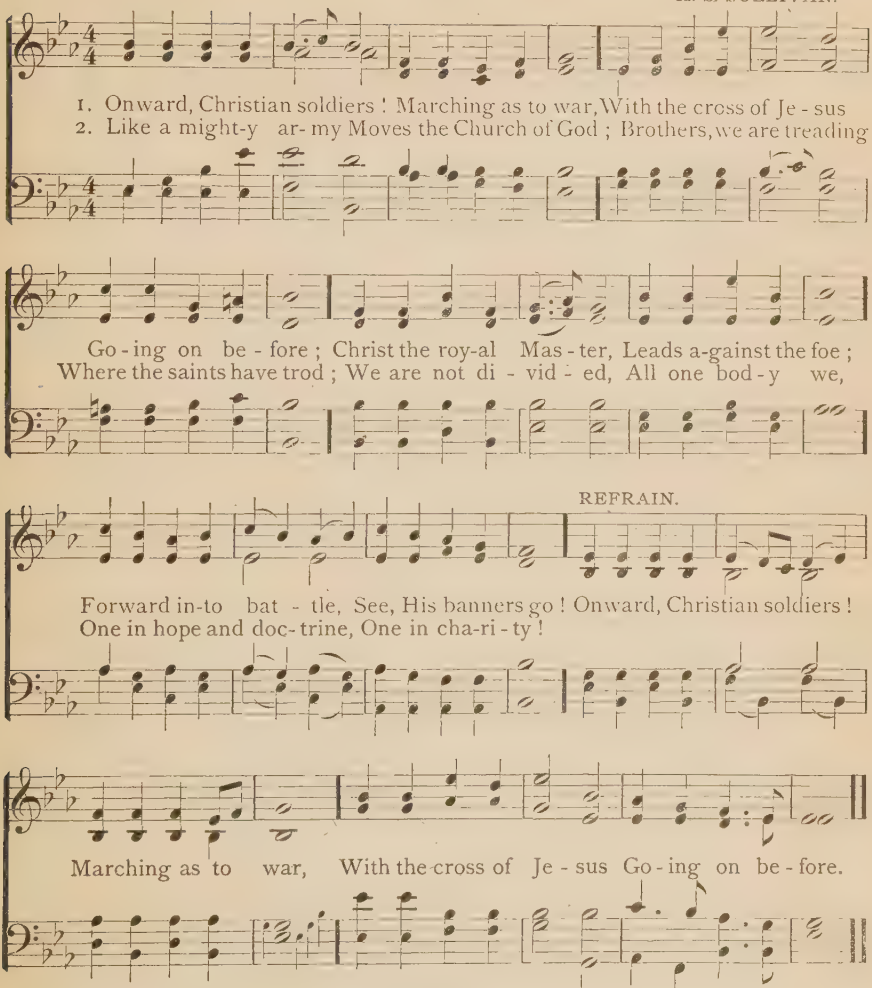
S. B. GOULD. A. S. SULLIVAN.


1. Onward, Christian soldiers! Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus
2. Like a might-y ar- my Moves the Church of God; Brothers, we are treading
Go - ing on be - fore; Christ the roy-al Mas - ter, Leads a-gainst the foe;
Where the saints have trod; We are not di - vid - ed, All one bod - y we,
REFRAIN.
Forward in-to bat - tle, See, His banners go! Onward, Christian soldiers!
One in hope and doc-trine, One in cha-ri - ty!
Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore.

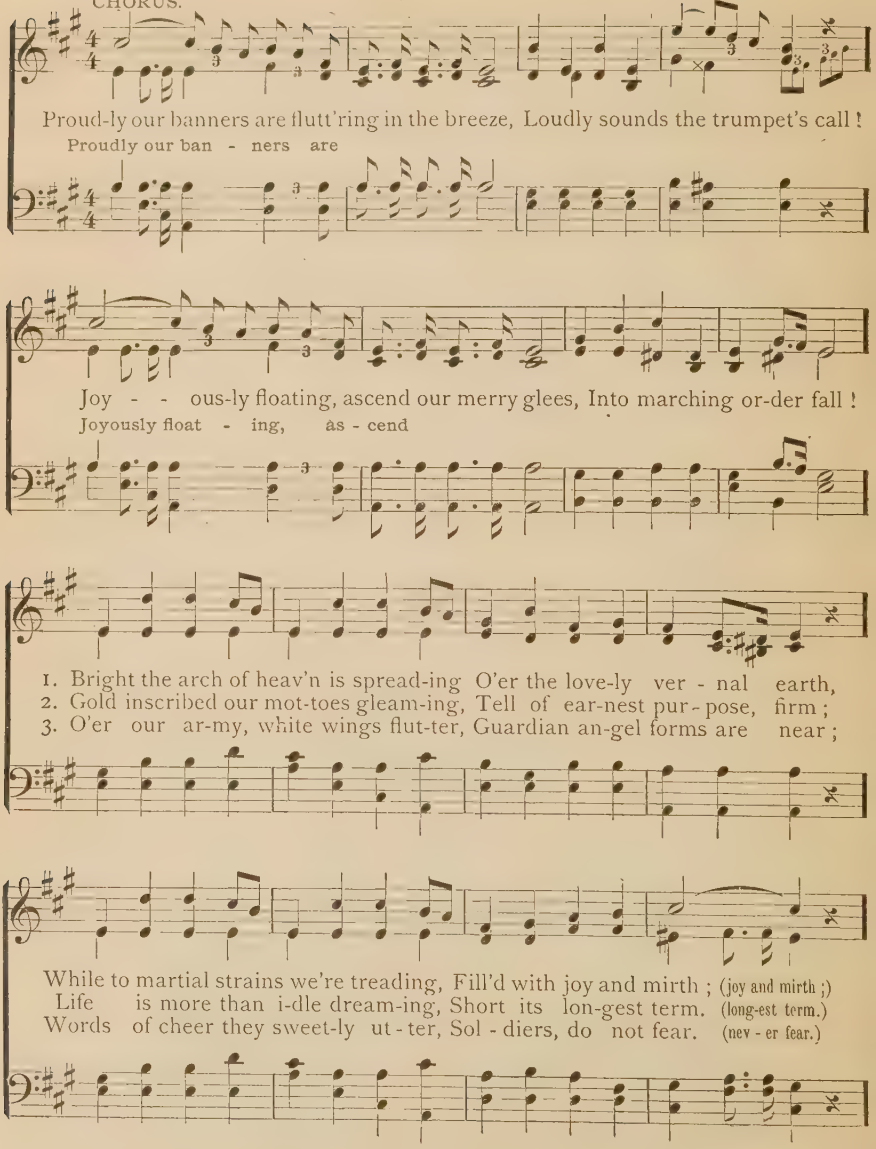
3 Crowns and thrones may perish,
Kingdoms rise and wane,
But the Church of Jesus
Constant will remain;
Gates of hell can never
'Gainst the Church prevail;
We have Christ's own promise,
And that cannot fail.

4 Onward, then, ye people!
Join our happy throng,
Blend with ours your voices
In the triumph-song;
Glory, laud and honor
Unto Christ, the King;
This through countless ages
Men and angels sing.

THE BATTLE MARCH.

MARIAN FROELICH. G. FROELICH.

CHORUS.


Proud-ly our banners are flutt'ring in the breeze, Loudly sounds the trumpet's call!
Proudly our ban - ners are
Joy - - ous-ly floating, ascend our merry glees, Into marching or-der fall!
Joyously float - ing, as - cend
1. Bright the arch of heav'n is spread-ing O'er the love-ly ver - nal earth,
2. Gold inscribed our mot-toes gleam-ing, Tell of ear-nest pur - pose, firm;
3. O'er our ar-my, white wings flut-ter, Guardian an-gel forms are near;
While to martial strains we're treading, Fill'd with joy and mirth; (joy and mirth;)
Life is more than i-dle dream-ing, Short its lon-gest term. (long-est term.)
Words of cheer they sweet-ly ut - ter, Sol - diers, do not fear. (nev - er fear.)

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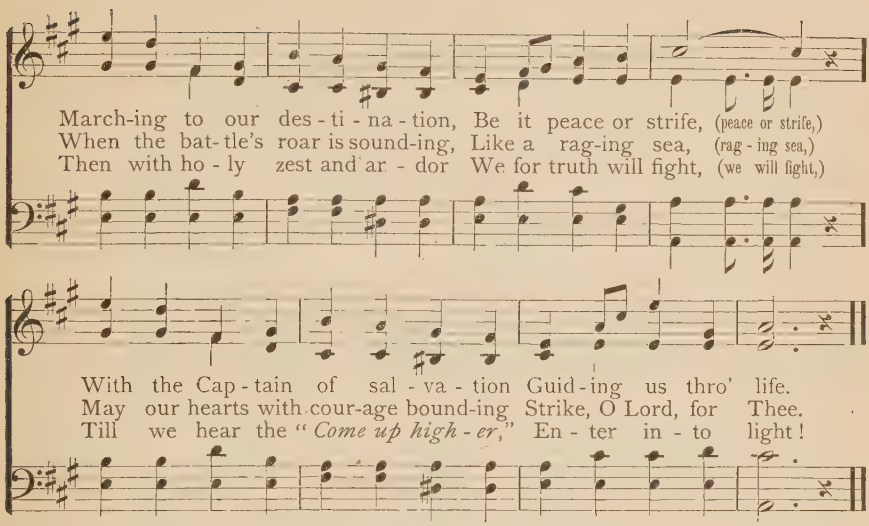
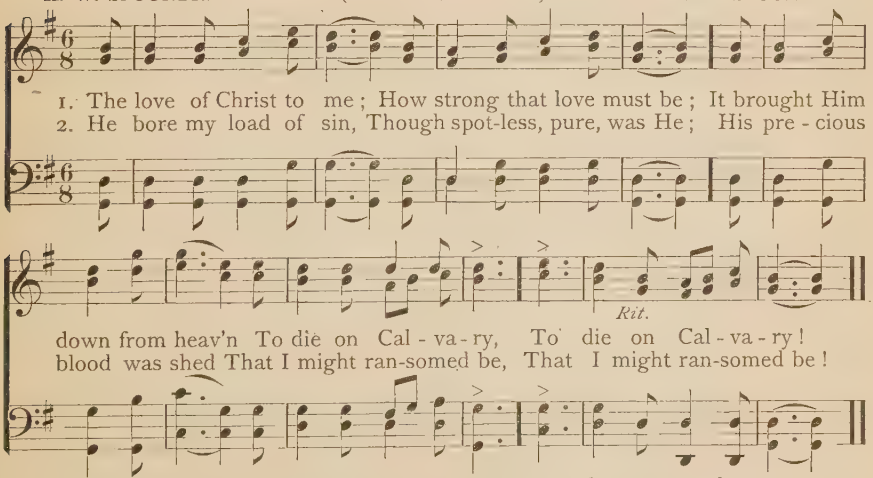

March-ing to our des - ti - na - tion, Be it peace or strife, (peace or strife,)
When the bat-tle's roar is sound-ing, Like a rag-ing sea, (rag - ing sea,)
Then with ho - ly zest and ar - dor We for truth will fight, (we will fight,)
With the Cap - tain of sal - va - tion Guid - ing us thro' life.
May our hearts with cour-age bound-ing Strike, O Lord, for Thee.
Till we hear the "Come up high - er," En - ter in - to light!

THE LOVE OF CHRIST.

A. W. SPOONER. (MALE VOICES.) REV. A. W. SPOONER.


1. The love of Christ to me; How strong that love must be; It brought Him
2. He bore my load of sin, Though spot-less, pure, was He; His pre - cious
Rit.
down from heav'n To die on Cal - va - ry, To die on Cal - va - ry!
blood was shed That I might ran-somed be, That I might ran-somed be!

3 'Twas I that drove the nails,
And made the thorny crown;
How can He love me so,
‖: And claim me for His own?" :‖

4 Such love has won my heart,
Blest Saviour, Thou art mine;
O, take me as I am,
‖: And keep me ever Thine! :‖

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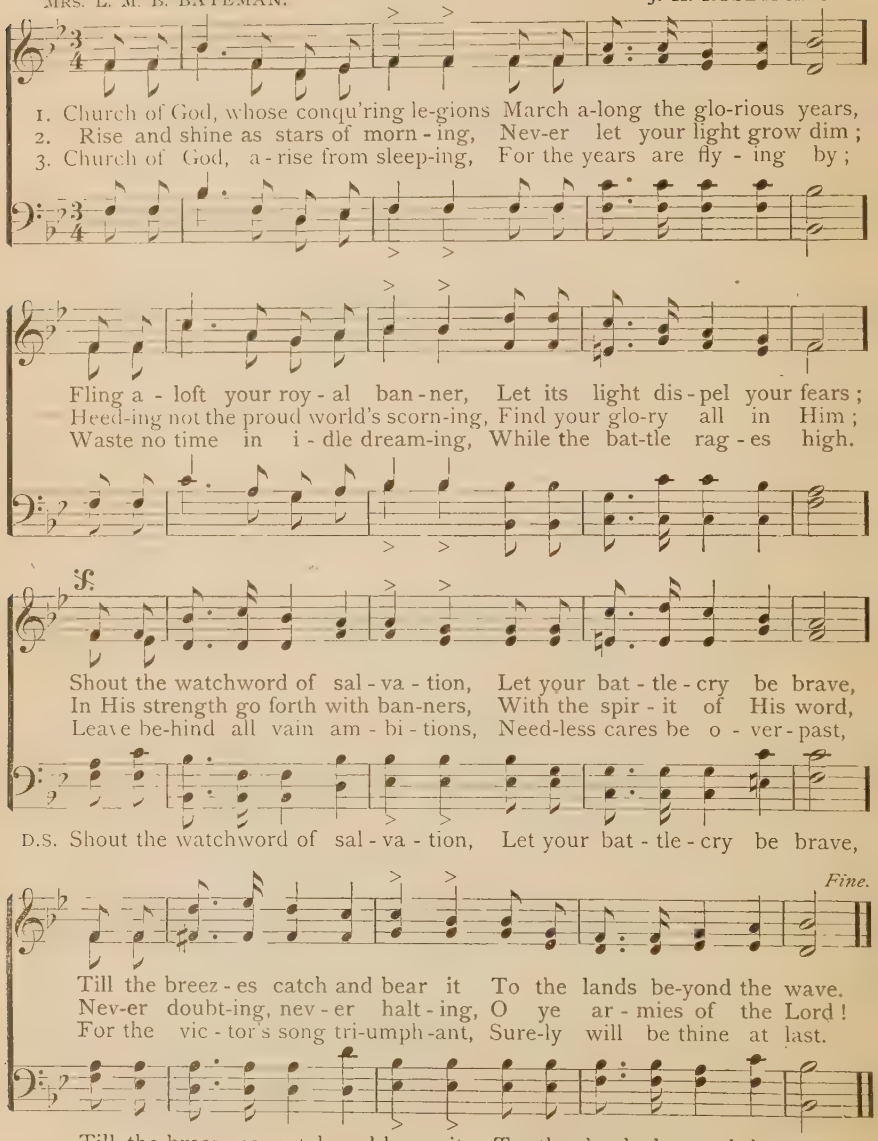
ON TO VICTORY.

MRS. L. M. B. BATEMAN. J. H. ROSECRANS.


1. Church of God, whose conqu'ring le-gions March a-long the glo-rious years,
2. Rise and shine as stars of morn - ing, Nev-er let your light grow dim;
3. Church of God, a - rise from sleep-ing, For the years are fly - ing by;
Fling a - loft your roy - al ban - ner, Let its light dis - pel your fears;
Heed-ing not the proud world's scorn-ing, Find your glo-ry all in Him;
Waste no time in i - dle dream-ing, While the bat-tle rag - es high.
f.
Shout the watchword of sal - va - tion, Let your bat - tle - cry be brave,
In His strength go forth with ban-ners, With the spir - it of His word,
Leave be-hind all vain am - bi - tions, Need-less cares be o - ver - past,
D.S. Shout the watchword of sal - va - tion, Let your bat - tle - cry be brave,
Fine.
Till the breez - es catch and bear it To the lands be-yond the wave.
Nev-er doubt-ing, nev - er halt - ing, O ye ar - mies of the Lord!
For the vic - tor's song tri-umph-ant, Sure-ly will be thine at last.
Till the breez - es catch and bear it To the lands be-yond the wave.

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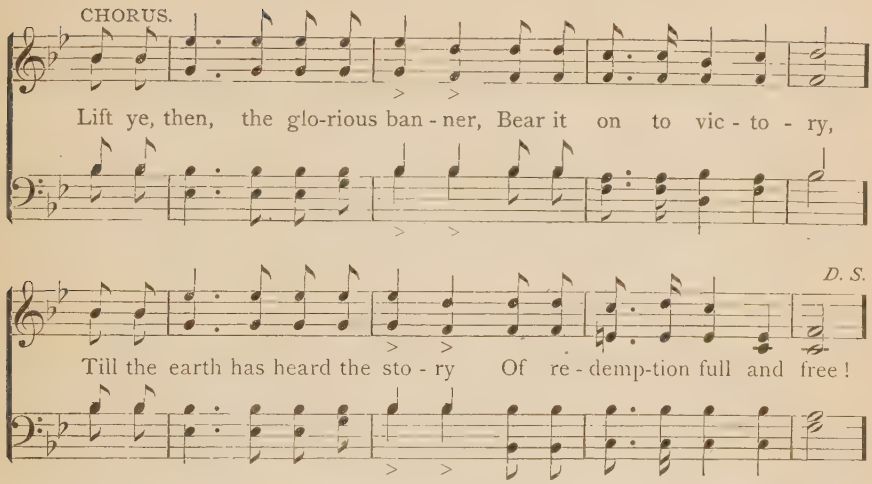
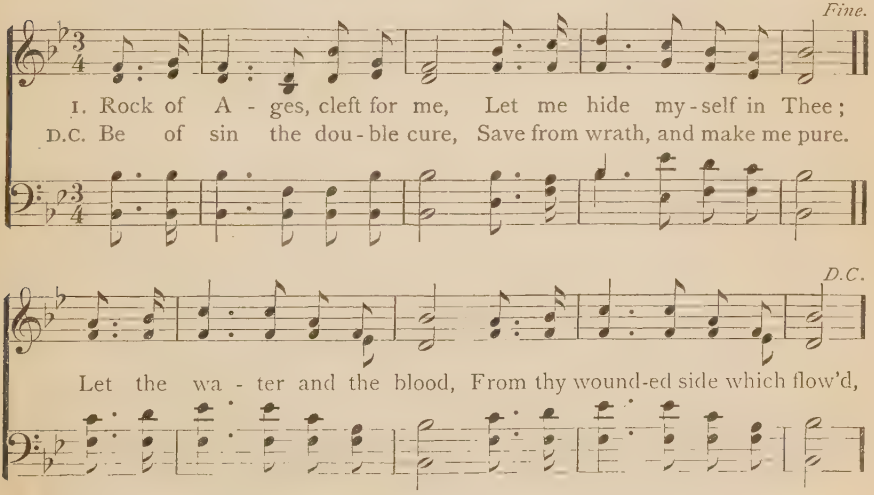

CHORUS.
Lift ye, then, the glo-rious ban - ner, Bear it on to vic - to - ry,
D. S.
Till the earth has heard the sto - ry Of re - demp-tion full and free!

ROCK OF AGES.

A. M. TOPLADY. DR. T. HASTINGS.


Fine.
1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my-self in Thee;
D.C. Be of sin the dou-ble cure, Save from wrath, and make me pure.
D.C.
Let the wa - ter and the blood, From thy wound-ed side which flow'd,

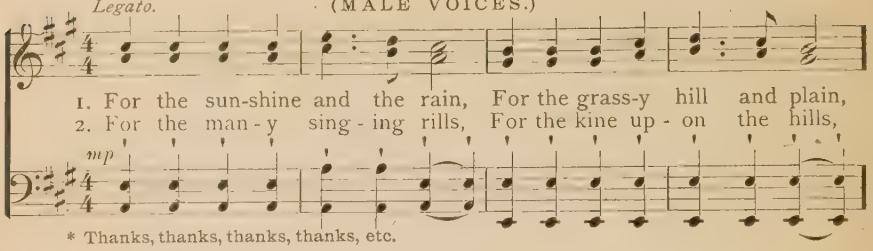
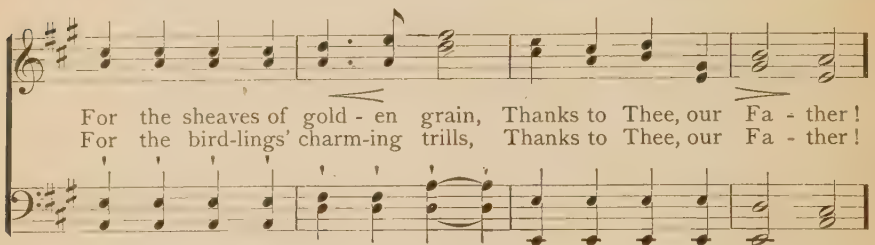
2 Could my tears for ever flow,
Could my zeal no languor know,
These for sin could not atone:
Thou must save, and Thou alone:
In my hand no price I bring;
Simply to Thy cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyes shall close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold Thee on Thy throne,—
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

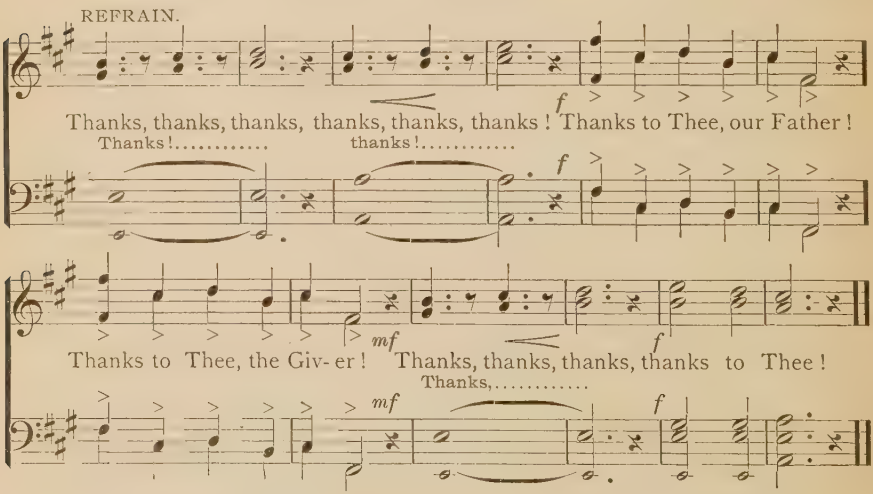
THANKS TO THEE, OUR FATHER.

HARRIET E. JONES. ASA HULL.

Legato. (MALE VOICES.)


1. For the sun-shine and the rain, For the grass-y hill and plain,
2. For the man-y sing-ing rills, For the kine up-on the hills,
mp
* Thanks, thanks, thanks, thanks, etc.

For the sheaves of gold-en grain, Thanks to Thee, our Fa-ther!
For the bird-lings' charm-ing trills, Thanks to Thee, our Fa-ther!
Thanks to Thee, our Fa-ther!

REFRAIN.



3 For the many-colored flowers,
For the pretty woodland bowers,
For the peaceful summer hours,
Thanks to Thee, our Father.

4 For the beauty everywhere,
For the friends our joys to share,
For Thy constant love and care,
Thanks to Thee, our Father.

* The Basses can sing "Thanks" softly as accompaniment for first three lines, or the words all through if preferred.

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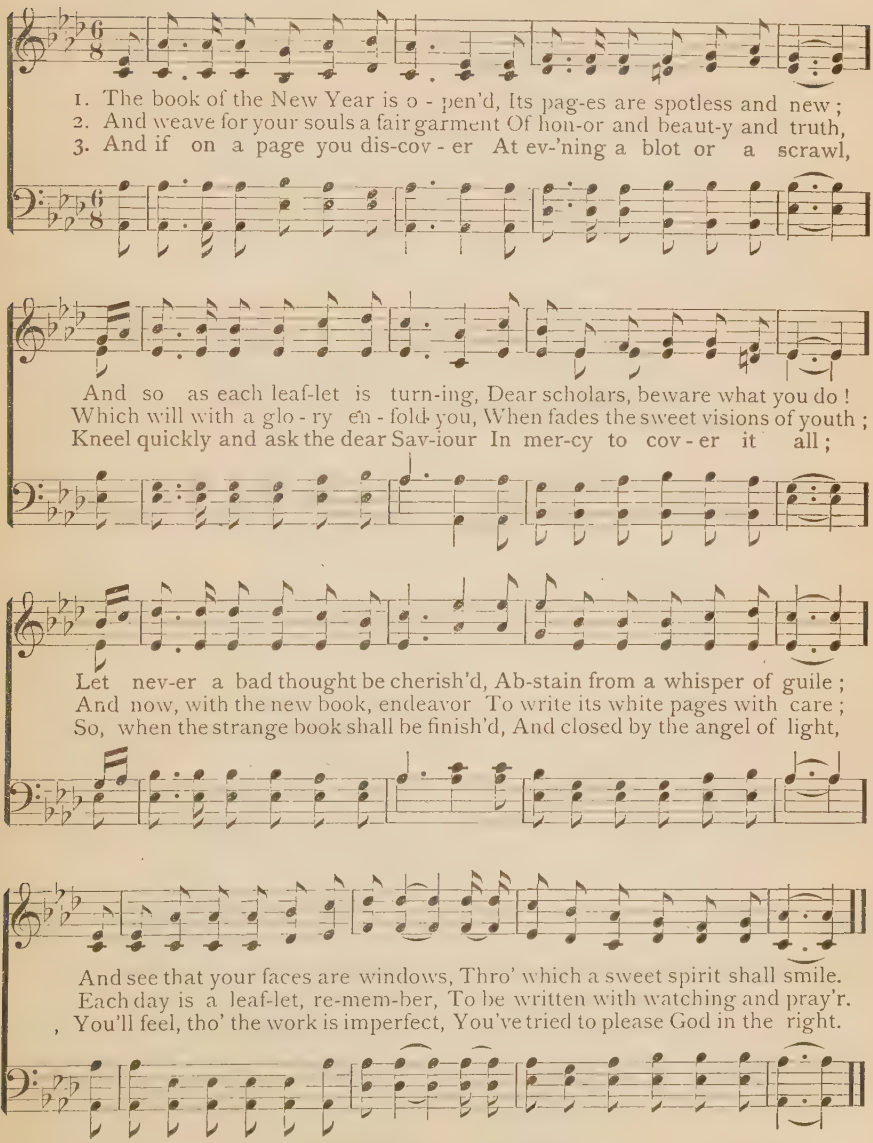
CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. The book of the New Year is o - pen'd, Its pag-es are spotless and new;
2. And weave for your souls a fair garment Of hon-or and beaut-y and truth,
3. And if on a page you dis-cov - er At ev-'ning a blot or a scrawl,
And so as each leaf-let is turn-ing, Dear scholars, beware what you do!
Which will with a glo - ry en - fold you, When fades the sweet visions of youth;
Kneel quickly and ask the dear Sav-iour In mer-cy to cov - er it all;
Let nev-er a bad thought be cherish'd, Ab-stain from a whisper of guile;
And now, with the new book, endeavor To write its white pages with care;
So, when the strange book shall be finish'd, And closed by the angel of light,
And see that your faces are windows, Thro' which a sweet spirit shall smile.
Each day is a leaf-let, re-mem-ber, To be written with watching and pray'r.
You'll feel, tho' the work is imperfect, You've tried to please God in the right.

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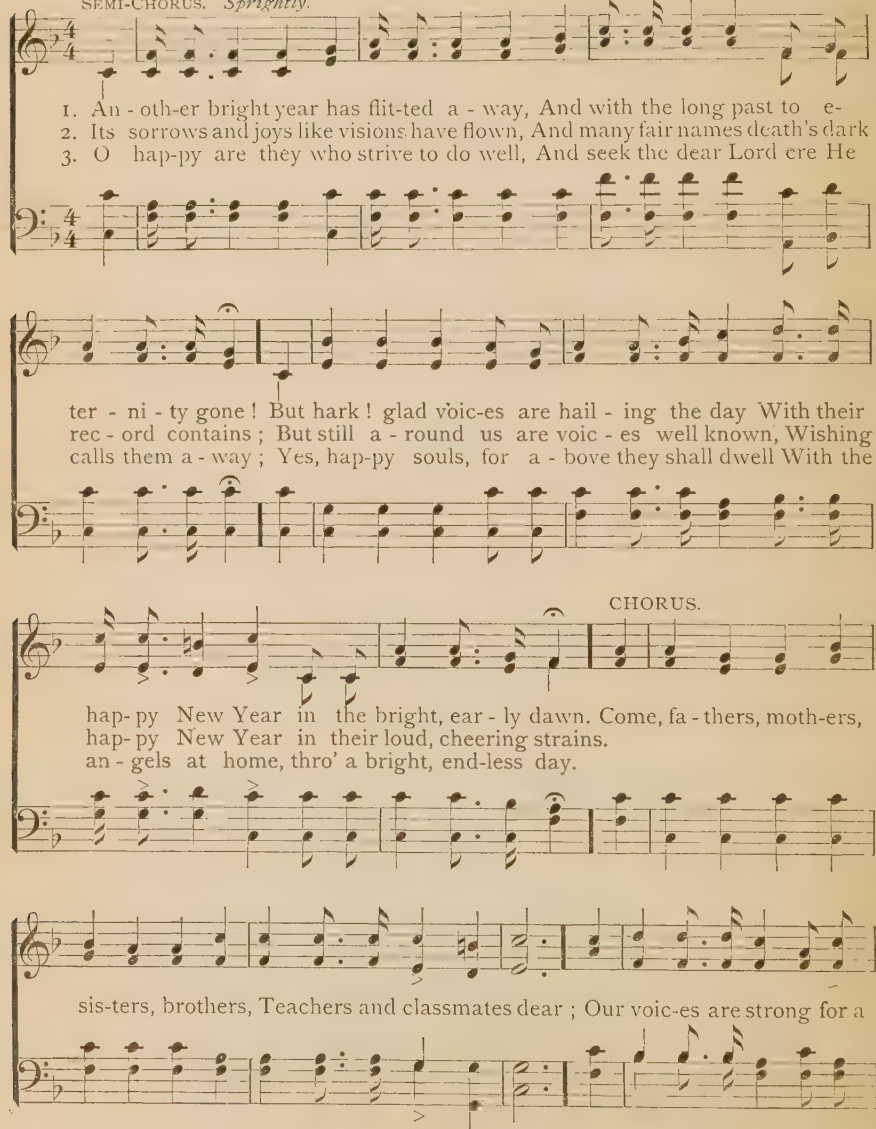
A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

J. D. VINTON. J. D. VINTON. ARR.

SEMI-CHORUS. *Sprightly.*

1. An - oth-er bright year has flit-ted a - way, And with the long past to e-
2. Its sorrows and joys like visions have flown, And many fair names death's dark
3. O hap-py are they who strive to do well, And seek the dear Lord ere He
ter - ni - ty gone! But hark! glad voic-es are hail - ing the day With their
rec - ord contains; But still a - round us are voic - es well known, Wishing
calls them a - way; Yes, hap-py souls, for a - bove they shall dwell With the
CHORUS.
hap- py New Year in the bright, ear - ly dawn. Come, fa - thers, moth-ers,
hap- py New Year in their loud, cheering strains.
an - gels at home, thro' a bright, end-less day.
sis-ters, brothers, Teachers and classmates dear; Our voic-es are strong for a

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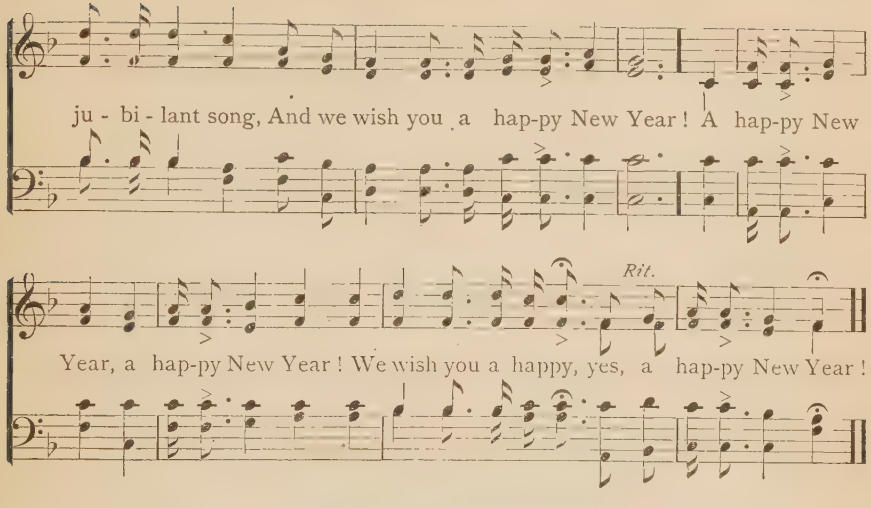
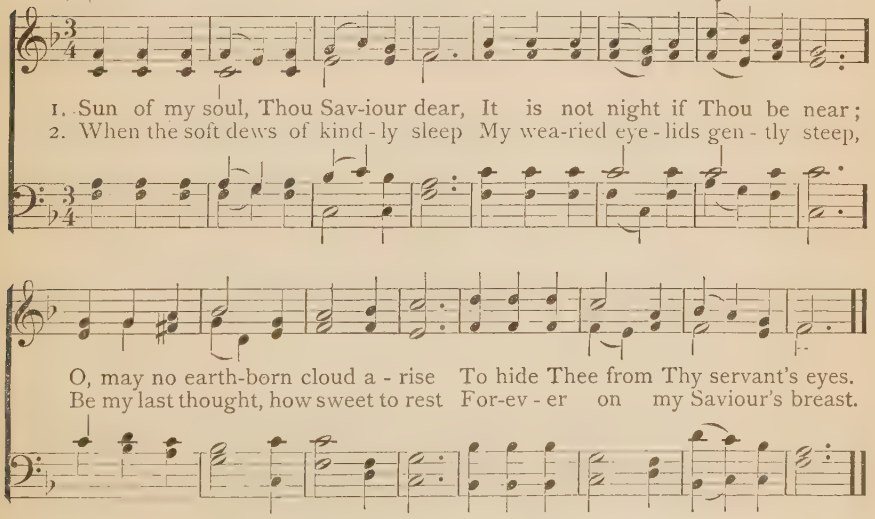


SUN OF MY SOUL.

J. KEBLE. F. J. HAYDN.

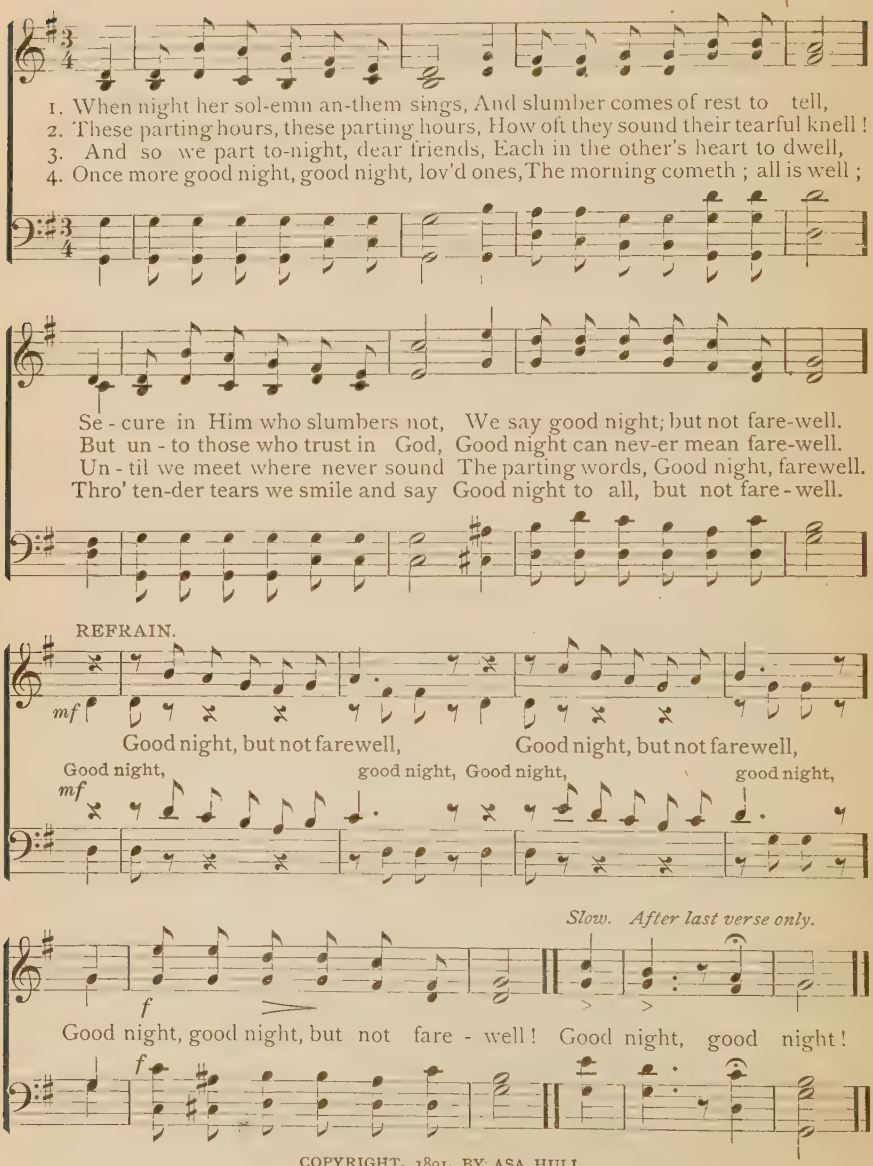

1. Sun of my soul, Thou Sav-iour dear, It is not night if Thou be near;
2. When the soft dews of kind-ly sleep My wea-ried eye-lids gen-tly steep,
O, may no earth-born cloud a-rise To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes.
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest For-ev-er on my Saviour's breast.

3 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when death is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.

4 If some poor wandering child of Thine
Has spurned to-day the voice divine—
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin;
Let him no more lie down in sin.

GOOD NIGHT, BUT NOT FAREWELL.

WM. EDW. PENNEY. ASA HULL.


1. When night her sol-emn an-them sings, And slumber comes of rest to tell,
2. These parting hours, these parting hours, How oft they sound their tearful knell!
3. And so we part to-night, dear friends, Each in the other's heart to dwell,
4. Once more good night, good night, lov'd ones, The morning cometh; all is well;
Se - cure in Him who slumbers not, We say good night; but not fare-well.
But un - to those who trust in God, Good night can nev-er mean fare-well.
Un - til we meet where never sound The parting words, Good night, farewell.
Thro' ten-der tears we smile and say Good night to all, but not fare - well.
REFRAIN.
mf
Good night, but not farewell, Good night, but not farewell,
Good night, good night, Good night, good night,
mf
Slow. After last verse only.
f
Good night, good night, but not fare - well! Good night, good night!
f

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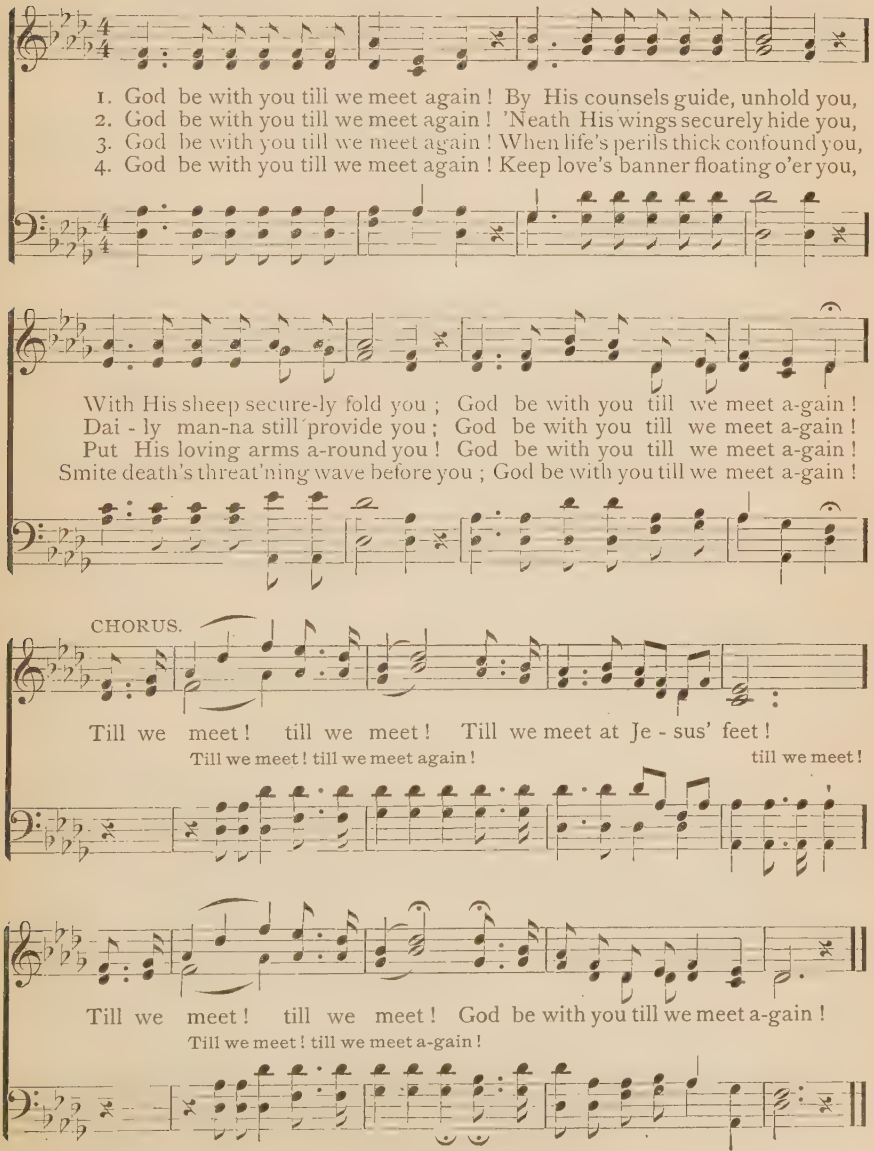
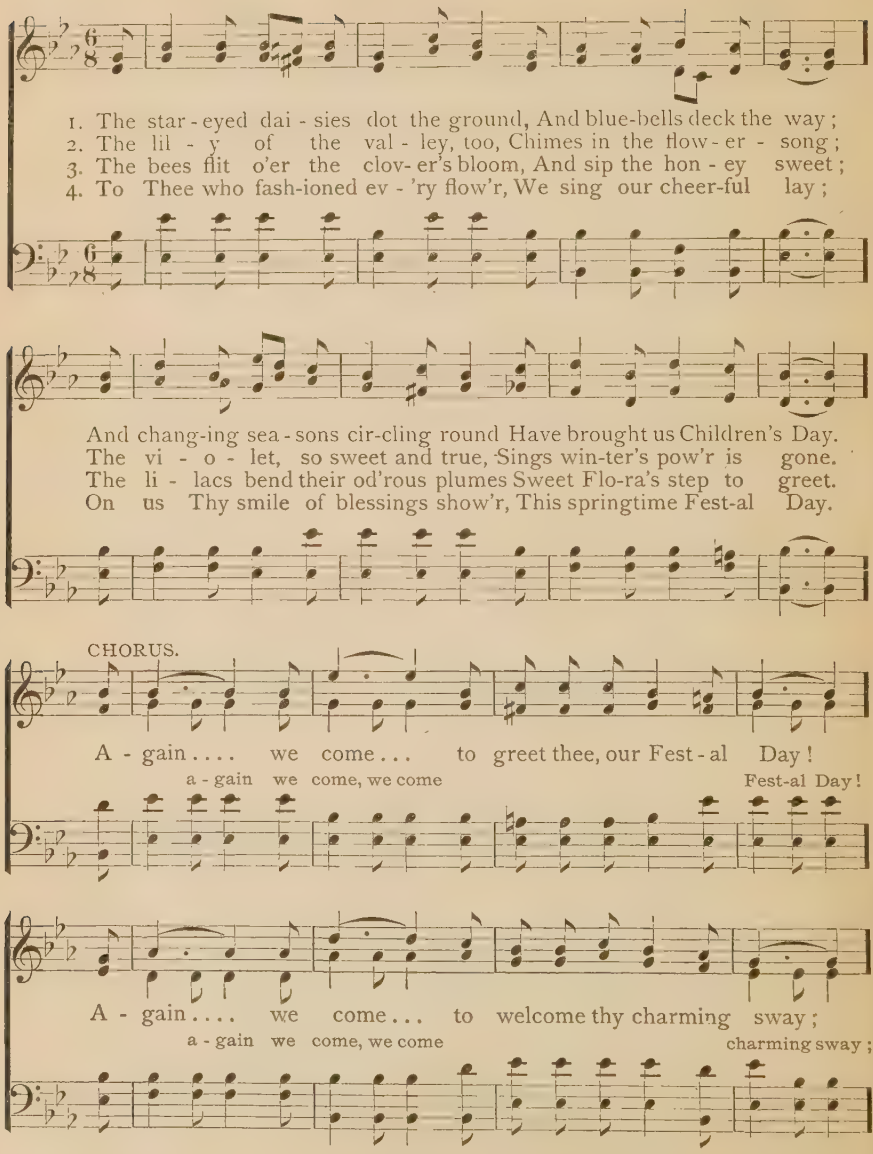
REV. J. E. RANKIN, D,D. W. G. TOMER. BY PER.


1. God be with you till we meet again! By His counsels guide, unhold you,
2. God be with you till we meet again! 'Neath His wings securely hide you,
3. God be with you till we meet again! When life's perils thick confound you,
4. God be with you till we meet again! Keep love's banner floating o'er you,
With His sheep secure-ly fold you; God be with you till we meet a-gain!
Dai - ly man-na still provide you; God be with you till we meet a-gain!
Put His loving arms a-round you! God be with you till we meet a-gain!
Smite death's threat'ning wave before you; God be with you till we meet a-gain!
CHORUS.
Till we meet! till we meet! Till we meet at Je - sus' feet!
Till we meet! till we meet again! till we meet!
Till we meet! till we meet! God be with you till we meet a-gain!
Till we meet! till we meet a-gain!

OUR FESTAL DAY.

MARIAN FROELICH. G. FROELICH.


1. The star-eyed dai-sies dot the ground, And blue-bells deck the way;
2. The lil-y of the val-ley, too, Chimes in the flow-er-song;
3. The bees flit o'er the clov-er's bloom, And sip the hon-ey sweet;
4. To Thee who fash-ioned ev-'ry flow'r, We sing our cheer-ful lay;
And chang-ing sea-sons cir-cling round Have brought us Children's Day.
The vi-o-let, so sweet and true, Sings win-ter's pow'r is gone.
The li-lacs bend their od'rous plumes Sweet Flo-ra's step to greet.
On us Thy smile of blessings show'r, This springtime Fest-al Day.
CHORUS.
A-gain.... we come... to greet thee, our Fest-al Day!
a-gain we come, we come
Fest-al Day!
A-gain.... we come... to welcome thy charming sway;
a-gain we come, we come
charming sway;

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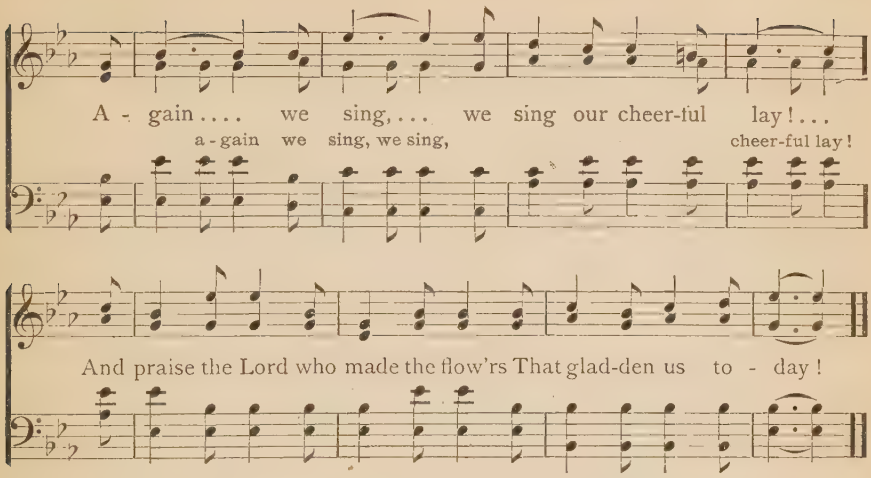
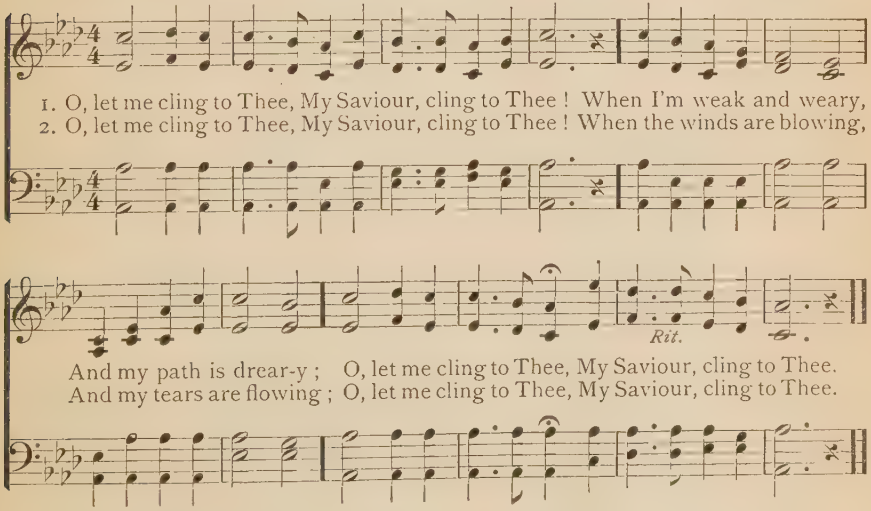

A - gain .... we sing, ... we sing our cheer-ful lay! ...
a - gain we sing, we sing, cheer-ful lay!
And praise the Lord who made the flow'rs That glad-den us to - day!

CLINGING TO THE SAVIOUR.

REV. E. H. NEVIN. ASA HULL.

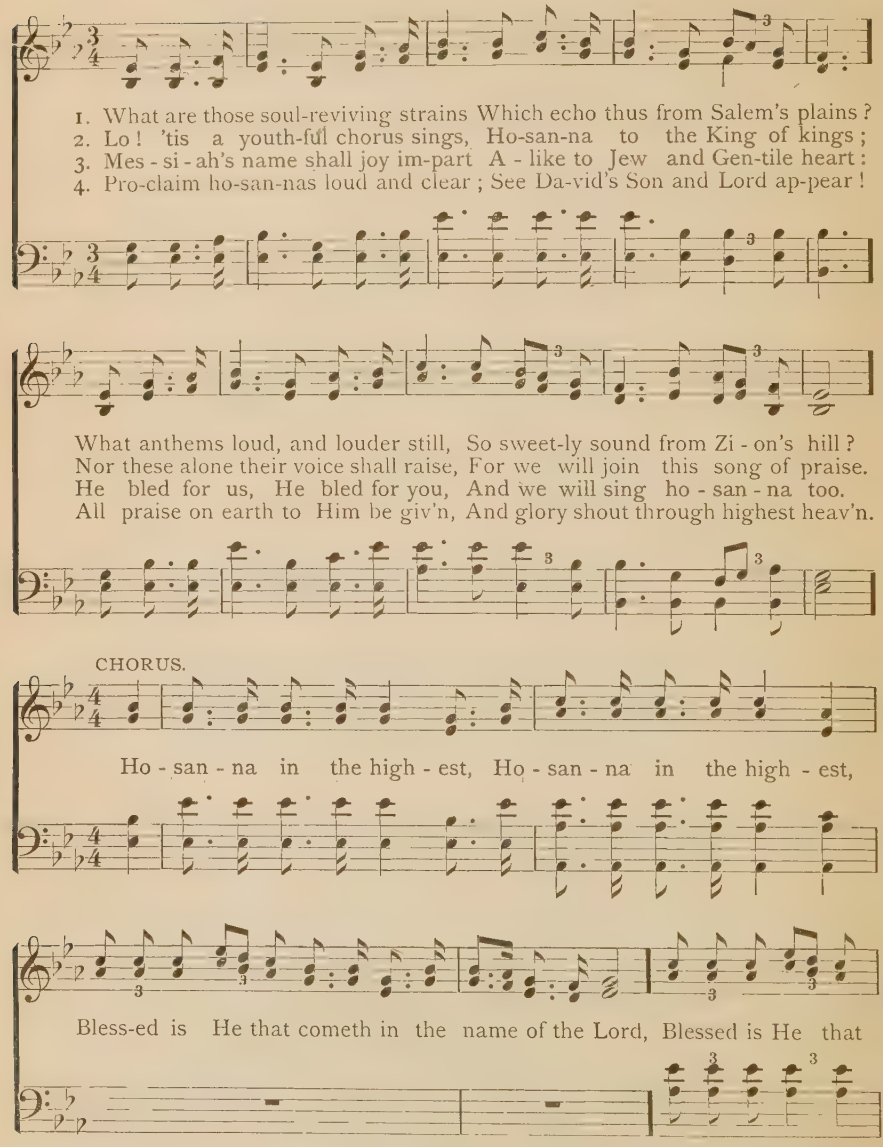

1. O, let me cling to Thee, My Saviour, cling to Thee! When I'm weak and weary,
2. O, let me cling to Thee, My Saviour, cling to Thee! When the winds are blowing,
Rit.
And my path is drear-y ; O, let me cling to Thee, My Saviour, cling to Thee.
And my tears are flowing ; O, let me cling to Thee, My Saviour, cling to Thee.

3 O, let me cling to Thee, etc.
When my friends are leaving,
And my heart is grieving ;
O, let me cling to Thee, etc.

4 O, let me cling to Thee, etc.
When I cross the river,
Which from earth doth sever,
O, let me cling to Thee, etc.

HOSANNA IN THE HIGHEST.

W. J. KIRKPATRICK.


1. What are those soul-reviving strains Which echo thus from Salem's plains?
2. Lo! 'tis a youth-ful chorus sings, Ho-san-na to the King of kings;
3. Mes - si - ah's name shall joy im-part A - like to Jew and Gen-tile heart:
4. Pro-claim ho-san-nas loud and clear; See Da-vid's Son and Lord ap-pear!
What anthems loud, and louder still, So sweet-ly sound from Zi - on's hill?
Nor these alone their voice shall raise, For we will join this song of praise.
He bled for us, He bled for you, And we will sing ho - san - na too.
All praise on earth to Him be giv'n, And glory shout through highest heav'n.
CHORUS.
Ho - san - na in the high - est, Ho - san - na in the high - est,
Bless-ed is He that cometh in the name of the Lord, Blessed is He that

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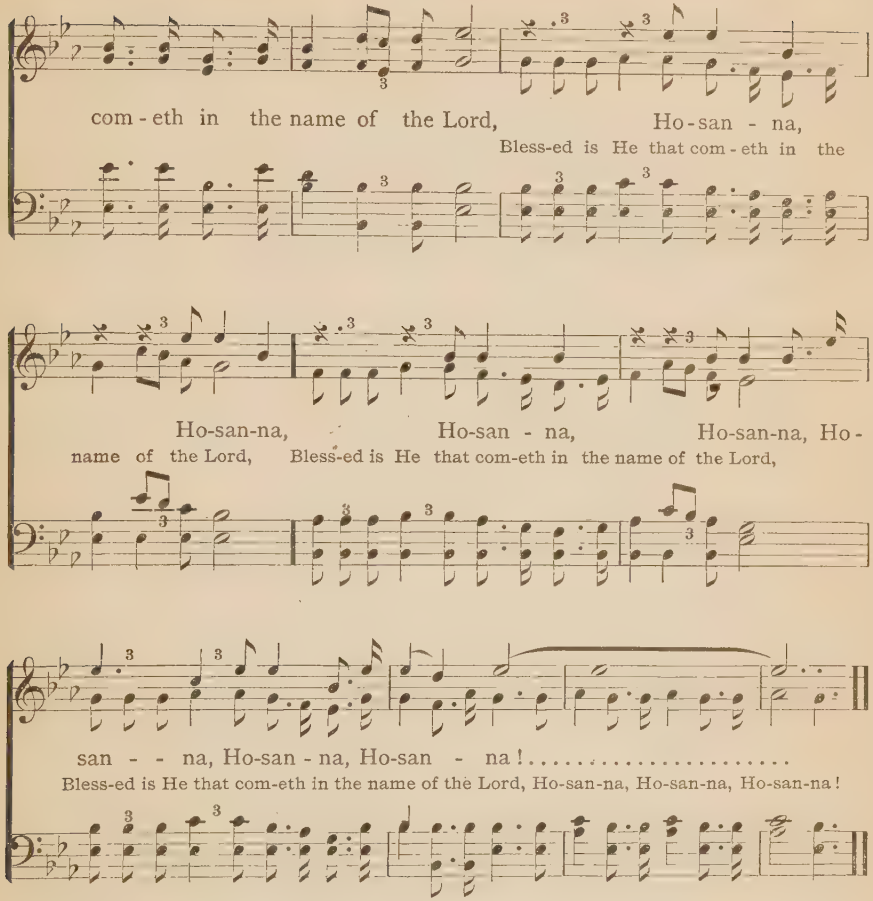

com - eth in the name of the Lord, Ho - san - na,
Bless-ed is He that com - eth in the
Ho-san-na, Ho-san - na, Ho-san-na, Ho-
name of the Lord, Bless-ed is He that com-eth in the name of the Lord,
san - - na, Ho-san - na, Ho-san - na!.....
Bless-ed is He that com-eth in the name of the Lord, Ho-san-na, Ho-san-na, Ho-san-na!

HARK! FROM THE MIDNIGHT HILLS.

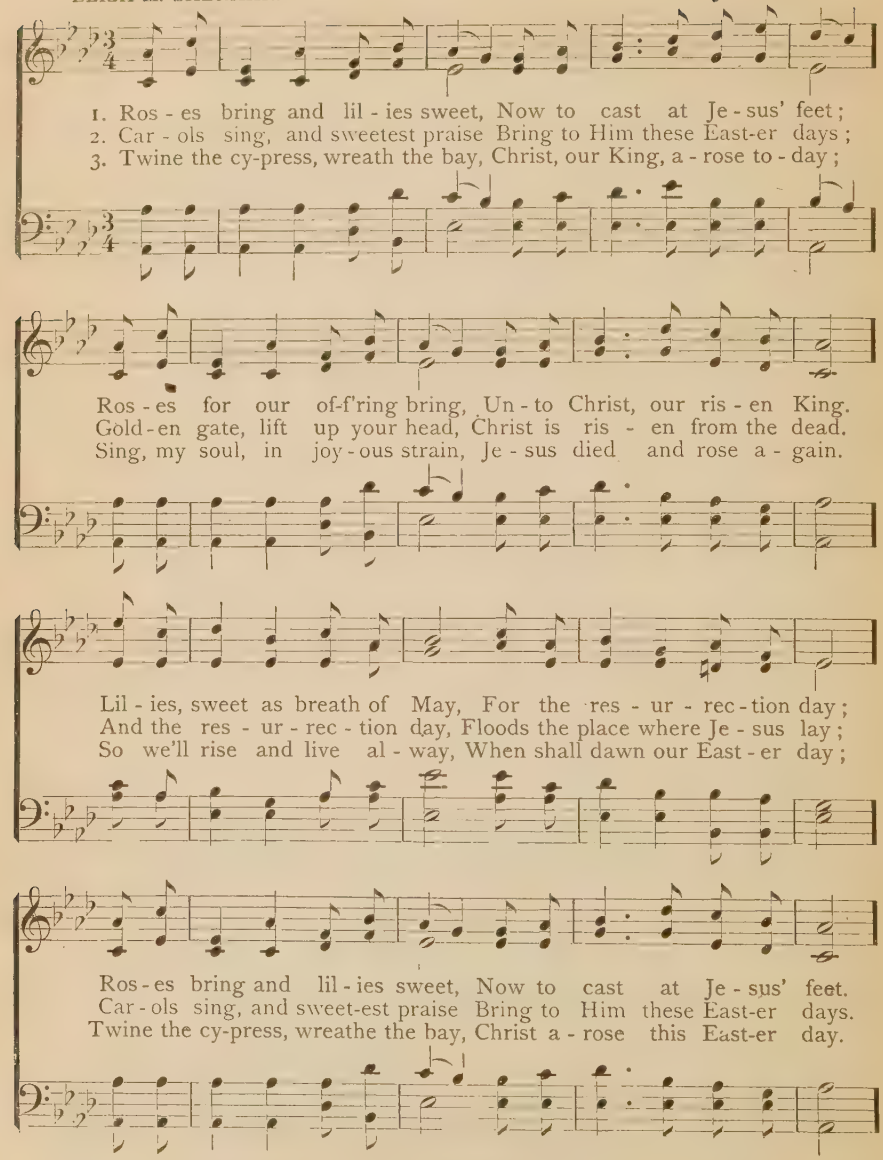
(For the foregoing Music.)

1 Hark! from the midnight hills around,
A voice of more than mortal sound,
In distant hallelujahs stole,
Wild murm'ring o'er the raptured soul.

2 On wings of light, on wings of flame,
The glorious hosts of Zion came;
High heaven with songs of triumph rung
While thus they struck their harps and sung:

3 "O Zion, lift thy raptured eye;
The long-expected hour is nigh;
The joys of nature rise again;
The Prince of Salem comes to reign.

4 He comes to cheer the trembling heart;
Bids Satan and his host depart;
Again the day-star gilds the gloom,
Again the bowers of Eden bloom."

ELIZA M. SHERMAN. J. E. HALL.

1. Ros - es bring and lil - ies sweet, Now to cast at Je - sus' feet;
2. Car - ols sing, and sweetest praise Bring to Him these East-er days;
3. Twine the cy-press, wreath the bay, Christ, our King, a - rose to - day;
Ros - es for our of-f'ring bring, Un - to Christ, our ris - en King.
Gold - en gate, lift up your head, Christ is ris - en from the dead.
Sing, my soul, in joy - ous strain, Je - sus died and rose a - gain.
Lil - ies, sweet as breath of May, For the res - ur - rec - tion day;
And the res - ur - rec - tion day, Floods the place where Je - sus lay;
So we'll rise and live al - way, When shall dawn our East - er day;
Ros - es bring and lil - ies sweet, Now to cast at Je - sus' feet.
Car - ols sing, and sweet-est praise Bring to Him these East-er days.
Twine the cy-press, wreathe the bay, Christ a - rose this East-er day.

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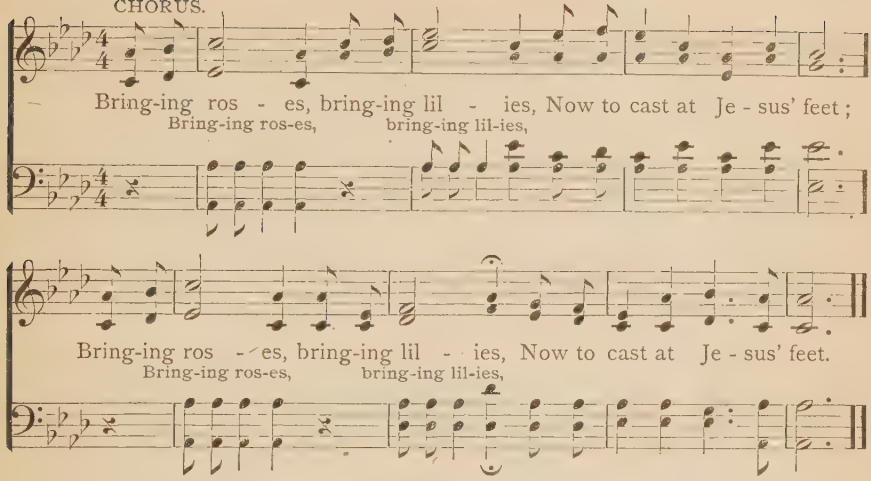
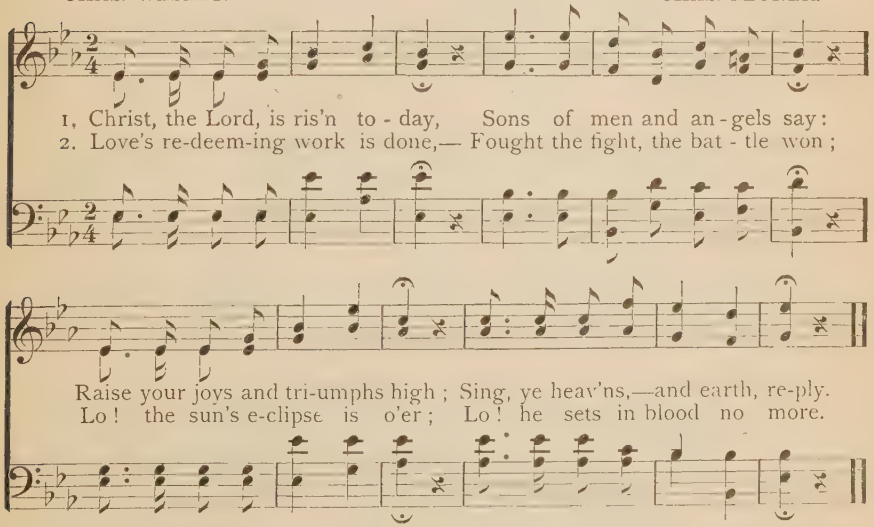
CHORUS.


Bring-ing ros - es, bring-ing lil - ies, Now to cast at Je - sus' feet;
Bring-ing ros-es, bring-ing lil-ies,
Bring-ing ros - es, bring-ing lil - ies, Now to cast at Je - sus' feet.
Bring-ing ros-es, bring-ing lil-ies,

CHRIST IS RISEN TO-DAY.

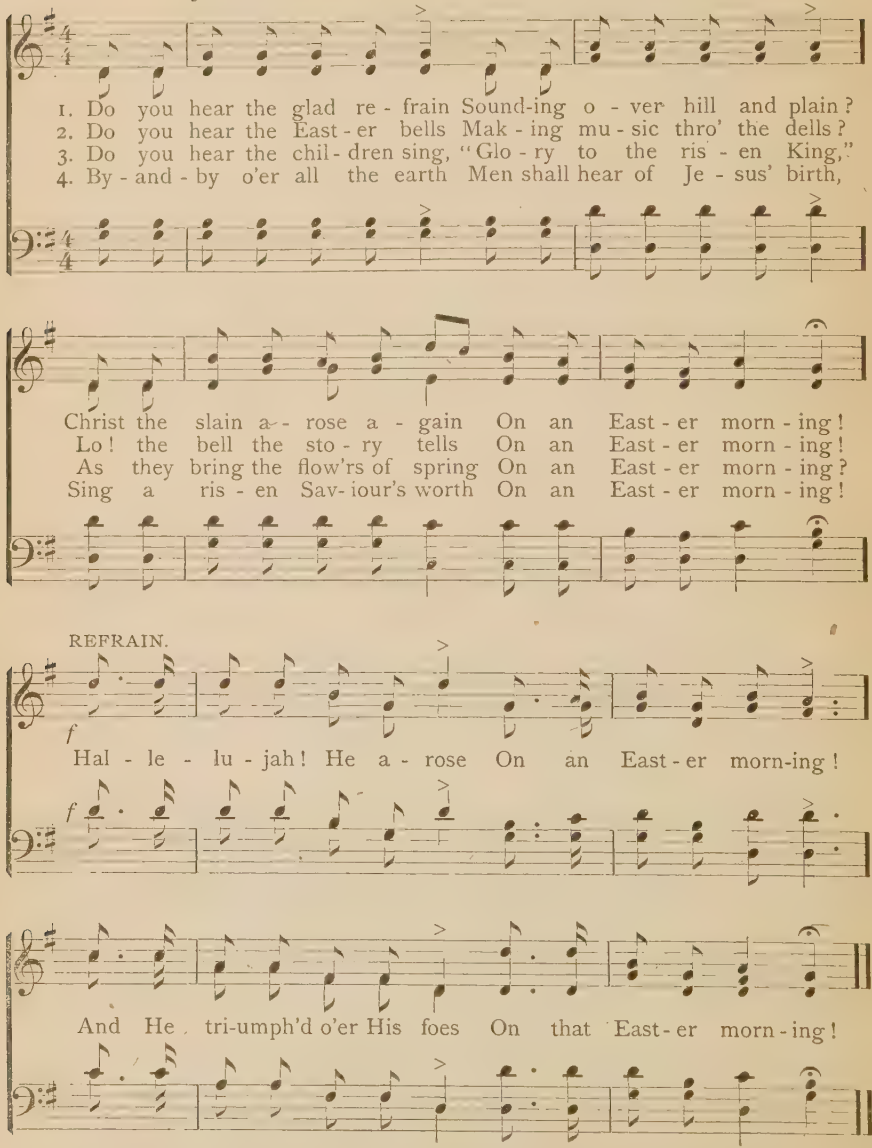
CHAS. WESLEY. CHAS. ZEUNER.


1. Christ, the Lord, is ris'n to - day, Sons of men and an - gels say:
2. Love's re-deem-ing work is done,— Fought the fight, the bat - tle won;
Raise your joys and tri-umphs high; Sing, ye heav'ns,—and earth, re-ply.
Lo! the sun's e-clipse is o'er; Lo! he sets in blood no more.

3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal;
Christ has burst the gates of hell:
Death in vain forbids His rise;
Christ hath opened Paradise.

4 Lives again our glorious King;
Where, O death, is now thy sting?
Once He died our souls ro save;
Where's thy vict'ry, boasting grave?

ON AN EASTER MORNING.

HARRIET E. JONES. ASA HULL.

1. Do you hear the glad re - frain Sound-ing o - ver hill and plain?
2. Do you hear the East - er bells Mak - ing mu - sic thro' the dells?
3. Do you hear the chil - dren sing, "Glo - ry to the ris - en King,"
4. By - and - by o'er all the earth Men shall hear of Je - sus' birth,
Christ the slain a - rose a - gain On an East - er morn - ing!
Lo! the bell the sto - ry tells On an East - er morn - ing!
As they bring the flow'rs of spring On an East - er morn - ing?
Sing a ris - en Sav - iour's worth On an East - er morn - ing!
REFRAIN.
f
Hal - le - lu - jah! He a - rose On an East - er morn-ing!
f
And He tri-umph'd o'er His foes On that East - er morn - ing!

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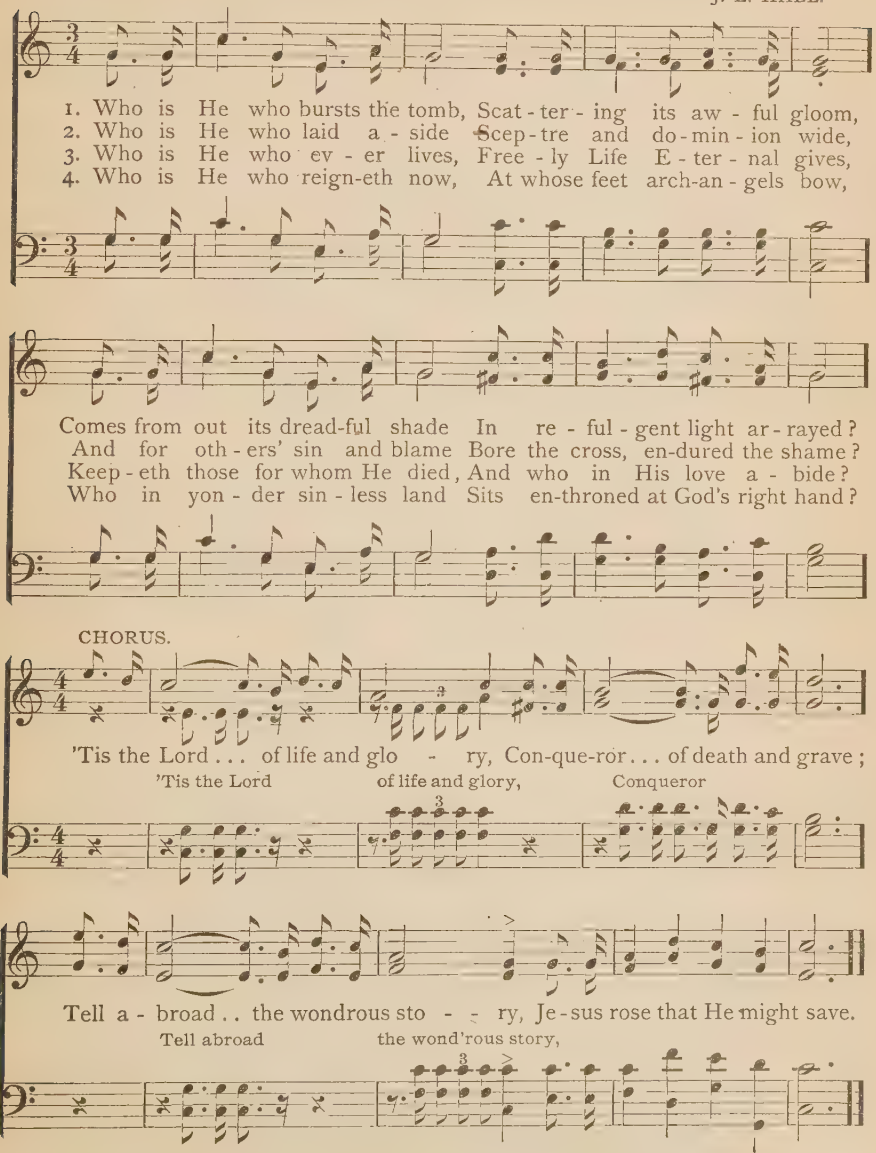
WHO IS HE IN LIGHT ARRAYED?

WM. EDW. PENNEY. J. E. HALL.


1. Who is He who bursts the tomb, Scat - ter - ing its aw - ful gloom,
2. Who is He who laid a - side Scep - tre and do - min - ion wide,
3. Who is He who ev - er lives, Free - ly Life E - ter - nal gives,
4. Who is He who reign-eth now, At whose feet arch-an - gels bow,
Comes from out its dread-ful shade In re - ful - gent light ar - rayed?
And for oth - ers' sin and blame Bore the cross, en-dured the shame?
Keep - eth those for whom He died, And who in His love a - bide?
Who in yon - der sin - less land Sits en-throned at God's right hand?
CHORUS.
'Tis the Lord . . . of life and glo - ry, Con-que-ror . . . of death and grave;
'Tis the Lord
of life and glory,
Conqueror
Tell a - broad . . the wondrous sto - - ry, Je - sus rose that He might save.
Tell abroad
the wond'rous story,

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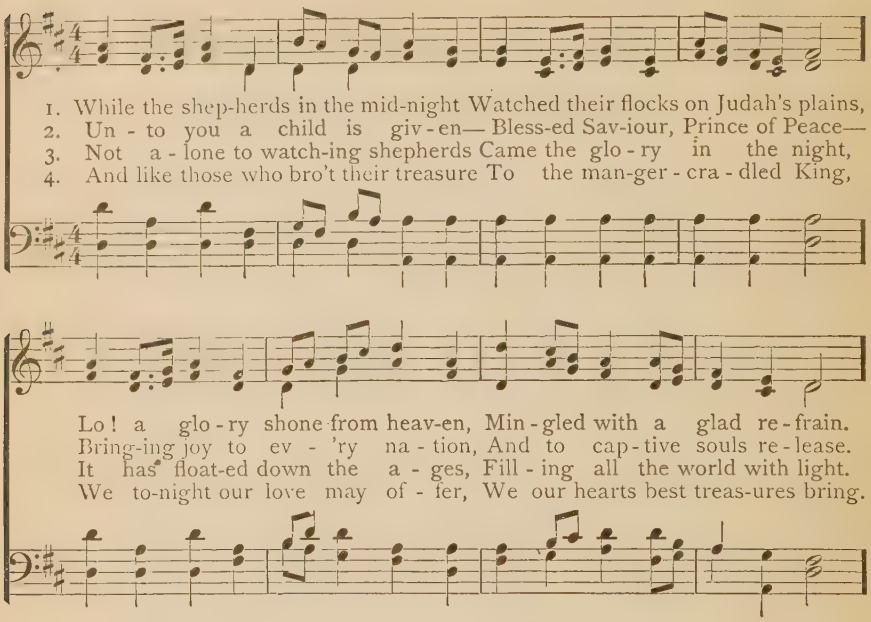
GLORY IN THE HIGHEST.

LANTA WILSON SMITH. HARRY SANDERS.


1. While the shep-herds in the mid-night Watched their flocks on Judah's plains,
2. Un - to you a child is giv - en— Bless-ed Sav-iour, Prince of Peace—
3. Not a - lone to watch-ing shepherds Came the glo - ry in the night,
4. And like those who bro't their treasure To the man-ger - cra - dled King,
Lo! a glo - ry shone from heav-en, Min - gled with a glad re - frain.
Bring-ing joy to ev - 'ry na - tion, And to cap - tive souls re - lease.
It has float-ed down the a - ges, Fill - ing all the world with light.
We to-night our love may of - fer, We our hearts best treas-ures bring.
REFRAIN.
Glo - ry in the high - est, Glo - - - - - - ry!
Glo - ry in the high - est,
Glo - ry in the high - est, Glo - - - - - - ry!
Glo - ry in the high - est!

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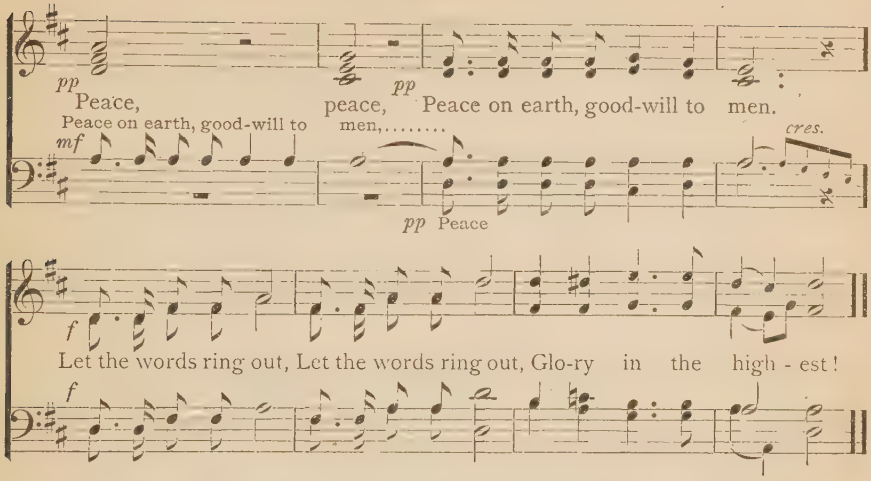
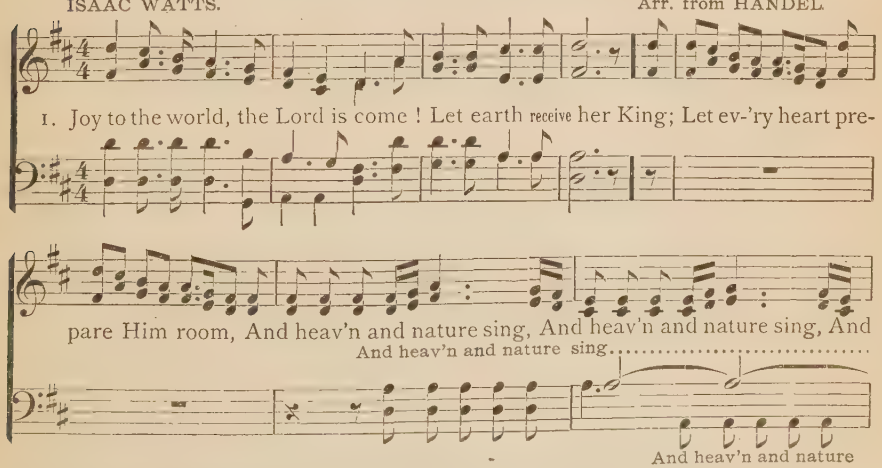


JOY TO THE WORLD.

ISAAC WATTS. Arr. from HANDEL.

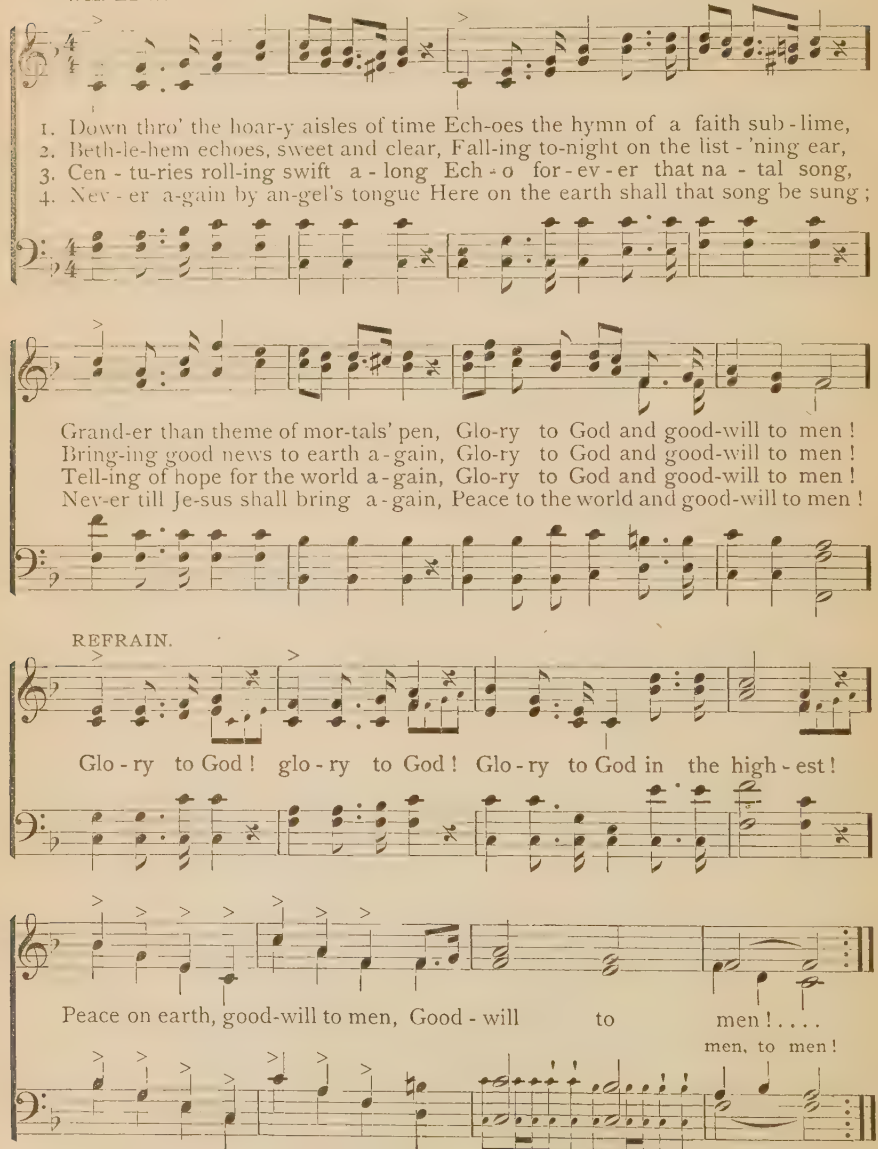

1. Joy to the world, the Lord is come! Let earth receive her King; Let ev-'ry heart pre-
pare Him room, And heav'n and nature sing, And heav'n and nature sing, And
And heav'n and nature sing.....
And heav'n and nature
heav'n, and heav'n and nature sing.
sing,

2 Joy to the world, the Saviour reigns;
Let men their songs employ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains
Repeat the sounding joy.

3 He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of His righteousness
And wonders of His love.

ECHOES FROM BETHLEHEM.

WM. EDW. PENNEY. ASA HULL.


1. Down thro' the hoar-y aisles of time Ech-oes the hymn of a faith sub-lime,
2. Beth-le-hem echoes, sweet and clear, Fall-ing to-night on the list-'ning ear,
3. Cen-tu-ries roll-ing swift a-long Ech-o for-ev-er that na-tal song,
4. Nev-er a-gain by an-gel's tongue Here on the earth shall that song be sung;
Grand-er than theme of mor-tals' pen, Glo-ry to God and good-will to men!
Bring-ing good news to earth a-gain, Glo-ry to God and good-will to men!
Tell-ing of hope for the world a-gain, Glo-ry to God and good-will to men!
Nev-er till Je-sus shall bring a-gain, Peace to the world and good-will to men!
REFRAIN.
Glo-ry to God! glo-ry to God! Glo-ry to God in the high-est!
Peace on earth, good-will to men, Good-will to men!....
men, to men!

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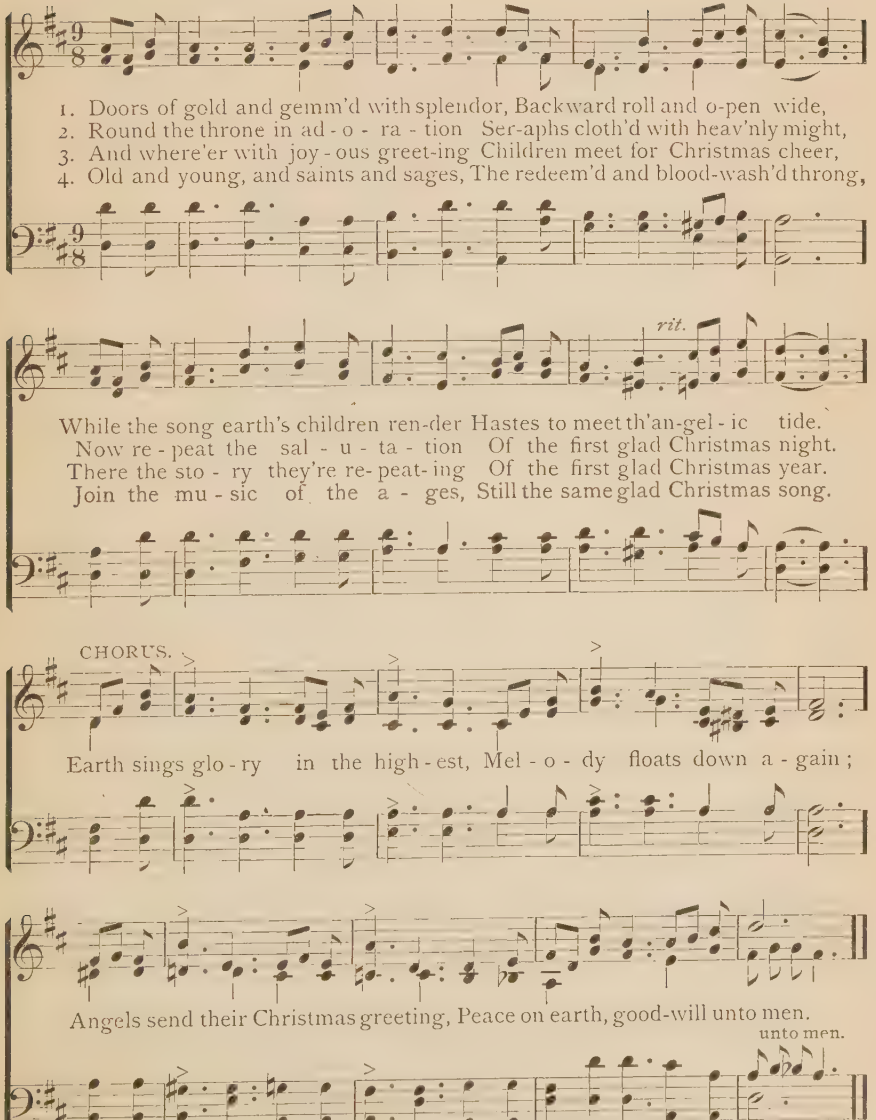
MARIAN FROELICH. G. FROELICH.


1. Doors of gold and gemm'd with splendor, Backward roll and o-pen wide,
2. Round the throne in ad - o - ra - tion Ser-aphs cloth'd with heav'nly might,
3. And where'er with joy - ous greet-ing Children meet for Christmas cheer,
4. Old and young, and saints and sages, The redeem'd and blood-wash'd throng,
rit.
While the song earth's children ren-der Hastes to meet th'an-gel - ic tide.
Now re - peat the sal - u - ta - tion Of the first glad Christmas night.
There the sto - ry they're re-peat-ing Of the first glad Christmas year.
Join the mu - sic of the a - ges, Still the same glad Christmas song.
CHORUS.
Earth sings glo - ry in the high - est, Mel - o - dy floats down a - gain;
Angels send their Christmas greeting, Peace on earth, good-will unto men.
unto men.

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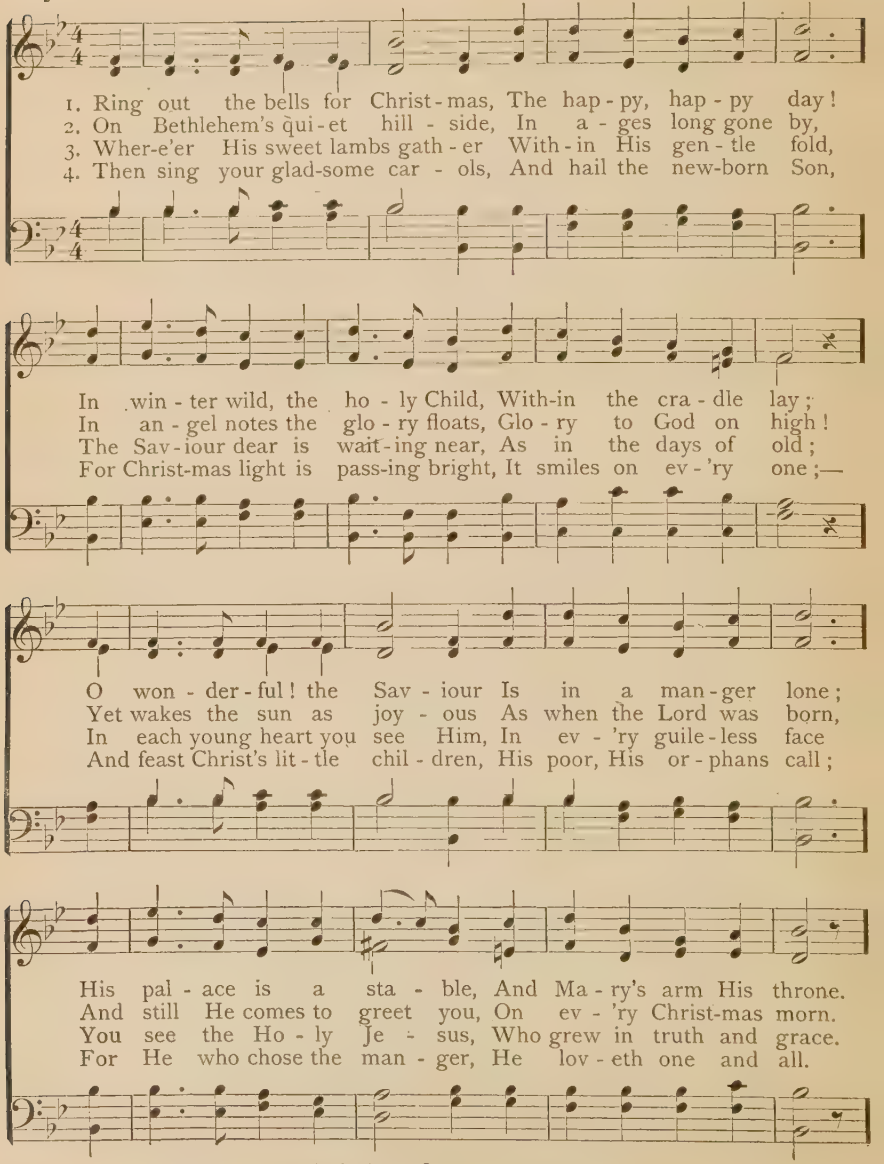
RING OUT THE BELLS.

J. S. B. HODGES. W. C. WILLIAMS.

1. Ring out the bells for Christ-mas, The hap-py, hap-py day!
2. On Bethlehem's qui-et hill-side, In a-ges long gone by,
3. Wher-e'er His sweet lambs gath-er With-in His gen-tle fold,
4. Then sing your glad-some car-ols, And hail the new-born Son,
In win-ter wild, the ho-ly Child, With-in the cra-dle lay;
In an-gel notes the glo-ry floats, Glo-ry to God on high!
The Sav-iour dear is wait-ing near, As in the days of old;
For Christ-mas light is pass-ing bright, It smiles on ev-'ry one;—
O won-der-ful! the Sav-iour Is in a man-ger lone;
Yet wakes the sun as joy-ous As when the Lord was born,
In each young heart you see Him, In ev-'ry guile-less face
And feast Christ's lit-tle chil-dren, His poor, His or-phans call;
His pal-ace is a sta-ble, And Ma-ry's arm His throne.
And still He comes to greet you, On ev-'ry Christ-mas morn.
You see the Ho-ly Je-sus, Who grew in truth and grace.
For He who chose the man-ger, He lov-eth one and all.

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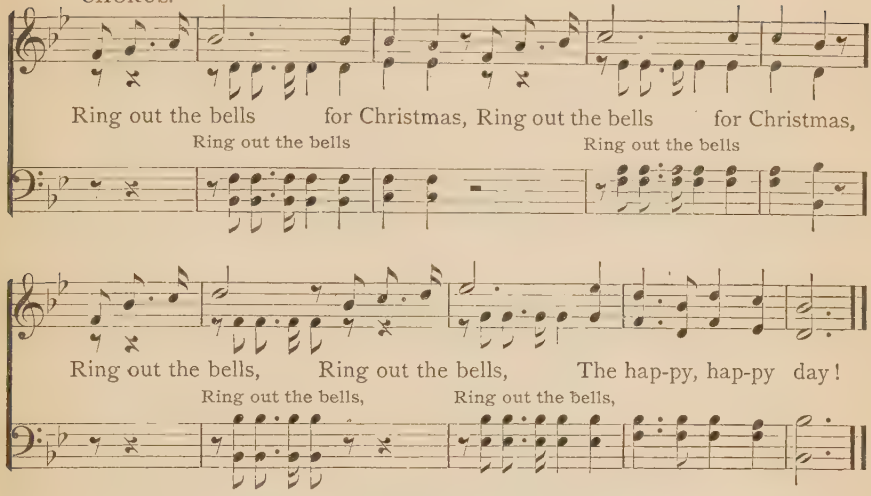
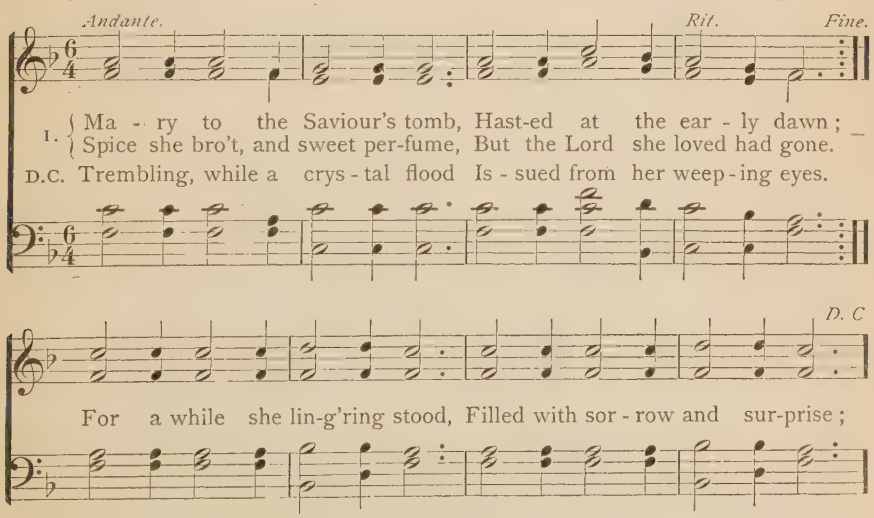
CHORUS.


Ring out the bells for Christmas, Ring out the bells for Christmas,
Ring out the bells
Ring out the bells
Ring out the bells, Ring out the bells, The hap-py, hap-py day!
Ring out the bells,
Ring out the bells,

MARTYN.

C. WESLEY. S. B. MARSH. ARR.

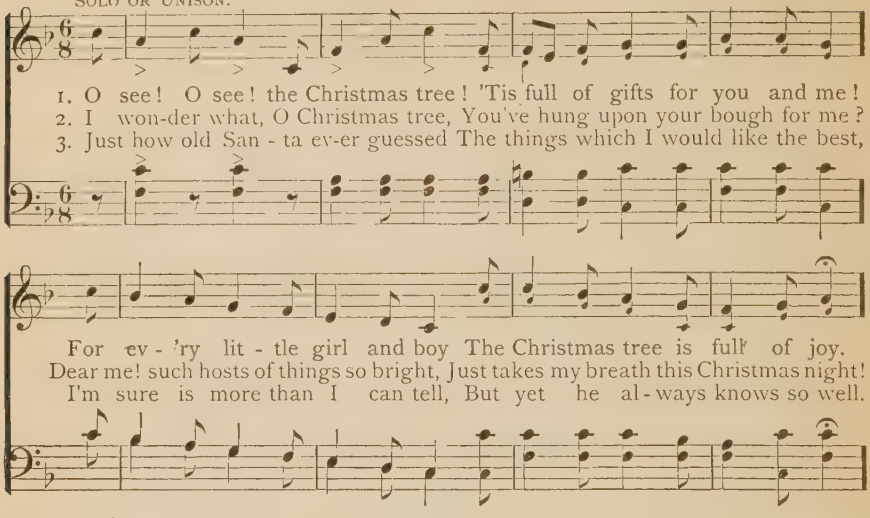

Andante.
Rit.
Fine.
1. Ma - ry to the Saviour's tomb, Hast-ed at the ear - ly dawn;
Spice she bro't, and sweet per-fume, But the Lord she loved had gone.
D.C. Trembling, while a crys - tal flood Is - sued from her weep - ing eyes.
D. C
For a while she lin-g'ring stood, Filled with sor - row and sur-prise;

2 But her sorrow quickly fled,
When she heard His welcome voice;
Christ had risen trom the dead;
Now He bids her heart rejoice,
What a change His word can make,
Turning darkness into day!
Ye who weep for Jesus' sake,
He will wipe your tears away.

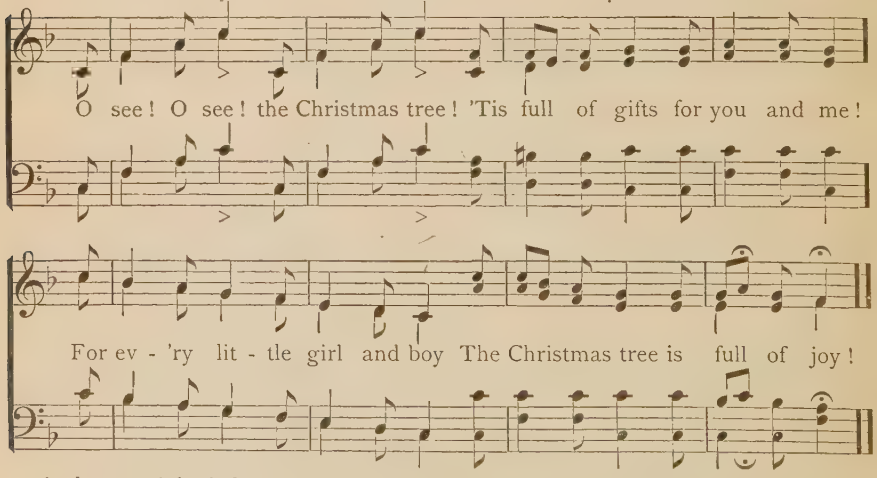
THE CHRISTMAS TREE.

ANNA D. BRADLEY. ASA HULL.

SOLO OR UNISON.


1. O see! O see! the Christmas tree! 'Tis full of gifts for you and me!
2. I won-der what, O Christmas tree, You've hung upon your bough for me?
3. Just how old San - ta ev-er guessed The things which I would like the best,
For ev - 'ry lit - tle girl and boy The Christmas tree is full of joy.
Dear me! such hosts of things so bright, Just takes my breath this Christmas night!
I'm sure is more than I can tell, But yet he al - ways knows so well.

CHORUS. *Little faster.*



4 And so to-night I almost know
The very things he's brought below,
And hung upon that Christmas tree
Because he is so good to me.

5 But now, no more my song I'll sing,
For I can hear his sleigh-bells ring,
And Santa soon will give to me
My things from off this Christmas tree.

[Santa makes his appearance while last chorus is being sung.]

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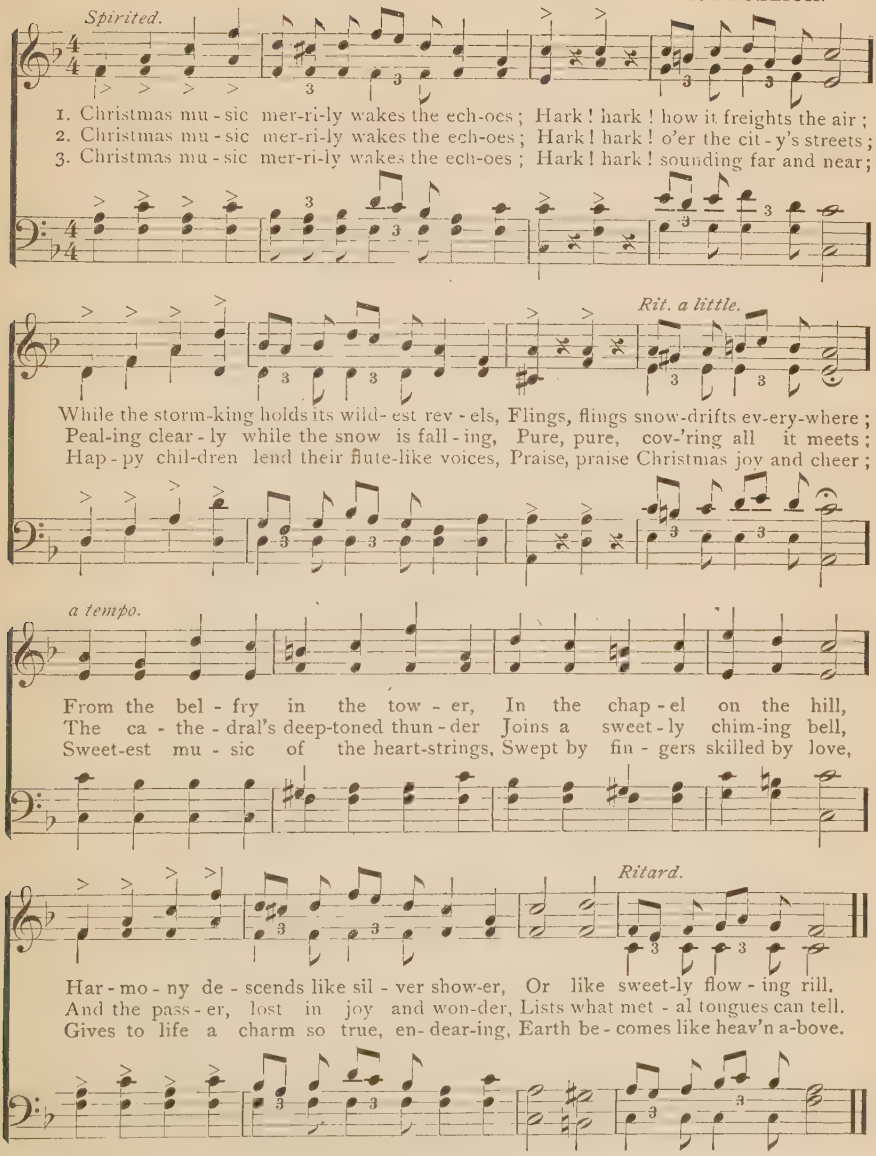
MARIAN FROELICH. G. FROELICH.

Spirited.
1. Christmas mu - sic mer-ri-ly wakes the ech-oes ; Hark ! hark ! how it freights the air ;
2. Christmas mu - sic mer-ri-ly wakes the ech-oes ; Hark ! hark ! o'er the cit - y's streets ;
3. Christmas mu - sic mer-ri-ly wakes the ech-oes ; Hark ! hark ! sounding far and near;
Rit. a little.
While the storm-king holds its wild- est rev - els, Flings, flings snow-drifts ev-ery-where ;
Peal-ing clear - ly while the snow is fall - ing, Pure, pure, cov-'ring all it meets ;
Hap - py chil-dren lend their flute-like voices, Praise, praise Christmas joy and cheer ;
a tempo.
From the bel - fry in the tow - er, In the chap - el on the hill,
The ca - the - dral's deep-toned thun - der Joins a sweet - ly chim-ing bell,
Sweet-est mu - sic of the heart-strings, Swept by fin - gers skilled by love,
Ritard.
Har - mo - ny de - scends like sil - ver show-er, Or like sweet-ly flow - ing rill.
And the pass - er, lost in joy and won-der, Lists what met - al tongues can tell.
Gives to life a charm so true, en- dear-ing, Earth be - comes like heav'n a-bove.

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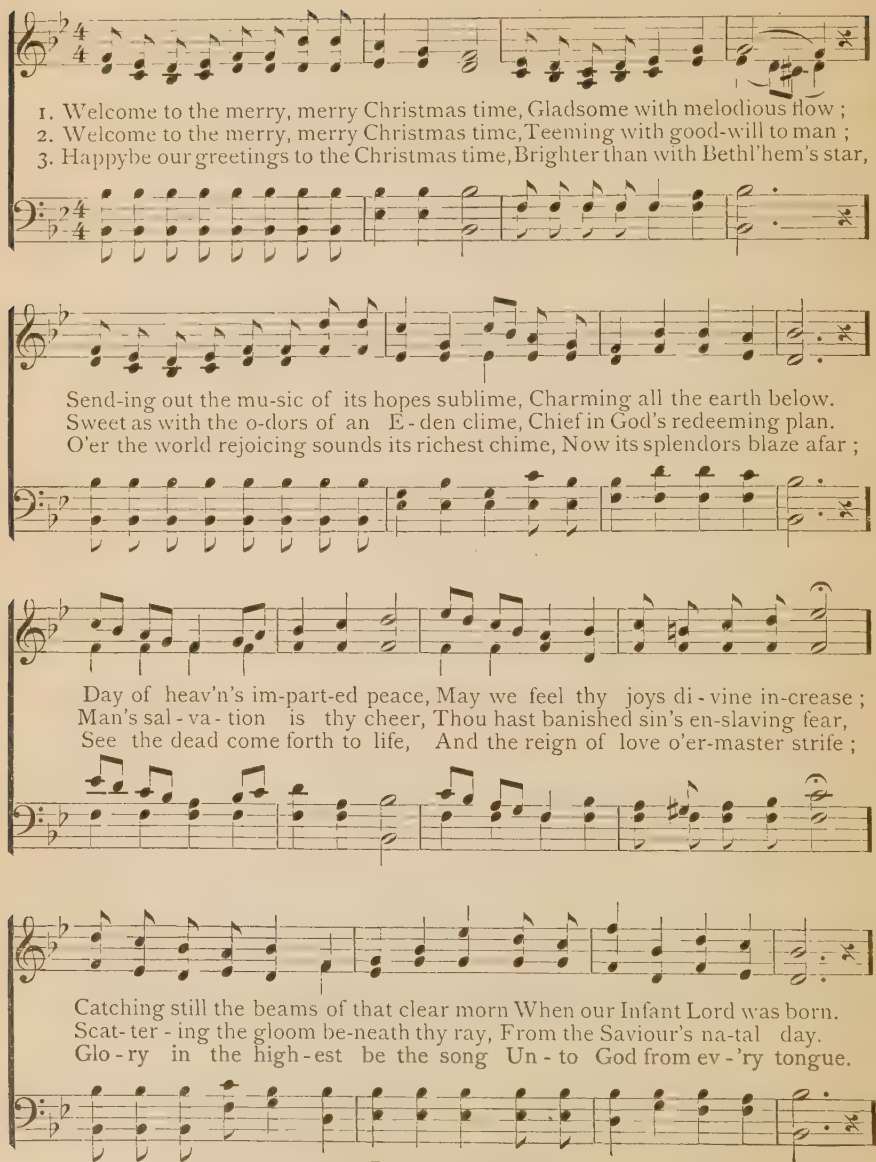
GOLDEN BELLS.

W. H. RUDDIMAN. W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Welcome to the merry, merry Christmas time, Gladsome with melodious flow ;
2. Welcome to the merry, merry Christmas time, Teeming with good-will to man ;
3. Happybe our greetings to the Christmas time, Brighter than with Bethl'hem's star,
Send-ing out the mu-sic of its hopes sublime, Charming all the earth below.
Sweet as with the o-dors of an E-den clime, Chief in God's redeeming plan.
O'er the world rejoicing sounds its richest chime, Now its splendors blaze afar ;
Day of heav'n's im-part-ed peace, May we feel thy joys di-vine in-crease ;
Man's sal-va-tion is thy cheer, Thou hast banished sin's en-slaving fear,
See the dead come forth to life, And the reign of love o'er-master strife ;
Catching still the beams of that clear morn When our Infant Lord was born.
Scat-ter-ing the gloom be-neath thy ray, From the Saviour's na-tal day.
Glo-ry in the high-est be the song Un-to God from ev-'ry tongue.

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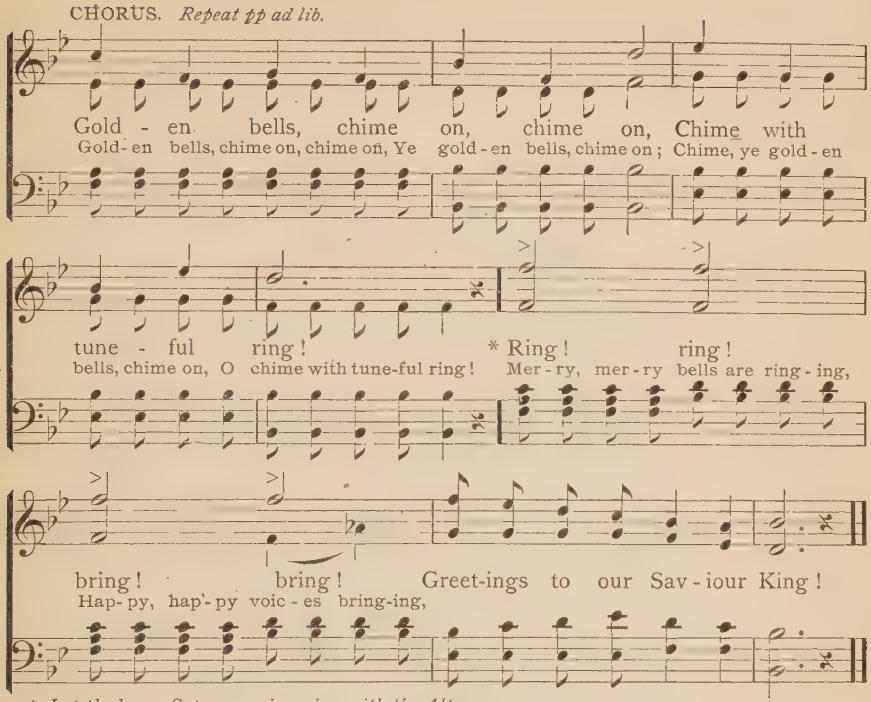
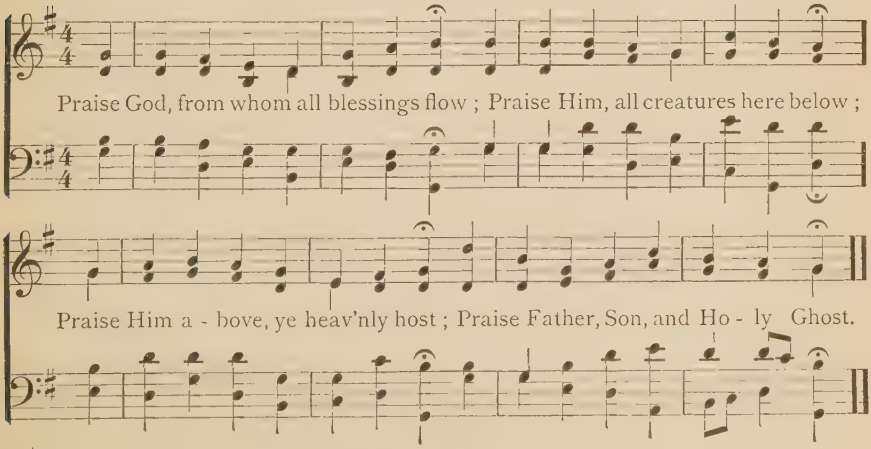
CHORUS. *Repeat pp ad lib.*

Gold - en bells, chime on, chime on, Chime with
Gold - en bells, chime on, chime on, Ye gold - en bells, chime on; Chime, ye gold - en
tune - ful ring! * Ring! ring!
bells, chime on, O chime with tune-ful ring! Mer - ry, mer - ry bells are ring - ing,
bring! bring! Greet-ings to our Sav - iour King!
Hap - py, hap - py voic - es bring-ing,

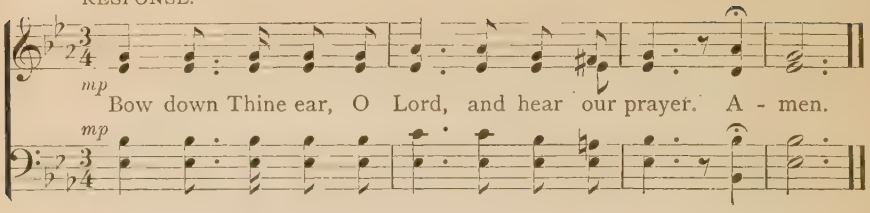
* *Let the lower Soprano voices sing with the Alto.*

OLD HUNDRED. Doxology.

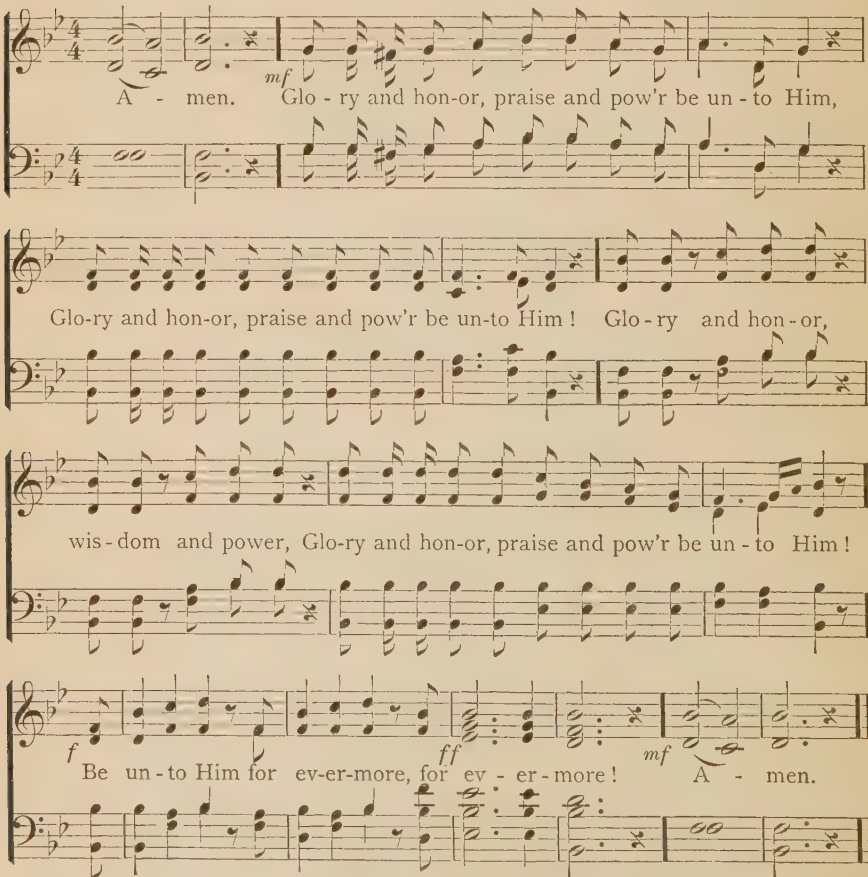

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow; Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him a - bove, ye heav'nly host; Praise Father, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost.

BOW DOWN THINE EAR.

RESPONSE.



GLORY AND HONOR.

RESPONSE. ASA HULL.

A - men. mf Glo - ry and hon-or, praise and pow'r be un - to Him,
Glo-ry and hon-or, praise and pow'r be un-to Him! Glo - ry and hon-or,
wis-dom and power, Glo-ry and hon-or, praise and pow'r be un - to Him!
f Be un - to Him for ev-er-more, for ev - er - more! ff mf A - men.

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Order, No. 1.

Opening.

1. SALUTATION.—*Matt.* xi. 28.

Supt. Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart and ye shall find find rest unto your souls.

2. SINGING. (*To be selected.*)

3. SCRIPTURE SELECTIONS.

Supt. Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money, come ye, buy and eat, yea, come, buy wine and milk without money and without price.

Teachers. Wherefore do ye spend money for that which is not bread, and your labor for that which satisfyeth not?

Scholars. Hearken diligently unto me, and eat ye that which is good, and let your soul delight itself in fatness.

Supt. Seek ye the Lord while he may be found; call ye upon him while he is near.

Teachers. Let the wicked forsake his way and the unrighteous man his thoughts.

Scholars. And let him return unto the Lord, and he will have mercy upon him; and to our God for he will abundantly pardon.—*Isaiah* lv. 1, 2, 6, 7.

4. PRAYER. (*Closing with Lord's Prayer.**)

5. SINGING. (*To be selected.*)

Lesson.

6. READING THE LESSON RESPONSIVELY.

7. STUDYING THE LESSON IN CLASSES.

8. LESSON REVIEW BY SUPT.

Closing.

9. REPORT OF ATTENDANCE.

10. ANNOUNCEMENTS.

11. SINGING. (*To be selected.*)

12. SCRIPTURE SELECTIONS.

Supt. The Lord bless thee and keep thee.

Teachers. The Lord make his face shine upon thee, and be gracious to thee.

Scholars. The Lord lift up his countenance upon thee and give the peace.

Numbers vi. 24—26.

13. DISMISSION.

Order, No. 2.

Opening.

1. SALUTATION.—*Psalm* cxix. 105.

Supt. Thy word is a lamp unto my feet and a light unto my path.

2. SINGING. (*To be selected.*)

3. SCRIPTURE SELECTIONS.

Supt. Search the Scriptures: for in them ye think ye have eternal life. And they are they which testify of me.—*John* v. 39.

Teachers. All Scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness.

Scholars. That the man of God may be perfect, thoroughly furnished unto all good works.—2 *Tim.* iii. 16, 17.

Supt. Open thou mine eyes, that I may behold wondrous things out of thy law.

Teachers. The entrance of thy words giveth light; it giveth understanding unto the simple.—*Psalm* cxix. 18, 130.

Scholars. Teach me thy way, O Lord; I will walk in thy truth; unite my heart to fear thy name.—*Psalm* lxxxvi. 11.

4. PRAYER. (*Closing with Lord's Prayer.**)

5. SINGING. (*To be selected.*)

Lesson.

6. READING THE LESSON RESPONSIVELY.

7. STUDYING THE LESSON IN CLASSES.

8. LESSON REVIEW BY SUPT.

Closing.

9. REPORT OF ATTENDANCE.

10. ANNOUNCEMENTS.

11. SINGING. (*To be selected.*)

12. SCRIPTURE SELECTIONS.

Supt. The law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul; the testimony of the Lord is sure, making wise the simple.

Teachers. The statutes of the Lord are right, rejoicing the heart; the commandment of the Lord is pure, enlightening the eyes.

Scholars. More to be desired are they than gold, yea, than much fine gold; sweeter also than honey and the honeycomb.

Psalm xix. 7, 8, 10.

13. DISMISSION.

Order, No. 3.

Opening.

1. SALUTATION.—*Psalm* xix. 14.

Supt. Let the words of my mouth and the meditation of my heart be acceptable in thy sight, O Lord, my strength and my redeemer.

2. SINGING. (*To be selected.*)

3. SCRIPTURE SELECTIONS.

Supt. Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful.

Teachers. But his delight is in the law of the Lord, and in his law doth he meditate day and night.

Scholars. And he shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season; his leaf also shall not wither; and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper.

Supt. The ungodly are not so; but are like the chaff which the wind driveth away.

Teachers. Therefore the ungodly shall not stand in the judgment, nor sinners in the congregation of the righteous.

Scholars. For the Lord knoweth the way of the righteous, but the way of the ungodly shall perish.—*Psalm* i.

4. PRAYER. (*Closing with Lord's Prayer.**)

5. SINGING. (*To be selected.*)

Lesson.

6. READING THE LESSON RESPONSIVELY.

7. STUDYING THE LESSON IN CLASSES.

8. LESSON REVIEW BY SUPT.

Closing.

9. REPORT OF ATTENDANCE.

10. ANNOUNCEMENTS.

11. SINGING. (*To be selected.*)

12. SCRIPTURE SELECTIONS.

Supt. Blessed are they that do his commandments that they may have right to the tree of life, and may enter in through the gates into the city.

Teachers. And the Spirit and the bride say, Come. And let him that heareth say, Come.

Scholars. And let him that is athirst come, and whosoever will let him take the water of life freely.—*Rev.* xxii. 14, 17.

13. DISMISSION.

Order, No. 4.

Opening.

1. SALUTATION.—*Psalm* cxlv. 15, 16.

Supt. The eyes of all wait upon thee and thou givest them their meat in due season. Thou openest thy hand and satisfiest the desire of every living thing.

2. SINGING. (*To be selected.*)

3. SCRIPTURE SELECTIONS.

Supt. Make a joyful noise unto the Lord, all ye lands.

Teachers. Serve the Lord with gladness; come before his presence with singing.

Scholars. Know ye that the Lord he is God; it is he that hath made us, and not we ourselves; we are his people and the sheep of his pasture.

Supt. Enter into his gates with thanksgiving, and into his courts with praise.

Teachers. Be thankful unto him, and bless his name.

Scholars. For the Lord is good; his mercy is everlasting; and his truth endureth to all generations.—*Psalm* c.

4. PRAYER. (*Closing with Lord's Prayer.**)

5. SINGING. (*To be selected.*)

Lesson.

6. READING THE LESSON RESPONSIVELY.

7. STUDYING THE LESSON IN CLASSES.

8. LESSON REVIEW BY SUPT.

Closing.

9. REPORT OF ATTENDANCE.

10. ANNOUNCEMENTS.

11. SINGING. (*To be selected.*)

12. SCRIPTURE SELECTIONS.

Supt. God be merciful unto us and bless us, and cause his face to shine upon us.

Teachers. That thy way may be known upon earth, thy saving health among all nations.

Scholars. Then shall the earth yield her increase, and God, even our own God, shall bless us.—*Psalm* lxvii. 1, 2, 6.

13. DISMISSION.

No. 5. Missionary.

Opening.

1. SALUTATION.—*Isaiah* lii. 7.

Supt. How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace; that bringeth good tidings of good, that publisheth salvation; that saith unto Zion, Thy God reigneth.

2. SINGING. (*To be selected.*)

3. SCRIPTURE SELECTIONS.

Supt. Go ye therefore and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost.

Teachers. Teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you;

Scholars. And lo! I am with you always, even unto the end of the world.

Matt. xxviii. 19, 20.

Supt. And the Gentiles shall come to thy light and kings to the brightness of thy rising.—*Isaiah* lx. 3.

Teachers. I will declare the decree; the Lord hath said unto me, Thou art my Son; this day have I begotten thee.

Scholars. Ask of me and I shall give thee the heathen for thine inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for thy possession.—*Psalm* ii. 7, 8.

4. PRAYER. (*Closing with Gloria Patri.**)

5. SINGING. (*To be selected.*)

Lesson.

6. READING THE LESSON RESPONSIVELY.

7. STUDYING THE LESSON IN CLASSES.

8. LESSON REVIEW BY SUPT.

Closing.

9. REPORT OF ATTENDANCE.

10. ANNOUNCEMENTS.

11. SINGING. (*To be selected.*)

12. SCRIPTURE SELECTIONS.

Supt. Say not ye there are four months, and then cometh harvest; behold, I say unto you, Lift up your eyes and look on the fields, for they are white already to harvest.

Teachers. And he that reapeth receiveth wages, and gathereth fruit unto life eternal.

Scholars, That both he that soweth and he that reapeth may rejoice together.

John iv. 35, 36.

13. DISMISSION.

No. 6. Benevolence.

Opening.

1. SALUTATION.—*Exodus* xxxv. 5.

Supt. Take ye from among you an offering unto the Lord, whosoever is of a willing heart, let him bring it, an offering of the Lord.

2. SINGING. (*To be selected.*)

3. SCRIPTURE SELECTIONS.

Supt. Every man according as he purposeth in his heart, so let him give; not grudgingly or of necessity, for God loveth a cheerful giver.—2 *Cor.* ix. 7.

Teachers. And let us not be weary in well-doing for in due season we shall reap if we faint not.

Scholars. As we have therefore opportunity let us do good unto all men,

Supt. Especially unto them who are of the household of faith.—*Gal.* vi. 9, 10.

Teachers. I have showed you all things, how that so laboring ye ought to support the weak,

Scholars. And to remember the words of the Lord Jesus, how he said, It is more blessed to give than to receive.—*Acts* xx. 35.

4. PRAYER. (*Closing with Gloria Patri.**)

5. SINGING. (*To be selected.*)

Lesson.

6. READING THE LESSON RESPONSIVELY.

7. STUDYING THE LESSON IN CLASSES.

8. LESSON REVIEW BY SUPT.

Closing.

9. REPORT OF ATTENDANCE.

10. ANNOUNCEMENTS.

11. SINGING. (*To be selected.*)

12. SCRIPTURE SELECTIONS.

Supt. Take heed that ye do not your alms before men to be seen of them; otherwise ye have no reward of your Father which is heaven.

Teachers. But when thou doest alms, let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth.

Scholars. That thine alms may be in secret; and thy Father which seeth in secret, himself shall reward thee openly.

Matt. vi. 1, 3, 4.

13. DISMISSION.

No. 7. Greeting.

Opening.

1. SALUTATION.—*Psalm* xxvii. 4.

Supt. One thing have I desired of the Lord, that will I seek after; that I may dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of my life, to behold the beauty of the Lord, and to inquire in his temple.

2. SINGING. (*To be selected.*)

3. SCRIPTURE SELECTIONS.

Supt. How amiable are thy tabernacles, O Lord of Hosts!

Teachers. My soul longeth, yea, even fainteth for the courts of the Lord; my heart and my flesh crieth out for the living God.

Scholars. Yea, the sparrow hath found a house, and the swallow a nest for herself where she may lay her young, even thine altars, O Lord of hosts, my King and my God.

Supt. Blessed are they that dwell in thy house; they will be still praising thee.

Teachers. For a day in thy courts is better than a thousand.

Scholars. I had rather be a doorkeeper in the house of my God than to dwell in the tents of wickedness.—*Psalm* lxxxiv. 1–4, 10.

4. PRAYER. (*Closing with Gloria Patri.**)

5. SINGING. (*To be selected.*)

Lesson.

6. READING THE LESSON RESPONSIVELY.

7. STUDYING THE LESSON IN CLASSES.

8. LESSON REVIEW BY SUPT.

Closing.

9. REPORT OF ATTENDANCE.

10. ANNOUNCEMENTS.

11. SINGING. (*To be selected.*)

12. SCRIPTURE SELECTIONS.

Supt. I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go into the house of the Lord.

Teachers. Our feet shall stand within thy gates, O Jerusalem.

Scholars. Peace be within thy walls and prosperity within thy palaces.

Psalm cxxii. 1, 2, 7.

13. DISMISSION.

No. 8. Temperance.

Opening.

1. SALUTATION.—*Prov.* xx. 1.

Supt. Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging; and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise.

2. SINGING. (*To be selected.*)

3. SCRIPTURE SELECTIONS.

Supt. Be not among wine-bibbers; among riotous eaters of flesh.

Teachers. For the drunkard and the glutton shall come to poverty, and drowsiness shall clothe a man with rags.

Scholars. Who hath woe? who hath sorrow? who hath contentions? who hath babbling? who hath wounds without cause? who hath redness of eyes?

Supt. They that tarry long at the wine; they that go to seek mixed wine.

Teachers. Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth its colour in the cup, when it moveth itself aright;

Scholars. At the last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder.

Prov. xxiii. 19, 20, 29–31.

4. PRAYER. (*Closing with Gloria Patri.**)

5. SINGING. (*To be selected.*)

Lesson.

6. READING THE LESSON RESPONSIVELY.

7. STUDYING THE LESSON IN CLASSES.

8. LESSON REVIEW BY SUPT.

Closing.

9. REPORT OF ATTENDANCE.

10. ANNOUNCEMENTS.

11. SINGING. (*To be selected.*)

12. SCRIPTURE SELECTIONS.

Supt. And be not drunk with wine wherein is excess, but be filled with the Spirit.

Eph. v. 18.

Teachers. Woe unto them that rise up early in the morning that they may follow strong drink,

Scholars. That continue until night till wine inflame them.—*Isaiah* v. 11.

13. DISMISSION.

* Note.—The *Lord's Prayer* can be chanted, see page 117, or repeated in concert. Two selections for *Gloria Patri*, pages 77 and 89, are given. "Glory and Honor," page 184, is appropriate in "*Order No. 4*," when used for a Thanksgiving or Praise Service. "Bow down Thine ear," same page, can be substituted for the *Lord's Prayer* or *Gloria Patri*, when desired.

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Golden Shore,
Golden Bells,
Jerusalem
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Golden Harps,
Streets All Golden.